# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728

APRIL 21, 1917

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Beginning

**Over, Under, Around or Through**—By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

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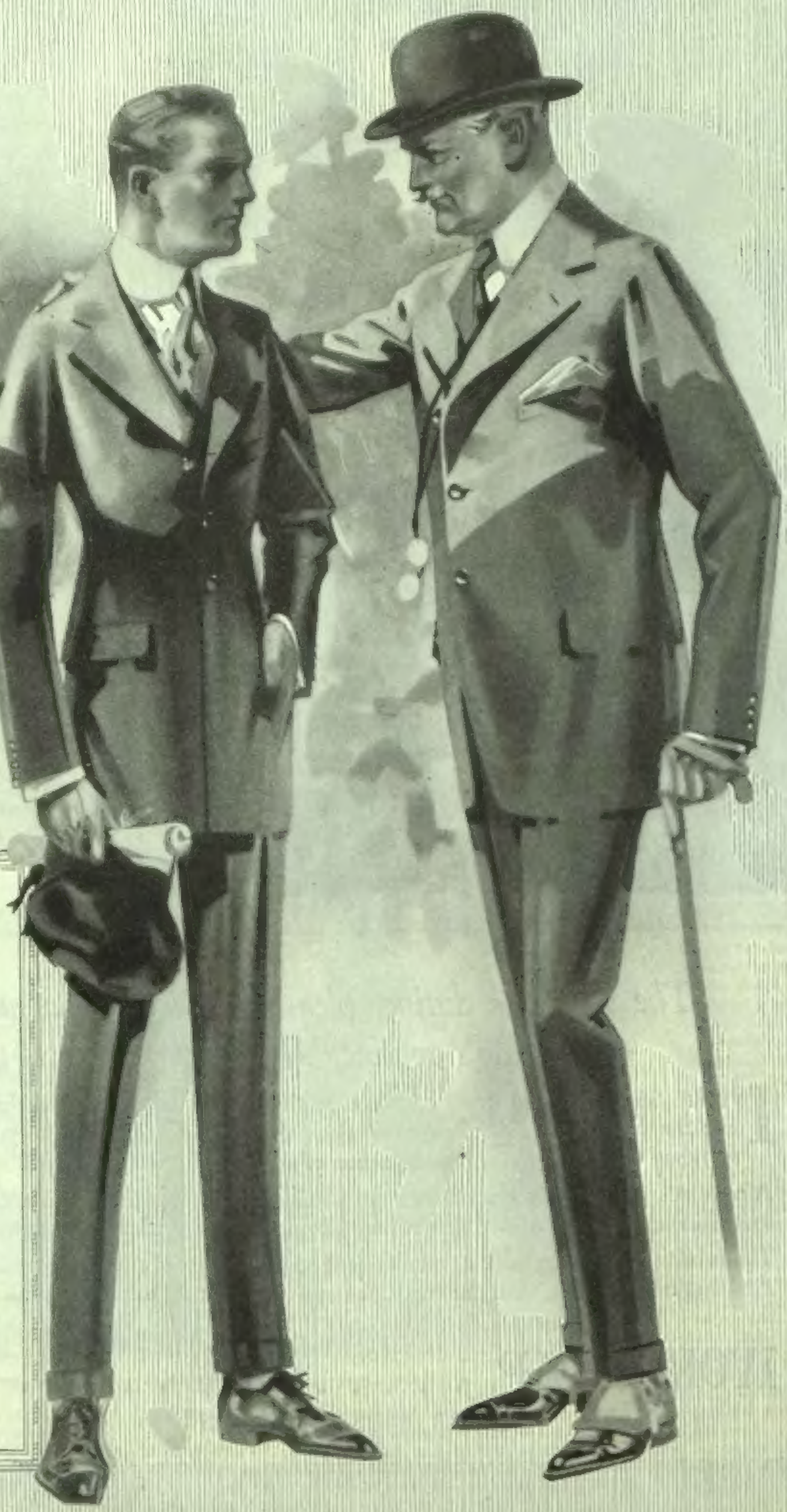

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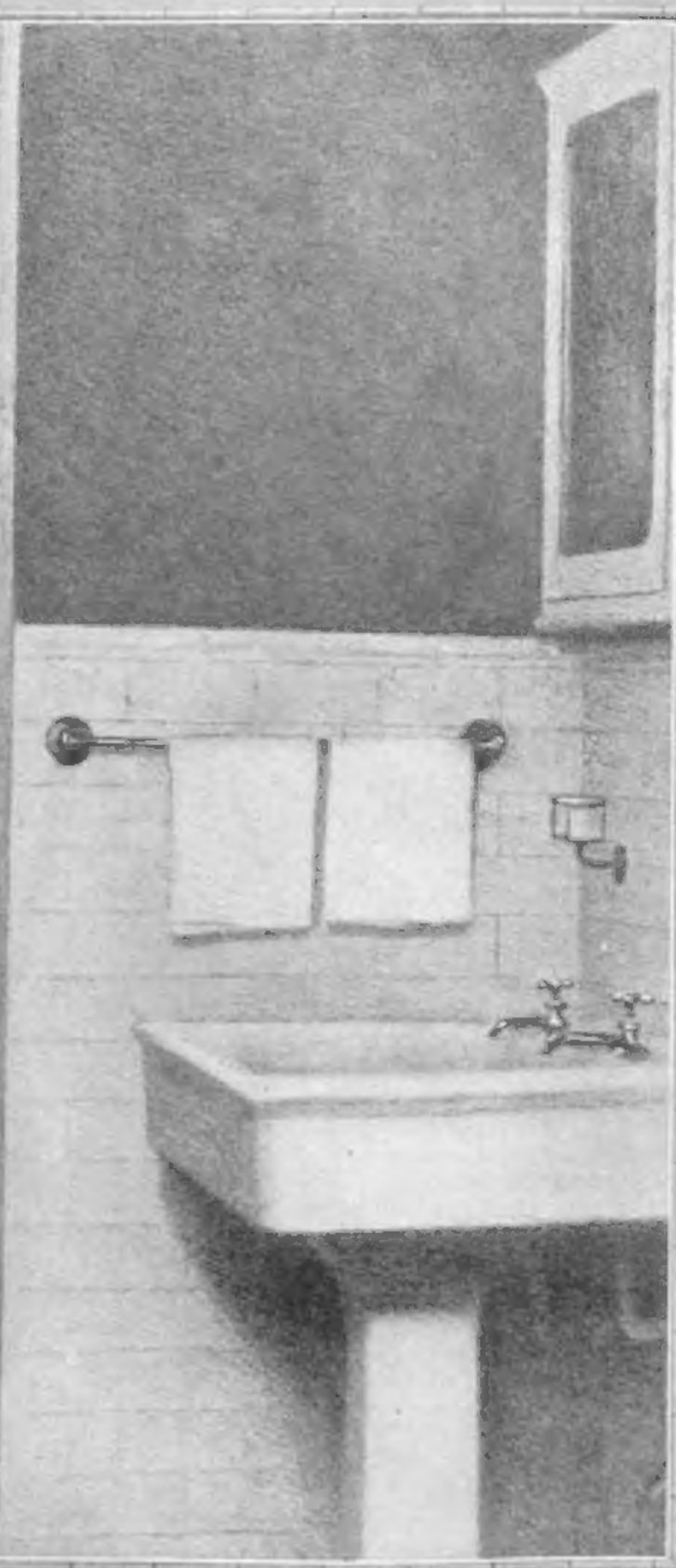

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# OVER, UNDER, AROUND OR THROUGH

## By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

THE stage line swung aside in a huge half circle, rounding the northern end of the Comobabi Range and swinging far out to skirt the foothills. Mr. Peter Johnson had never been to Silverbell: his own country lay far to the north, beyond the Gila. But he knew that Silverbell was somewhere east of the Comobabi, not north; and confidently struck out to find a short cut through the hills. From Silverbell a spur of railroad ran down to Redrock. Mr. Johnson's thought was to entrain himself for Tucson.

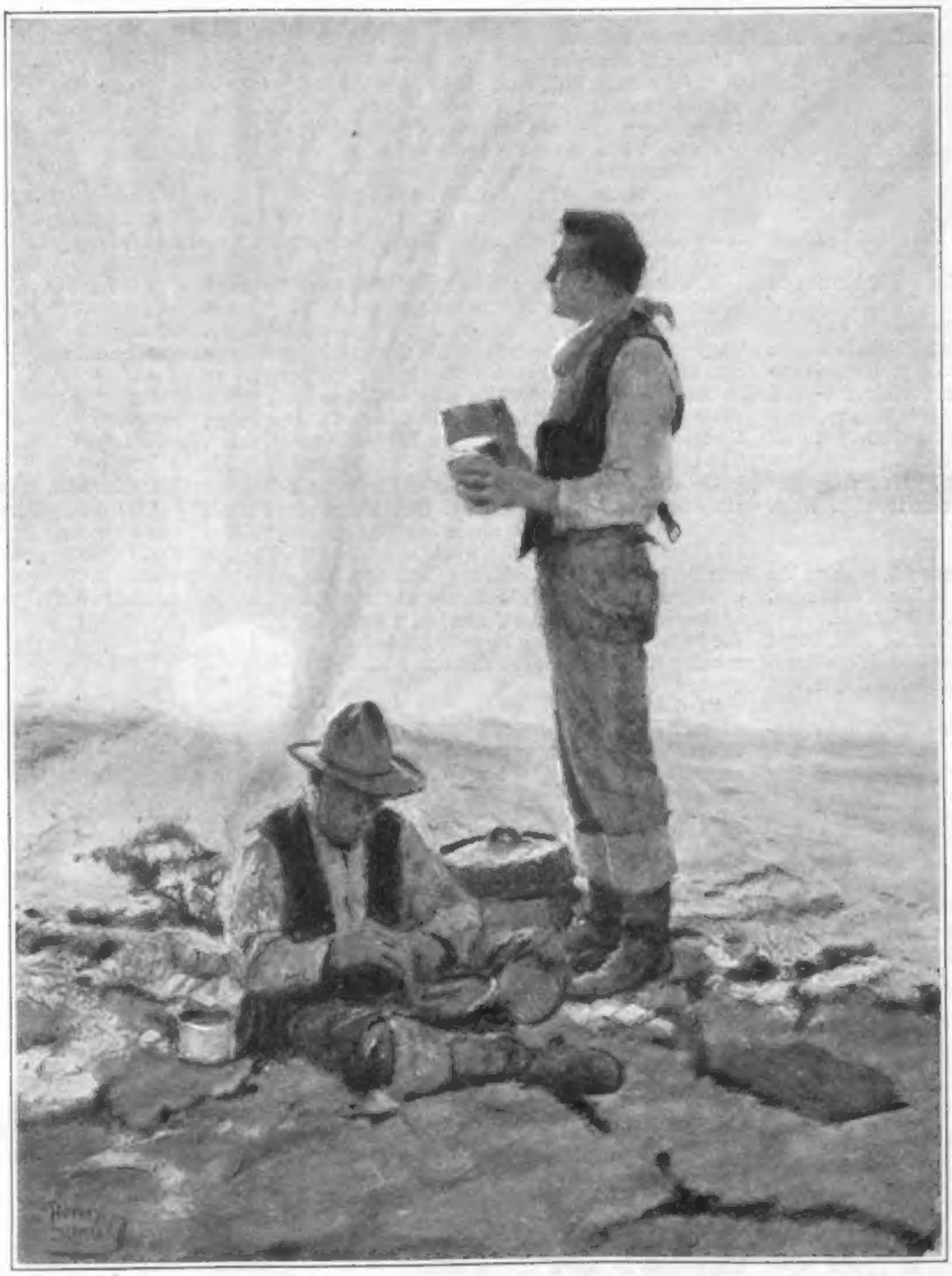
The Midnight horse reached along in a brisk, swinging walk, an optimistic walk, good for four miles an hour. He had held that gait since three o'clock in the morning, with an hour off for water and breakfast at Smith's Wells, the first stage station out from Cobre; it was now hot noon by a conscientious sun—thirty-six miles. But Midnight did not care. For hours their way had been through a trackless plain of uncropped salt grass, or grama, on the rising slopes: now they were in a country of worn and freshly traveled trails: wise Midnight knew there would be water and nooning soon. Already they had seen little bands of horses peering down at them from the high knolls on their right.

Midnight wondered if they were to find sweet water or alkali. Sweet, likely, since it was in the hills; Midnight was sure he hoped so. The best of these wells in the plains were salt and brackish. Privately, Midnight preferred the Forest Reserve. It was a pleasant, soft life in these pinewood pastures. Even if it was pretty dull for a good cow horse after the Free Range, it was easier on old bones. And though Midnight was not insensible to the compliment Pete had paid him by picking him from the bunch for these long excursions to the Southland deserts, he missed the bunch.

They had been together a long time, the bunch; Pete had brought them from the Block Ranch, over in New Mexico. They were getting on in years, and so was Pete. Midnight mused over his youthful days—the dust, the flashing horns, the shouting and the excitement of old round-ups.

It is a true telling that just such thoughts in no way unlike these buzzed in the rider's head, as a usual thing. But to-day he had other things to think of.

With Kid Mitchell, his partner, Pete had lately stumbled upon a secret of fortune—a copper hill; a warty, snubby little gray hill in an insignificant cluster of little gray hills. But this one, and this one only, precariously crusted over with a thin layer of earth and windblown sand, was copper, upthrust by central fires; rich ore, crumbling, soft; a hill to be loaded, every yard of it, into cars yet unbuilt, on a railroad yet undreamed-of, save by these two lucky adventurers.



*"What's Doing Over at the Gavilan? S'pose They've Struck It Rich?"*

They had blundered upon their rich find by pure chance. For in the southwest, close upon the Mexican border, in the most lonesome corner of the most lonesome county of thinly settled Arizona, turning back from a long and fruitless prospecting trip, they had paused for one last, half-hearted venture. One idle stroke of the pick in a windworn bare patch had turned up—this!

So Pete Johnson's thoughts were of millions; not without a queer feeling that he wouldn't have the least idea what to do with them, and that he was parting with something in his past, priceless, vaguely indefinable: a sharing and acceptance of the common lot, a brotherhood with the not fortunate.

Riding to the northwest, Pete's broad gray sombrero was tilted aside to shelter from the noonday sun a russet face, crinkled rather than wrinkled, and dusty. His hair, thinning at the temples, vigorous at the ears, was crisply white. A short and lately trimmed mustache held a smile in ambush; above it towered such a nose as Wellington loved.

It was broad at the base; deep creases ran from the corners of it, flanking the white mustache, to a mouth strong, full-lipped and undeniably large, ready alike for laughter or for sternness.

The nose—to follow the creases back again—was fleshy and beaked at the tip; it narrowed at the level bridge and broadened again where it joined the forehead, setting the eyes well apart. The eyes themselves were blue, just a little faded—for the man was sixty-two—and there were wind-puckers at the corners of them. But they were keen eyes, steady, sparkling and merry eyes, for all that; they were deep-set and long, and they sloped a trifle, high on the inside corners; pent in by pepper-and-salt brows, bushy, tufted and thick, roguishly aslant from the outer corners up to where they all but met above the Wellingtonian nose. A merry face, a forceful face: Pete was a little man, five feet seven, and rather slender than otherwise; but no one, in view of that face, ever thought of him as a small man or an old one.

The faint path merged with another and another, the angles of convergence giving the direction of the unknown water hole; they came at last to the main trail, a trunk line swollen by feeders from every ridge and arroyo. It bore away to the northeast, swerving, curving to pitch and climb in faultless following of the rule of roads—the greatest progress with the least exertion. Your cow is your best surveyor.

They came on the ranch suddenly, rounding a point into a small natural amphitheater. A flat-roofed dugout, fronted with stone, was built into the base of a bowlder-piled hill; the door was open. Midnight perked his black head jauntily and slanted an ear.

High overhead, a thicket of hackberry and arrow-weed overhung the little valley. From this green tangle a pipe line on stilts broke away and straddled down a headlong hill. Frost was unknown; the pipe was supported by forked posts of height assorted to need, an expedient easier than ditching that iron hillside. The water discharged into a fenced and foursquare earthen reservoir; below it was a small corral of cedar stakes; through the open gate, as he rode by, Pete saw a long watering trough with a float valve. Before the dugout stood a patriarchal juniper, in the shade of which two saddled horses stood droop-hipped, comfortably asleep. Waking, as Pete drew near, they adjusted their disarray in some confusion and eyed the newcomers with bright-eyed inquiry. Midnight, tripping by, hailed them with a civil little whinny.

*Johnson's Gun Leaped Forward, Blazing*

A tall, heavy man upreared himself from the shade. His example was followed by another man, short and heavy. Blankets were spread on a tarpaulin beyond them.

"'Light, stranger," said the tall man heartily. "Unsaddle and eat a small snack. We was just taking a little noonday nap for ourselves."

"Beans, jerky gravy and bread," announced the short man, waiter fashion. "I'll hot up the coffee."

With the word he fed little sticks and splinters to a tiny fire, now almost burned out, near the circumference of that shaded circle.

"Yes, to all that; thank you," said Pete, slipping off.

He loosened the cinches; so doing he caught from the corner of his eye telegraphed tidings, as his two hosts rolled to each other a single meaningful glance, swift, furtive and white-eyed. Observing which, every faculty of Pete Johnson's mind tensed, fiercely alert, braced to attention.

"Now what? Some more of the same. Lights out! Protect yourself!" he thought, taking off the saddle. Aloud he said:

"One of Zurich's ranches, isn't it? I saw Z K burned on the gateposts."

He passed his hand along Midnight's sweaty back for possible bruise or scald; he unfolded the Navajo saddle blanket and spread it over the saddle to dry. He took the *sudaderos*—the jute sweatcloths under the Navajo—and draped them over a huge near-by bowlder in the sun, carefully smoothing them out to prevent wrinkles; to all appearance without any other care on earth.

"Yes; horse camp," said the tall man. "Now you water the black horse and I'll dig up a bait of corn for him. Wash up at the trough."

"*Puesto que si!*" said Pete.

He slipped the bit out of Midnight's mouth, pushing the headstall back on the sleek black neck in lieu of lead rope, and they strode away to the water pen, side by side.

When they came back a nose bag, full of corn, stood ready near the fire. Pete hung this on Midnight's head. Midnight munched contentedly, with half-closed eyes, and Pete turned to the fire.

"Was I kidding myself?" he inquired. "Or did somebody mention the name of grub?"

"Set up!" grinned the tall man, kicking a small box up beside a slightly larger one, which served as a table. "Nothing much to eat but food. Canned truck all gone."

The smaller host poured coffee. Pete considered the boxes.

"You didn't pack these over here?" he asked, prodding the table with his boot-toe to elucidate his meaning. "And yet I didn't see no wheel marks as I come along."

"Fetch 'em from Silverbell. We got a sort of wagon track through the hills. Closer than Cobre. Some wagon road in the rough places! Snakes thick on the east side; but they don't never get over here. Break their backs comin' through the gap. Yes, sir!"

"Then I'll just june along in the cool of the evenin'," observed Pete, ladling out a second helping of jerked venison. "I can follow your wagon tracks into town. I ain't never been to Silverbell. Was afraid I might miss it in the dark. How far is it? About twenty mile, I reckon?"

"Just about. Shucks! I was in hopes you'd stay overnight with us. Bill and me, we ain't seen no one since Columbus crossed the Delaware in fourteen-ninety-two. Can't ye, now?" urged the tall man coaxingly. "We'll pitch horseshoes—play cards if you want to; only Bill and me's pretty well burnt out at cards. Fox and geese too—ever play fox and geese? We got a dandy fox-and-goose board—but Bill, he natcherly can't play. He's from California, Bill is."

"Aw, shut up on that!" growled Bill.

"Sorry!" said Pete. "I'm pushed. Got to go on to-night. Want to take that train at seven-thirty in the morning, and a small sleep for myself before that. Maybe I'll stop over as I come back though. Fine feed you got here. Makes a jim-darter of a horse camp!"

"Yes, 'tis. We aim to keep the cattle shoved off so we can save the grass for the saddle ponies."

"Must have quite a bunch?"

"'Bout two hundred. Well, sorry you can't stay with us. We was fixin' to round up what cows had drifted in and give 'em a push back to the main range this afternoon. But they'll keep. We'll stick round camp; and you stay as late as you can, stranger, and we'll stir up something. I'll tell you what, Bill—we'll pull off that shootin' match you was blowin' about." The tall man favored Johnson with a confidential wink. "Bill, he allows he can shoot right peart. Bill's from California."

Bill, the short man, produced a gray-and-yellow tobacco sack and extracted a greasy ten-dollar greenback, which he placed on the box table at Johnson's elbow.

"Cover that, durn you! You hold stakes, stranger. I'll show him California. Humph! Dam' wall-eyed Tejano!"

"I'm a Texan myself," twinkled Johnson.

"What if you are? You ain't wall-eyed, be you? And you ain't been makin' no cracks at California—not to me. But this here Jim—look at the white-eyed, tow-headed grinnin' scoundrel, will you?

"Say, are you goin' to cover that X or are you goin' to crawfish?"

"Back down? you peevish little sawed-off runt!" yelped Jim. "I been lettin' you shoot off your head so's you'll be good and sore afterward. I always wanted a piece of paper money any way—for a keepsake. You wait!"

He went into the cabin and returned with a tarnished gold piece and a box of forty-five cartridges.

"Here, stakeholder!" he said to Johnson. Then, to Bill: "Now then, old Californy—you been all swelled-up and stumping me for quite some time. Show us what you got!"

It was an uncanny exhibition of skill that followed. These men knew how to handle a sixshooter. They began with tin cans at ten yards, thirty, fifty—and hit them. They shot at rolling cans and hit them; at high-thrown cans and hit them; at cards nailed to hitching posts; then at the pips of cards. Neither man could boast of any advantage. The few and hairbreadth misses of the card pips, the few blanks at the longer ranges, fairly offset each other. The California man took a slightly crouching attitude, his knees a little bent; held his gun at his knee; raising an extended and rigid arm to fire. The Texan stood erect, almost on tiptoe, barehead; he swung his gun earhigh above his shoulder, looking at his mark alone, and fired as the gun flashed down. The little California man made the cleaner score at the very long shots and in clipping the pips of the playing cards; the Texan had a shade the better at the flying targets, his bullets ranging full-center where the other barely grazed the cans.

"I don't see but what I'll have to keep this money. You've shot away all the cartridges in your belts and most of the box, and it hasn't got you anywheres," observed Pete Johnson pensively. "Better let your guns cool off. You boys can't beat each other shooting. You do right well, too, both of you. If you'd only started at it when you was young, I reckon you'd both have been what you might call plumb good shots now."

He shook his head sadly and suppressed a sigh.

"Wait!" advised the Texan, and turned to confront his partner. "You make out quite tol'lable with a gun, Billiam," he conceded. "I got to hand it to you. I judged you was just runnin' a windy. But have you now showed all your little box of tricks?"

"Well, I haven't missed anything—not to speak of—no more than you did," evaded Bill, plainly apprehensive. "What more do you want?"

Jim chuckled.

"Pausin' lightly to observe that it ought to be easy enough to best you, if we was on horseback—just because you peek at your sights when you shoot—I shall now show you something."

A chuck box was propped against the juniper trunk. From this the Texan produced a horseshoe hammer and the lids from two ten-pound lard pails. He strode over to where, ten yards away, two young cedars grew side by side, and nailed a lid to each tree, shoulder-high.

"There!" he challenged his opponent. "We ain't either of us going to miss such a mark as that—it's like putting your finger on it. But suppose the tree was shooting back? Time is what counts then. Now, how does this strike you? You take the lid on the left and I'll take the other. When the umpire says Go! we'll begin foggin'—and the man that scores six hits quickest gets the money. That's fair, isn't it, Johnson?"

This was a slip—Johnson had not given his name—a slip unnoticed by either of the Z K men, but not by Johnson.

"Fair enough, I should say," he answered.

"Why, Jim, that ain't practical—that ain't!" protested Bill uneasily. "You was talking about the tree a-shootin' back—but one shot will stop most men, let alone six. What's the good of shootin' a man all to pieces?"

"Suppose there was six men?"

"Then they get me, anyway. Wouldn't they, Mr. Umpire?" he appealed to Peter Johnson, who sat cross-legged and fanned himself with his big sombrero.

"That don't make any difference," decided the umpire promptly. "To shoot straight and quickest—that's bein' a good shot. Line up!"

Bill lined up, unwillingly enough; they stuffed their cylinders with cartridges.

"Don't shoot till I say: One, two, three—go!" admonished Pete. "All set? One—two—three—go!"

A blending, crackling roar, streaked red and saffron, through black smoke—the Texan's gun flashed down and up and back, as a man snaps his fingers against the frost; he tossed his empty gun through the sunlight to the bed under the juniper tree and spread out his hands. Bill was still firing—one shot—two!

"Judgment!" shouted the Texan and pointed. Six bullet holes were scattered across his target, line shots, one above the other; and poor Bill, disconcerted, had missed his last shot!

"Jim, I guess the stuff is yours," said Bill sheepishly.

The big Texan retrieved his gun from the bed and Pete gave him the stakes. He folded the bill lovingly and tucked it away; but he flipped the coin from his thumb, spinning in the sun, caught it as it fell, and glanced askant at old Pete.

"How long ago did you say it was when you began shootin'?" He voiced the query with exceeding politeness and inclined his head deferentially. "Or did you say?"

Pete pondered, pushing his hand thoughtfully through his white hair.

"Oh, I began tryin' when I was about ten years old, or maybe seven. It's been so long ago I scarcely remember. But I didn't get to be what you might call a fair shot till about the time you was puttin' on your first pair of pants," he said sweetly. "There was a time, though, before that—when I was about the age you are now—when I really thought I could shoot. I learned better."

*"'Light, Stranger. Unsaddle and Eat a Small Snack"*

A choking sound came from Bill; Jim turned his eyes that way. Bill coughed hastily. Jim sent the gold piece spinning again.

"I'm goin' to keep Bill's tenspot—always," he announced emotionally. "I'll never, never part with that! But this piece of money ——" He threw it up again.

"Why, stranger, you might just as well have that as not. Bill can be stakeholder and give us the word. There's just six cartridges left in the box for me."

Peter Johnson smiled brightly, disclosing a row of small, white, perfect teeth. He got to his feet stiffly and shook his aged legs; he took out his gun, twirled the cylinder, and slipped in an extra cartridge.

"I always carry the hammer on an empty chamber—safer that way," he explained.

He put the gun back in the holster, dug up a wallet, and produced a gold piece for the stakeholder.

"You'd better clean your gun, young man," he said. "It must be pretty foul by now."

Jim followed this advice, taking ten minutes for the operation. Meantime the Californian replaced the targets with new ones—old tin dinner plates this time; and voiced a philosophical regret over his recent defeat.

*"If They Ever Come to Know as Much About That Copper Claim as You Know They'll Do You Up. Yes, Sir! From Ambush Likely"*

The Texas man, ready at last, took his place beside Pete and raised his gun till the butt of it was level with his ear, the barrel pointing up and back. Johnson swung up his heavy gun in the same fashion.

"Ready?" bawled Bill. "All right! One—two—three—go!"

Johnson's gun leaped forward, blazing; his left hand slapped back along the barrel, once, twice; pivoting, his gun turned to meet Bill, almost upon him, hands outstretched. Bill recoiled; Pete stepped aside a pace—all this at once. The Texan dropped his empty gun and turned.

"You win," said Pete gently.

Not understanding yet, triumph faded from the Texan's eyes at that gentle tone. He looked at the target; he looked at Bill, who stood open-mouthed and gasping; then he looked at the muzzle of Mr. Johnson's gun. His face flushed red, and then became almost black. Mr. Johnson held the gun easily at his hip, covering both his disarmed companions: Mr. Johnson's eyebrows were flattened and his mouth was twisted.

"It's loaded!" croaked Bill in a horrified voice. "The skunk shot only once!"

Peter corrected him:

"Three times. I fanned the hammer. Look at the target!"

Bill looked at the target; his jaw dropped again; his eyes protruded. There were three bullet holes, almost touching each other, grouped round the nail in the center of Pete's tin plate.

"Well, I'm just damned!" he said. "I'll swear he didn't shoot but once."

"That's fannin' the hammer, Shorty," drawled Pete. "Ever hear of that? Well, now you've seen it. When you practice it, hold your elbow tight against your ribs to steady your gun while you slap the hammer back. For you, Mr. Jim—I see you've landed your six shots; but some of 'em are mighty close to the edge of your little old plate. Poor shootin'! Poor shootin'! You ought to practice more. As for speed, I judge I can do six shots while you're making four. But I thought I'd best not—to-day. Son, pick up your gun, and get your money from Shorty."

Mr. Jim picked up his gun and threw out the empty shells. He glared savagely at Mr. Johnson, now seated happily on his saddle.

"If I just had hold of you—you benched-legged hound! Curse your soul, what do you mean by it?" snarled Jim.

"Oh, I was just a-thinkin'," responded Pete lightly. "Thinkin' how helpless I'd be with you two big huskies, and me with my gun empty. Don't snicker, Bill! That's unkind of you. Your pardner's feeling plenty bad enough without that. He looks it. Mr. Bill, I'll bet a blue shirt you told the Jim-person to wait and see if I wouldn't take a little siesta, and you'd get me whilst I was snoozing. You lose, then. I never sleep. Tex, for the love of Mike, do look at Bill's face; and Bill, you look at Mr. Jim, from Texas! Guilty as charged! Your scheme, was it, Texas? And Shorty Bill, he told you so? Why, you poor toddling innocents, you won't never prosper as crooks! Your faces are too honest.

"And that frame-up of yours—oh, that was a loo-loo bird! Livin' together and didn't know which was the best shot—likely! And every tin can in sight shot full of holes and testifyin' against you! Think I'm blind, hey? Even your horses give you away. Never batted an eyelash durin' that whole cannonade. They've been hearin' forty-fives pretty reg'lar, them horses have."

"I notice your old black ain't much gun-shy, either," ventured Bill.

"See here—you!" said the big Texan. "You talk pretty biggity. It's mighty easy to run a whizzer when you've got the only loaded gun in camp. If I had one damned cartridge left it would be different."

"Never mind," said Johnson kindly. "I'll give you one!"

Rising, he twirled the cylinder of his gun and extracted his three cartridges. He threw one far down the hillslope; he dropped one on the ground beside him; he tossed the last one in the sand at the Texan's feet.

Jim, from Texas, looked at the cartridge without animation; he looked into Pete Johnson's frosty eyes; he kicked the cartridge back.

"I lay 'em down right here," he stated firmly. "I like a damned fool; but you suit me too well."

He stalked away toward his horse with much dignity. He stopped halfway, dropped upon a box, pounded his thigh and gave way to huge and unaffected laughter; in which Bill joined a moment later.

"Oh, you little bandy-legged old son-of-a-gun!" Jim roared. "You crafty, wily, cunnin' old fox! I'm for you! Of all the holy shows, you've made Bill and me the worst—'specially me. 'There, there!' you says, consolin' me up like I was a kid with a cracked jug. 'There, there! Never mind—I'll give you one!' Dear, oh, deah! I'll never be able to keep this still—never in the world. I'm bound to tell it on myself!" He wiped tears from his eyes and waved his hand helplessly. "Take the ranch, stranger. She's yours. I wouldn't touch you if you was solid gold and charges prepaid."

"Oh, don't make a stranger of me!" begged Pete. "You was callin' me by the name of Johnson half an hour ago. Forgot yourself, likely."

"Did I?" said Jim indifferently. "No odds. You've got my number, anyway. And I thought we was so devilish sly!"

"Well, boys, thank you for the dinner and all; but I'd best be jogging. Got to catch that train."

Knitting his brows reflectively he turned a questioning eye upon his hosts. But Shorty Bill took the words from his mouth.

"I'm like Jim: I've got aplenty," he said. "But there's a repeating rifle in the shack, if you don't want to risk us. You can leave it at Silverbell for us if you want to—at the saloon. And we can ride off the other way, so you'll be sure."

"Maybe that'll be best—considerin'," said Pete. "I'll leave the gun."

"See here, Johnson," said Jim stiffly. "We've thrown 'em down, fair and square. I think you might trust us."

Pete scratched his head in some perplexity.

"I think maybe I might if it was only myself to think of. But I'm representing another man's interest too. I ain't takin' no chances."

"Yes—I noticed you was one of the prudent guys," murmured Jim.

Pete ignored the interruption.

"So, not rubbin' it in or anything, we'd best use Bill's plan. You lads hike off back the way I come, and I'll take your rifle and drag it. So long! Had a good time with you."

"*Adiós!*" said Bill, swinging into the saddle.

"Hold on, Bill! Give Johnson back his money," said Jim.

"Oh, you keep it. You won it fair. I didn't go to the finish."

"Look here—what do you think I am? You take this money, or I'll be sore as a boil. There! So long, old hand! Be good!" He spurred after Bill.

Mr. Johnson brought the repeater from the dugout and saddled old Midnight. As he pulled the cinches tight he gazed regretfully at his late companions, sky-lined as they topped a rise.

"There!" said Mr. Johnson with conviction. "There goes a couple of right nice boys!"

## II

THE immemorial traditions of Old Spain, backed by the counsel of a brazen sun, made a last stand against the inexorable centuries: Tucson was at siesta; noonday lull was drowsy in the corridors of the Merchants and Miners' Bank. Green shades along the south guarded the cool and quiet spaciousness of the Merchants and Miners', flooded

*(Continued on Page 113)*

# THE ALTAR OF FREEDOM

## By Mary Roberts Rinehart

"Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own Mother."—THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

PHOTO. BY R. E. RIEBLE, GLACIER PARK, MONTANA

*Doctor and Mrs. Rinehart Camping in Glacier Park With Their Sons*

WE ARE virtually at war. By the time this is published perhaps the declaration will have been made. And even now, all over the country on this bright spring day, there are mothers who are waiting to know what they must do; mothers who are facing the day with heads up and shoulders back, ready to stand steady when the blow falls; mothers who shrink and tremble, but who are ready, too; and other mothers who cannot find the strength to give up to the service of their country the boys who will always be little boys to them.

I love my country. There is nothing that she can ask I will not do. I am ready to live for her or die for her. Last stand of the humanities on earth, realization of a dream and fulfillment of an ideal, my home, my native land—that is America to me. Because I am a woman, I cannot die for my country, but I am doing a far harder thing. I am giving a son to the service of his country, the land he loves.

When I was a child I lived on a quiet, tree-shaded street in this very city where now I am writing this. And late in May of each year, when the ailanthus trees were in blossom, the street put up fresh curtains and red-washed the brick pavements. The cobblestones were swept too. And then the procession came.

### *The Creed That Knits the World Together*

I WAS twelve, I think, before I began to get a lump in my throat as the long line of veterans went by. It was a long line then. I did not know exactly why I cried, except that those men and those tattered flags stood for something heroic and very sad. I know now, but it has taken years to put it into words, and in those years the line has shortened to a handful. Even the one-armed drummer has gone now. The street, which was rough and hard to march on in those days, has been made smooth for their feet, but few are left who can march to that quiet God's-acre on the hill above. Now I know why, as a child, I wept. Those men had fought for something that was a part of me, like my mother, or my home—for my country.

Many years later I again saw marching men. But now the men were young, and there were no flags and no drums. They were marching into battle. And they were not fighting for my country. But they were fighting for the ideal on which my country was founded, for humanity against oppression and cruelty, for the right of a man to labor in his own field, for the principle that honor is greater than life.

I saw them living and fighting, and I saw them dying. I saw strange nations, men of different tongues and different colors, gathered together and becoming as one against a common foe. And then I learned this: That the world is now but one great nation, drawn close by the creed that all men are brothers. And that in the midst of that great nation of the world had broken loose something terrible, something that must be killed, or the world died.

Once over there I saw a boy dying in a railway station. He knew two English words, so he said:

"All right. All right."

It was all right with him. He had done his bit, and he knew that there were others to take his place, and that the world-nation would not rest until the war beast was chained. It was "All right."

And so now, on the brink of war, or perhaps at war, I know it is all right with us.

We have been the melting pot, but under the pot there has been no fire. Now the fire has come, a white flame, and we will fuse at last. But it will burn and sear. And to that, I wonder, can we say "All right"?

War is a great adventure, the greatest adventure in the world. The adventurers go forth to battle, eyes ahead. Mostly they are boys who go, because war is the young man's game, the young man's call. All over Europe boys have left their homes, with a shamefaced tear or two perhaps, but with the great adventure ahead. And they have left at home a great emptiness, a quiet that is not peace.

Then—and very suddenly—they have ceased to be boys on a great adventure, and are men, fighting men, patriots and soldiers. Something that had always been theirs had become a thing that had to be fought for. Not until it was menaced had they known how dear was their country. The flag had been but a flag. It became a symbol of home. I have lived to see my country's flag beside the altar of my church.

Men fight wars, but it is the mothers of a nation who raise the army. They are the silent patriots. Given her will, every mother in this great land would go to war, if by so doing she could keep her sons in safety. It is easier to go than to send a boy.

Yet war is not necessarily death. I try to comfort myself with this. Perhaps it will help other mothers. It is a hazard, but it is a thing of vast rewards and much cheerfulness, of democracy, of big moments and little feasts, of smiles and grumbling, of labor and rest, and of that joy in his own kind that only the boy knows. And underneath it all, buried deep and never articulate, is that feeling of doing his bit for his country which is the foundation on which a nation rests secure.

I wish I could always remember these things. I have panicky times, when the sun dies for me and my world goes black. But I am like the other mothers. I shall go through with it, and I would not have things otherwise. I would not have my son do other than he is doing. He is still in his teens, but he is a man, and this is his country. I have not raised him to be a shirker.

Only—this is a matter for everybody. It is not my war, or his, or the war of those other college boys who are always the first to go. Just as we all benefit by the country, so must we share—and share alike—its dangers.

Unless it is your war, this is not a democracy. If, as in the past, we have allowed the few to do our political thinking for us, as even now in the churches the few earn for all of us the right to call this a Christian land, if in this war we allow the few to fight for us, then as a nation we have died and our ideals have died with us. Though we win, if all have not borne this burden alike, then do we lose.

Sometimes in these last troubled days, when every newsboy on the street under my window has been crying War, I cover my eyes and see that gallant little first army of England, springing to the call, and facing without hope the great trained German army. It was the best England had, and it is gone, almost to a man—because the mothers of England had not insisted that every man in the empire bear his share.

What if now your boy and mine could be a part of a vast trained army? Their chances would be better. Better? There would be no war. You and I, trembling for what may come, are paying the price of not having risen, an army of women, and demanding what now may come too late.

Because we did not rise, this situation confronts us. For this is what a volunteer army means in this country to-day: For every high-spirited lad like yours and mine who goes out to fight, there are a hundred, a thousand men of fighting age and strength who will not go—men who have no country, but only a refuge from the oppression of Europe.

Are we to suffer that they may live? Is this liberty of ours, this Land of the Free, without price? And will those hold it dear whom it has cost nothing?

Yet so great is my faith in this great nation, so sure am I that the principles on which it is built are enduring, that I believe all these things will be set right in time. The one thing that matters now is to do our part, to show to the world that America still believes that there is such a thing as honor and such a word as right.

### *Those Who Pay the Heaviest*

BUT we must pay the price. And the cost falls heaviest on the women. No woman has the right to hold her son back if he desires to go to war. It is the fruition of the years in which she sought to make him a man. It is the vindication of his manhood. It is the crystallization of those very ideals which she taught him with his prayers. I decline to believe that there are mothers who will not let their boys strike back when they are attacked.

But it is hard. Always the relation between mother and son is very close. As the boy grows up the mother faces this—that he needs more than she can give him. He is still her world, but she is no longer his. Life calls, work and play and love, and sometimes battle. And the mother cannot hold him.

Everywhere are mothers, women who have patched small garments and tied up little wounds, who have built up a house of life out of millions of loving services, whose world has been the four walls of home. To such women comes the call for their sons, who are still to them, though men grown, but the little boys of the stockings, and the small wounds, and Christmas trees, and the Fourth of July.

I do not fear for these women, but we cannot minimize what they do. They will send their sons, because they know that a nation is but a great home, consisting of many small ones. Homes are the units of a nation, as men of an army. And these women know that our homes are only safe as long as the country is.

Perhaps my own experience will be helpful. I am a home woman, although now and then my profession has called me to strange places. Our family life has been very close. And, though I have little fear for myself, I am a coward for my children.

When, some weeks ago, war began to come near, I weakened, and I wrote my eldest son a letter. I was willing to have him do his duty, but I asked him to wait. Womanlike I wanted time. I felt that surely this cross was not for me to bear so soon.

Then—and may he forgive me for telling this, because of its purpose—after a day or two he wired, asking his father

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# THRICE IS HE ARMED

## By Irvin S. Cobb

I BELIEVE it to be my patriotic duty as an American citizen to write what I am writing, and after it is written to endeavor to place it with a magazine having as wide a circulation in the United States as it is possible to find. In making this statement, though, I am not setting myself up as a teacher or a preacher; neither am I going upon the assumption that, because I am a fairly frequent contributor to this magazine, people will be the readier or should be the readier to read what I have to say.

Aside from a natural desire to do my own little bit, my chief reason is this: Largely by chance and by accident, I happened to be one of four or five American newspaper men who witnessed at first hand the German invasion of Belgium, and one of three who, a little later, witnessed some of the results of the Germanic subjugation of the northern part of France. Likewise I was inside Germany at the time the rush upon Paris was checked and the retreat from the Marne took place, thereby having opportunity to take cognizance of the feelings and sentiments and the impulses which controlled the German populace in a period of victory and in a period of reversals.

I am in the advantageous position, therefore, of being able to recount as an eyewitness—and, as I hope, an honest one—something of what war means in its effects upon the civilian populace of a country caught unawares and in a measure unprepared; and, more than that, what war particularly and especially means when it is waged under the direction of officers trained in the Prussian school.

Having seen these things, I hate war with all my heart. I am sure that I hate it with a hatred deeper than the hate of you, reader, who never saw its actual workings and its garnered fruitage. For, you see, I saw the physical side of it; and, having seen it, I want to tell you that I have no words with which halfway adequately to describe it for you, so that you may have in your mind the pictures I have in mine. It is the most obscene, the most hideous, the most brutal, the most malignant—and sometimes the most necessary—spectacle, I veritably believe, that ever the eye of mortal man has rested on since the world began, and I do hate it.

### A Coincidence

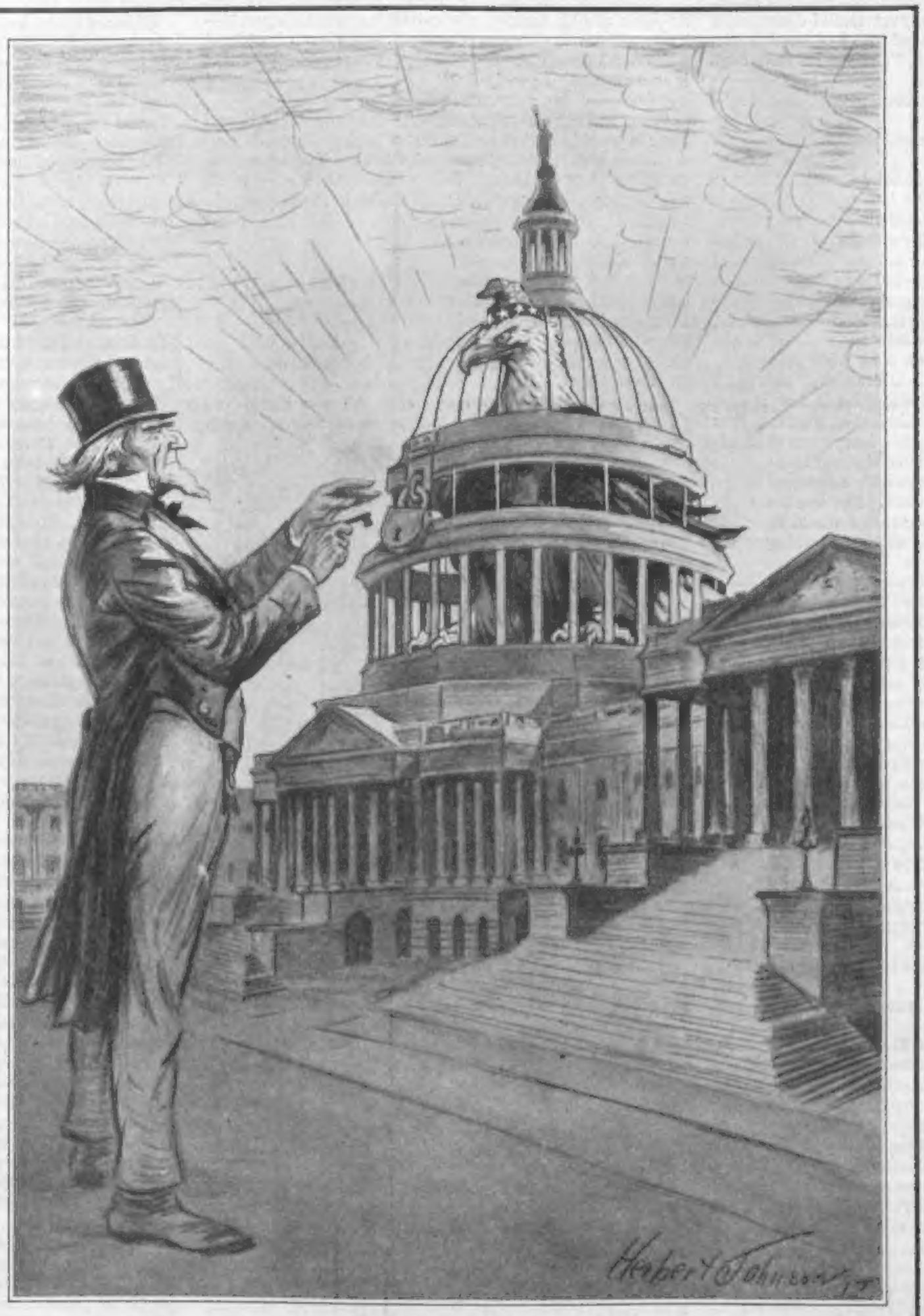
BUT if war has to come—war for the preservation of our national honor and our national integrity; war for the defense of our flag and our people and our soil; war for the preservation of the principles of representative government among the nations of the earth—I would rather that it come now than that it come later. I have a child. I would rather that child, in her maturity, might be assured of living in a peace guaranteed by the sacrifices and the devotion of the men and women of this generation, than that her father should live on in a precarious peace, bought and paid for with cowardice and national dishonor.

A few nights ago a so-called antimilitarist mass meeting was held in New York. It was variously addressed by a number of well-known gentlemen regarding whose purity of motive there can be no question, but regarding whose judgment a great majority of us have an opinion that cannot be printed without the use of asterisks. And it was attended by a very large representation of peace-loving citizens, including a numerous contingent of those peculiar patriots who, for the past two years, have been so very distressed if any suggestion of hostilities with the Central Powers was made, but so agreeably reconciled if a break with the Allies, or any one of them, seemed a possible contingency.

It may have been only a coincidence, but it struck some of us as a significant fact that, from the time of the dismissal of Count Von Bernstorff onward, the average pro-peace meeting was pretty sure to resolve itself into something rather closely resembling a pro-German demonstration before the evening was over. Persons who hissed the name of our President behaved with respectful decorum when mention was made of a certain Kaiser.

However, I am not now concerned with these weird Americans, some of whom part their Americanism in the middle with a hyphen. I imagine some of them may be going to jail when this article is printed. I am thinking now of those national advocates of the policy of the turned cheek; those professional pacificists; those wavers of the olive branch—who addressed this particular meeting and similar meetings that preceded it—little brothers to the worm and the sheep and the guinea pig, all of them—who preached not defense, but submission; not a firm stand, but a complete surrender; not action, but words, words, words.

Every right-thinking man, I take it, believes in universal peace and realizes, too, that we shall have universal peace in that fair day when three human attributes, now reasonably common among individuals and among nations, have been eliminated out of this world, these three being greed, jealousy and evil temper. Every sane American hopes for the time of universal disarmament, and meantime indulges in one mental reservation: He wants all the nations to put aside their arms; but he hopes his own nation will be the last to put aside hers. But not every American—thanks be to God!—has in these months and years of our campaign for preparedness favored leaving his country in the state where she might be likened to a large, fat, rich, flabby oyster, without any shell, in a sea full of potential or actual enemies, all clawed, all toothed, all hungry. The oyster may be the more popular, but it is the hard-shelled crab that makes the best life-insurance risk.



*Turning the Eagle Loose*

### The Big Stick

AND when I read the utterances of those conscientious gentlemen, who could not be brought to bear the idea of going to war with any nation for any reason, I wished with all my soul they might have stood with me in Belgium on that August day, when I and the rest of the party to which I belonged saw the German legions come pouring down, a cloud of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night, with terror riding before them as their herald, and death and destruction and devastation in the tracks their war-shod feet left upon a smiling and a fecund little land. Because I am firmly of the opinion that their sentiments would then have undergone the same instantaneous transformation which the feelings of each member of my group underwent.

Speaking for myself, I confess that, until that summer day of the year 1914, I had thought—such infrequent times as I gave the subject any thought at all—that for us to spend our money on heavy guns and an augmented navy, for us to dream of compulsory military training and a larger standing army, would be the concentrated essence of economic and national folly.

I remember when Colonel Roosevelt—then, I believe, President Roosevelt—delivered himself of the doctrine of the Big Stick, I, being a good Democrat, regarded him as an incendiary who would provoke the ill will of great Powers, which had for us only kindly feeling, by the shaking in their faces of an armed fist. I remember I had said to myself, as, no doubt, most Americans had said to themselves:

"We are a peaceful nation; not concerned with

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# THE TOWN MOUSE

## By Nalbro Bartley

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

ON A DRIZZLY afternoon, when treacle is the morning diet of rural districts, a pumpkin-shaped motor car raced into Float Bridge, its driver in search of Miss Romaine, known as the Town Mouse, the idol of musical comedy.

It had not been pleasing to Float Bridge when the Town Mouse selected its puritanical hearth as a refuge during nervous prostration, alias bankruptcy. She had descended upon them with her maid, wardrobe trunks, a ukulele, a pool table, wet goods and other necessities of the simple life, to select a Queen Anne cottage set among fragrant pines, with Victorian eaves, leaded windows and a cracked flagstone walk.

The Town Mouse had achieved stardom in a night. Her rôle was to lie on her back, jauntily waving graceful limbs, draped with sleigh bells, at the Tired Business Man, in time with other graceful limbs, the ensemble being an American folk song: Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here!

Success was won by surprising even the orchestra leader with a series of somersaults instead of merely scrambling to her feet. The T. B. M. recalled her four times. A comedy was written for her, followed by four top-wave years of popularity. Then came the blow-out—an attempt to play tragedy, and a quick escape, until another comedy was ready, with the plot penitently cast about graceful limbs.

The Town Mouse, deep in the mysteries of designing a king's-blue skating costume, was informed of her caller.

"Blessing, duck," she protested, "I'm not home to anyone!"

"It's not Jumbo," Blessing encouraged; "that ought to cut some ice."

The Town Mouse stretched herself slowly.

"Must I be dressed?"

Relentlessly Blessing Totterdale set to work. She was a tall, angular woman, her white braids wound tightly round her head. She wore a veritable habit of gray linen, with a snowy nurse's apron. A New England girl coming to New York as nursemaid for an actress' child, Blessing thrived in the atmosphere of rouge boxes as strangely as a rock embeds itself in a frivolous garden. She never approved any of it or altered her own Bible-reading habits. But gradually, as the rock sinks into the soil, while the flowers cluster about, depending on it for wind protection, so Blessing became known as the Gibraltar of theatrical maids. No one excelled the slashing bows her square fingers methodically tied, her inimitable packing, her superb etching with eye pencils. After forty years of theatrical service, boasting she had never stooped to be wardrobe mistress, Blessing's gray-linen habit and puritanical standards remained intact. She was the one woman who said six words where ten would be better, and when she spoke it was with an amazing slang!

The Town Mouse unethically lured Blessing from a foreign actress with an ingrowing Ibsen tendency. Blessing had not been overly content. There was scant pleasure to stand in the wings, watching a sallow-faced woman walk out to the mill race in Rosmersholm while the curtain swooped down. Blessing preferred the importance of enveloping some svelte creature, fresh from singing They Wear Them Higher in Hawaii, with a modest cloak.

To win Blessing, the Mouse merely had to outline her new play—especially the scene where she was discovered napping in a sea shell, clad as a mermaid. After Mouse's opening night, Blessing sent the albums of stage photos on to Alf, her nephew in Maine. She industriously started to collect nothing but pictures of the Town Mouse. A little later, if the Town Mouse had seen fit to murder the orchestra leader, Blessing would have quietly produced black mustachios for a get-away disguise.

She concluded the Mouse's toilet by spraying her with millionaire violet.

"There!" she said grimly. "I guess you can put the cleaners to him!"

Kissing her enthusiastically, the Mouse flew downstairs. A huge, rather shabby man, dressed in wrinkled tweed, though his scarfpin was of the eight-cylinder variety, gazed at the dingy drawing-room walls, contrasted by red lacquer furniture and carved pearwood chests, while gold hangings crowded the windows, and tiger skins snarled on the floor. His rough black hair resolved itself into a fierce pompadour, and his eyes were the unusual green of weathered copper. Notwithstanding the settled lantern jaw and long upper lip, there was something in his weather-beaten face that the Mouse interpreted as boyish.

She broke the silence:

"Honk-honk! Or don't you speak the language?"

"Only a working knowledge of it," he surprised her with.

"I'd expect to find that in Float Bridge as soon as I would a policeman smelling of mignonette."

Whereupon she captured his hat and rang for a "smile" of sparkling Burgundy. During which interval he became more boyish, almost romantically inclined. He found the Mouse a tiny person with bright daffodil hair, and without make-up; her gold brows and lashes were well defined. The laugh in the dove-colored eyes tripped down to pause on each cheek, resulting in a dimple; then on across the Cupid's-bow mouth, to disperse in a bevy of pirouetting dimplets. She wore inadequate but charming blush tulle, with silvery slippers and stockings, and a speck of an anklet watch. On her low-cut back there rose, as if growing from the actual flesh, a glowing emerald, skillfully anchored by Blessing's special paste. On a middle finger the Mouse was adjusting a platinum cigarette ring, with its gold-tipped namesake suspended by a cobwebby chain.

"I'm on an unpleasant errand," he forced himself to say; "don't drink my health until I disillusion you."

"You'll be shown the mercy of a New Jersey shark!" murmured Mouse.

"I'll be a self-starter," he promised. "I believe you are going to marry my nephew—Lafayette Hoyt DeWeese? I'm just home from Egypt—interested in some excavations over there; so I hardly know the facts in the case. But being a joint guardian of Lafayette's ——"

"Please call him Jumbo! I can't get used to the other. So—you are his famous, globe-trotting, scientific uncle—Telfain Tobin? Careless of everything unless it is at least a thousand years old. Egyptology is your specialty. Mine is somersaults. How-dy-do?"

"Ah ——" murmured Telfain.

"Jumbo has bellowed about you—says you are forty and have a double-decker brain, but a frightful grouch, and a woman hater; that you wander heaven knows where, grubbing after prehistoric fireless cookers! Funny stuff, this digging up the earth! Don't the mold creep into your heart? Personally I should expect that half these so-called historic mounds are nothing but winter delicatessen stations, where painstaking canines plant crops of bones! I shouldn't bother, except to make flowers grow on top of them."

"I dare say there's something in it. Butwe were talking of—Jumbo." He smiled in spite of himself. "I was grabbed from the steamer and sent hotfoot to Float Bridge. Hardly had time to get my car from the hold. My sisters ——"

"Ahem! The Marchioness of Fabricotti, Mrs. Craig Van Hamer, and the Honorable Mrs. Archibald Parrot! I've locked wheels with them so many times on the Avenue. The Marchioness is an advocate of snuff, and wheeled through Devonshire on her honeymoon; Mrs. Craig Van Hamer goes in for Piping Rock; and the Honorable Mrs. Archibald Parrot for Plymouth—and all that each implies. Their wardrobes seem inspired by the Balkan States—have you ever noticed it? And they have sent little brother to boo me away!"

She laughed so contagiously that Telfain's weather-beaten face refused to hide his own merriment. He found himself thinking of the description of the fairy-tale princess: "The rose and lily fought for supremacy in her face, and each conquered."

"Your nephew," the Mouse continued, smoking prettily and balancing herself on the edge of a chest, "suffers from youth in a malignant form."

"Precisely!" Telfain drew out a cigar. "Let us hold a consultation!"

"I've never said anything to Jumbo that couldn't be printed in the Wind in the Willows," she pouted.

Telfain's bushy brows jerked together, trying to escape from her spell. The Mouse's frailty suggested violence—one could hold that still, straight figure, like a fancy doll dressed for a bazaar, so closely that the intense, pink lips would halfway part and the eyes darken ——

"You see," he began again, very stiltedly, "the aunts have other plans for him ——"

"Missionary bishop!" The Mouse's eyes rolled upward. "Please tell the Aunts' Protective League that when Jumbo is hopelessly bald, but still pink and fat, with those moist, soft digits, and a smile like a gashed-out pumpkin"—the Mouse's wrath was rising—"my successors will be writing their names across his shiny scalp, instead of on his collar and cuffs as we did last New Year's. The truth is, uncle dear—Jumbo's birthright is a mess of pottage!"

"My sentiments!" Telfain crossed his legs informally. "I said so and tried to retreat to the club. But they're all sobs and what not, with Jumbo locked in his rooms until it's called off. Jumbo is twenty-one ——"

"Mouse is twenty-five—vampirish, isn't it? Still, give me credit. I have never told him there was no Santa Claus; in fact, I've really taught him to believe in fairies."

Telfain flung back his powerful shaggy head to laugh. The Mouse watched him, quite fascinated, herself.

"This is the most rousing happening since I've struck Float Bridge. For extra excitement I've had to pop a little corn. But nine o'clock finds me on my knees, asking Lillian Russell to help keep me in my teens!" Then she demanded forcibly: "Why do people always credit us with the worst motives? It isn't fair. We're children—you take us too seriously. Like children, we are frightened by your bogy-man threats. So you've really come to Float Bridge to break my heart?" She let one dove-colored eye twinkle mischievously.

Telfain shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Having ducked everything concerning Jumbo for years, I couldn't say no. Jumbo and I do not oolong and formosa. If you did marry him I personally think you would have public sympathy."

"Spare yourself; I wouldn't brush the dandruff from his coat collar."

"Which I diagnose as mere self-preservation."

"The first time Jumbo saw me," mused the Mouse, "I wore a bathing suit and sang I'm a Walking Heaven. When I reached the street there was Jumbo, lumbering up and down with a forest of chrysanthemums, bleating out superlative adjectives all over the pavement. I should have taken Blessing's advice and driven to the nearest station house to leave him in the lost children's department. But I didn't. I drove him through Central Park, with Blessing glaring at us. From then on, it was downhill—like a big snowball launched over a precipice. Why, the ridiculous letters the ——"

"Oh, yes; I'm positively to get the letters," Telfain murmured, so hastily that the Mouse knew he hated himself for the remark.

"Have you a kit of burglar's tools sewed in your suspenders?"

Feeling like a Bengal tiger shoved into a toy Noah's ark and told to play quietly with the children, Telfain began pacing up and down, making the rickety floor creak. The Mouse watched him admiringly.

"Damned if I know!" he said, sitting down abruptly. "Pardon me—but it's on my nerves. I'm not interested—except in you." He became surprisingly boyish. "It strikes me as slum taste. If Jumbo has enough sep to hold the attention of a popular actress—all power to him.

"Don't Burn Flowers!" She Darted Toward Them

He's come on remarkably. I'm just letting you in for a boresome afternoon."

The dimplets pirouetted.

"No; I like it. Besides, it is nearly dinner time"—she lifted the anklet watch adroitly—"and you must stay."

With renewed enthusiasm Telfain added:

"Ought I? Supposedly irate uncle saving flabby nephew from young Helen of Troy—er—you know ——"

"People always do what I ask them." And she settled the matter by telling Blessing to serve everything left from Jumbo's last hamper.

"So the presuming cub sends hampers!" Telfain commented.

"You must be grateful—we shouldn't have a fat dinner otherwise."

There were lilac shadows under the Mouse's eyes, which he did not notice. She danced over to a wicker cage of love birds and put seed on her pink lips for them to peck. Watching her, Telfain found himself actually thrilled. He forgot the most honored moments of his life, standing before kings to be decorated in the name of science! This tiny girl—the personification of a summer wind blowing across a sunlit rose garden—seemed by far the most worthy of remembrance. He had expected a chemical blonde, using "My Gawd!" as a chief explosive.

She turned to read his expression.

"You are skidding ——"

"I'm realizing that I'm not familiar with your sort. I could play Chesterfield to a belle of the River Drift Age more easily. You seem only a precocious child awake past bedtime. I can't imagine your doing anything on the regulation adventuress order. If I had known I was coming to see a real little girl I'd have coaled-up properly. I feel guilty that I haven't a sweetmeat tucked in my pocket. Last winter the imps of angels belonging to the innkeeper used to play footpad with me regularly for barley sugar. Why, I know that is what you are"—he was talking more to himself—"a real little girl, with big, dove eyes."

"Not dangerous?"

"Unless it's reflected. For I discover that, after years of scientific research, I want to lay aside my compass and take up a shiny, gold-headed cane."

Telfain knew how to play, even if the foreign hostesses dubbed him the "American pararie dog" because of his unwillingness to flirt.

"Go on!" she begged. "I adore the way it begins. You go on a ways and then I'll tell what I want."

She seemed forgetful of his errand. The sunshiny breeze put to rout the messy picnic papers.

"I believe you would pause on your way to the guillotine to tuck a flower in your hair! Poor Jumbo—think what he can never have!"

"Don't stop for Jumbo," she commanded; "go on—only remember I'm not wicked, Telfain Tobin, but willful—damned willful!"

"Well, sir, I want an opera hat and cut-away coat, with lavender pin-striped trousers. I want a gardenia here"—he tapped his lapel—"instead of a drab button given me for something or other. You make me forget everything, Mouse! I want patent-leather shoes instead of wire putties to guard off snakes.

"I want a victoria, cushioned with Roman silk blankets and drawn by prancing bays, the sun making their harness golden. I want to stand—so—hat in hand, like a Johnny waiting for you to come out of a white marble villa in the outskirts of Florence. Now go on!" he pleaded, as he used to do with the innkeeper's children with their never-ending fairy serial.

"I must be ruffled to the chin in a cobwebby frock the color of all the butterflies in the world! I'll wear an old-rose velours bonnet, and gold-tissue slippers with pearl ornaments. I want a huge black opal set in greenish gold on my middle finger—and over my arm will be a leopard-skin cape, lined with the sheerest of chiffon. You must hand me into the victoria and whisper things in French. Things in French taste so much better, don't you think? You forgot something, uncle dear—a bunch of Parma violets.

"I'll pin them at my waist—and eat one for luck. Then we'll prance along a broad, white satiny road to nowhere, laughing and saying things in French, smelling the flowers, hearing the birds and trying to answer them! We'll scatter coins to the children and beggars, and buy lace from all the old women. Finally we'll stop at a brown-raftered inn for cool salad things and sparkling wines. We'll coax the soldier-host to tell how came that scar on his left cheek. And we'll cry as we listen—just enough to make a rainbow when we smile again. Don't you think that's a nice way to cry? I'll stand up and sing to you while you pelt me with roses and we wait for a misty moon before we drive back. We'll sit rather close, as if it were a crowded bus. Now it's your turn to finish ——"

"It would be like a sign painter putting his initials to a Corot!"

"As you wish—you'll take me home to the white marble villa and drive off with your prancing bays. But you'll steal back to smoke a last cigar. You will stop under my window—the one where feathery mimosa climbs over the shutter—to whistle—so"—she sounded two throbbing notes—"and I'll open the shutters. I'll wear a black satin negligée, with a hood of silver lace like a moonlight sonata. We'll say something in the good King's English, sure to bring happy dreams. When your cigar puffs out I'll throw down three of your violets; and before I do I'll—kiss—each—one!" She caught her underlip as if impatient for having indulged her reverie aloud.

*"What Will You Tell the Aunts? Poor Dears! Fancy Losing Sleep Over the Thought of My Marrying Jumbo!"*

"The next day ——" begged Telfain, more at a tension than when the winding sheet of the crumbling Egyptian monarch had been loosened.

"What nonsense, when we haven't settled a thing about Jumbo."

"Damn Jumbo!" said Jumbo's uncle. "Don't slack——"

"Ah, it isn't fair to take advantage of you!" she said, with sudden wisdom cooling the sunny breeze. "You do think me a real little girl; whereas I'm a real little actress! In your day the charmers were the 'freight-car' type as we 'torpedoes' call them. Heavy-footed princesses carrying spears across the stage. When a bouquet was sent up the comedian never called them by name. He lined up the company, looking at them carefully from the hips down, pausing correctly before the right victim! They sang White Wings, with trills, and did skirt dancing in the Black Crook. You're blushing—I've found the right pew in the right church. I wish I had known you then. What a handsome lad you must have been—given to wing collars and double-breasted bright serges; riding a velocipede and smoking pale, deadly weeds; collecting postage stamps; and stealing away from high school to see Anderson play; weeping with Fanny Davenport in Moths, and Fedora! Now didn't you send Mrs. Langtry a washtub of roses after you split your gloves for her in As in a Looking Glass? Come—'fess up! And didn't you want to marry Agnes Ethel? Why, of course! I knew it all along. When Young Tracy sent her the silver bathtub you refused food! Contradict me if you can. No wonder, for mere penance, you took to unearthing forgotten groggeries of the Nitin-Nitins!"

Telfain took hold of her slender shoulders, his rough hands as great a contrast as a gnarled treetrunk used for a white moth's refuge between flights. In a different tone from that which the Aunts' Protective League, or European savants, listening to him discuss the domestic arts of Mesopotamia, had ever heard, he answered slowly:

"I'd rather know you right now, Mouse Romaine!"

"Dinner!" acidly announced Blessing from behind them.

II

THERE was terrapin, Southern spoon bread, and fresh artichokes for dinner, with Judge Peter's pudding as dessert. In the old-fashioned room, crowded with Chippendale, the rose-shaded candles lent a tint to the Mouse's cheeks, deepening her frock into carnation pink. "I wish I understood myself," she mused, picking up her sauterne cup. "There's something in all of us that clashes with common sense, like a barn swallow dictating to a mountain eagle. The most austere member of the bar has a brain cell devoted to romance or idle dreams. Maybe sprigs of dried lavender would be the key to unlock the cell, revealing a susceptible old person, with recollections of someone to match the sprigs in bloom! Or it could be a woman's voice saying 'Good-by!' in a vibrant contralto, or a mongrel purp, lost and bewildered. Just that purp might unmuzzle his heart, carrying him back to a barefooted boy with such a dog as his comrade, roaming river trails to plan for grown-up glories!"

To Telfain it seemed that her voice was like the strumming of a harp.

"They're knee-deep—these keys," she added, "if we'd only remember and not label mankind as ogres. But we're never brave enough to try unlocking hearts. So the world proceeds, thinking the worst of itself! Well, Telfain Tobin, you are young-old. Your sentiment hasn't been melted down into a mere key; it has accumulated interest all the years you've grubbed and let the 'smell of the lamp' stifle the fragrance of romance. I believe you are as susceptible as Jumbo—if one wanted to try. Your heart, despite the title of scientist, lies on your sleeve!"

"It is throbbing in that bunch of violets," he said, halfway serious.

The Mouse rose, lifting her glass.

"No! As surely as I pledge the Aunts' Protective League to renounce Jumbo, so I beg that your heart stay an open hearth, beside which all the world may pause to warm itself."

She danced back to the drawing-room to change her guest from the pleasant dreamer into the wide-awake man of science, after the fashion of revolving a kaleidoscope. For an hour she surprised him with intelligent questions as to the Rosetta Stone. Then she sat at the piano to sing-talk melodies from operas of another day—Martha, Fra Diavolo, Three Little Maids; changing abruptly into her own inimitable cockney song: Splash Me—Dash You! with a jigging accompaniment, causing Telfain's soberly laced scientific boots to tap dangerously.

Suddenly she whirled round to demand:

"What will you tell the aunts? Poor dears! Fancy losing sleep over the thought of my marrying Jumbo! I'll turn Jumbo over to a new beauty, who likes to keep her hand in. He must learn the brunette temperament. I'm his third blonde, straight running."

"Tell me something—why are actresses different from everyone else?"

"Because we are locksmiths, heart keys our specialties." She drifted beside the open fire, cross-legged and humpbacked. Another woman would have seemed a caricature. "Why do I live as I do? Wear my watch on my ankle instead of a respectable chain? Insist on artichokes and terrapin when I should be cooking over a gas jet? Wear my hair like fancy flowers instead of wound so"—her finger made a descriptive gesture—"and cannibal tulle costumes instead of drab wool? Why do I pine for macaroons at breakfast and buttered toast at midnight, walk in the rain, and stay by the fire clear days? Because I'm a locksmith, and I work at odd times in odd places. I may never be credited with it—but I do unlock rusty hearts. I wear blue muslin and sing Seeing Nellie Home, even if I adopt fleshings later on. Some find their hearts suddenly glowing with memories; and they, in turn, sing at their work next day. . . . Surely I help a little!"

Her head drooped and she clasped her hands in her lap.

"The world says: 'Awful chorus girls!'" She laughed, but not pleasantly, and the little love birds did not answer.

"They delight in our final ruin—for unlocking hearts is tiptoe work, and we can't last out, like selling gloves or presiding at breakfast tables. Still, the world depends on us for excitement. We are their strain of insanity, their dissipation safely expended in a balcony seat! They project their smug imaginations into our—our legs, dancing mentally as we are dancing." She made a savage little moue. "They bask in our tricks and, revived and happy, are spared ever having to do anything foolish!"

Her eyes narrowed slightly as she finished:

"Well, I pity them! Every trading-stamp devotee; every loving wife with a William-and-Mary dining-room set, and ten bungalow aprons in her chiffonier! Every time I watch them shuffle into a bargain matinée, with fudge in their pony muffs and a dowdy imitation of our coiffures, I say 'There, but for the grace of God and me being a credit to fleshings, goes Mouse Romaine!'"

She rose, poking the burning logs daringly with her slipper toe.

Telfain found himself gathering her back to safety. She seemed a sexless, delightful sprite.

"Ah, here's an instance! The world would say 'Only met him—and she is in his arms!' So I am—and very comfy." She promptly slipped away. "A kiss and an endearment don't mean to us what they do to the rest of the world. They are not weighted with ponderous vows and proper-time limits. Yet—are they so wicked? Or just locksmiths' tools? I'm crazy enough to be enticing, but set apart from Float Bridge; though the deacons take care to pass my door. I rouge—I drink—oh, horrors! I swear when bootlaces snap—children, go by the back road while she's about! I owned a race horse—the authorities should be notified! I dance in tights—neurologists should be rushed to the spot! I like everyone; I love no one longer than a week—except brand-new babies." She swept a curtsy.

He watched this summer wind taking refuge among the rosebushes. Quite surprisingly he remarked:

"I've stayed late enough. Even locksmiths have a union."

"But we haven't decided anything!" She laughed, in spite of herself.

"Because I'm going to board the Float Bridge Inn until to-morrow. I want to take you driving. Please wear the frock nearest the color of all the butterflies in the world."

The Mouse turned to watch the love birds tuck in their downy heads. He fancied that she shivered; but presently she turned back, to sing softly:

*"Everything was rippin'*
*Till Eve picked the*
*pippin'"*

Breaking off to add: "You play just the way I want you to play, Telfain Tobin. If I was your mother I'd be frightfully jealous of the girl you married."

Whereupon she proceeded to do a vanishing-card trick, with Telfain requested to ascertain whether the Queen of Hearts had eloped to the bottom of Mouse's silvery slipper.

A moment later he found himself dismissed—with the Queen of Hearts card slightly warm and bent to the shape of a tiny shoe, the Mouse saying: "Honk-honk! Don't let them give you the haunted room; and don't forget the violets!"

Blessing waited for the Mouse in a quaint room done in lavender chintz.

"Whoever he is," said Blessing, handing over some mail, "he has as much chance with you as a mosquito has to box an elephant. Flannel nightie or silk?"

"Silk," pouted the Mouse.

"It's a bad night for all who travel by land or sea."

"Silk!"

The Mouse opened her mail.

"Not a mustard plaster in the place!" was the unpleasant prophecy. "Hair brushed?" The Mouse dipped into a bonbon box and continued reading.

"Hair like thistledown mats!"

Blessing armed herself with the brush.

"Oh, are you still there?" the Mouse asked innocently.

"I may be neither fish nor flesh, nor good red herring; but I like to be answered."

"Then start at your prayers." The Mouse tucked her letters under the pillow and proceeded to undress. "Blessing, would you like to see me marry Jumbo?"

"Would a hen acknowledge a square egg?"

Blessing laid rose mules beside the bed.

"You don't advise it?" the Mouse giggled.

"Would I have advised Whistler to spend his time sitting in the park to paint the portrait of a string bean?" Blessing hesitated—a phenomenon for her—to draw a telegram from her snowy pocket and hand it to the Mouse. "Isn't Blessing a fifth wheel sometimes?" she demanded gruffly.

"Who is he, Miss Totterdale?" murmured the Mouse as she read the message:

Mahasset Centennial week Totterdales were first settlers Come . . ALF

"You mean you're asking to go? Blessing, I always credited you with being the help and me the hindrance. Just scoot! Think of a stay of sentence from that hair-brushing inquisition!"

"Could you manage three days?"

Blessing tried not to show her joy. She had been racked with doubt, torn between her two gods—the Mouse and Alf.

"Manage? Must I lose beauty sleep to persuade you? Go to-night."

"You have to be mended up. You take the fritz out of clothes like you break straws in a sherry cobbler. To-morrow night's the ticket for soup!" But she still hesitated.

The Mouse laughed.

"Do you want me to mention mere money? You poor old Uncle Tom's Cabin! I've slews of it. Just because I'm careless about paying up, and borrow stray berries now and then, doesn't signify anything. Of course it's convenient to pay you up!"

She threw a downy slumber pillow, missing her by half an inch.

"I've my fare—all I need is a little to—to proceed with. Mouse, you know there isn't a shot in the locker."

"Isn't there? That's right; spoil my surprise—a fat check, an advance on my new show, right in this letter. I was going to toddle out to cash it and surprise you with a new dress pattern as a bonus. I might have known you would cheat me out of the fun, like the old snapping turtle that you are. Kiss me, Blessing! You're going to be in a Mahasset parade; I feel it! Ride in a flower-decked rickshaw, drawn by school children! Hurrah for Blessing Totterdale! Take some rouge along and a blond transformation—just to get 'em going. Tights, if you like—I wonder how Alf would look in tights and a plumed hat—the Christopher Columbus of Mahasset!" Mouse lay back to laugh.

"You're a devil-baby!" Blessing tucked her in relentlessly. "Do you know you haven't a silk stocking that isn't out at the knee?"

"Blow the malted pap and I'll stop breaking out in spots."

When Blessing snored rhythmically the Mouse sat up in bed, fumbling for the letters. The square one was her bills, summarized by a drastic command. Heavens, for the cost of those earrings and cameos she could have bought an annuity! Viewed impersonally, the price of the green frock would have fitted out a battleship for her country!

The long narrow letter was from her manager, staving off her new show for months. Conditions were too unsettled; she must wait until midwinter. He might as well have said midocean! With the creditors massed together, singing a Hymn of Hate, and the pinkish Jumbo smuggling up gooey hampers of abortive green things out of season, and not two coppers of her own to spend —— The Mouse laughed. She was paying dearly for the weeks of playing a misunderstood woman for the sole benefit of the trap drummer!

She shoved the letters aside. A more pressing debt must be met instanter—Blessing's wages for the half year and innumerable petty dribs that the Mouse had borrowed. What was left of her wages she had sent faithfully to the beloved Alf to pay for the Maine homestead.

"So I can beat it to the woods when I stop running true to form," she had explained.

No other claim came before Blessing's! The Mouse's cheeks burned guiltily. Forgetful of the rose mules, she slipped to the window to watch the trees sway with the wind. Two courses were left her: To marry Jumbo, a veritable treasure-trove if one could endure his colicky gamboling. In reality the Aunts' Protective League held no terrors for the Mouse. She could have bowled them over with a flip of her hand. But a certain weather-beaten savant, with tender eyes, mattered so much that she dismissed the possibility without argument.

The other course was a blind alley, too, regarding the weather-beaten savant. It was to pay up Blessing, and a sop to the others, struggling until the manager should give her a chance. This was to be accomplished by selling Jumbo's letters! She smothered a sob.

"I hate the money!" she said under her breath, turning to a secretary where reams of sky-blue paper were libeled by Jumbo's heavy-fisted, ponderous hand. They were sealed and perfumed—mostly special deliveries.

She lacked the nerve to look in those greenish-brown eyes when she should say: "I must have money for those letters. Come; you surely expected it?"

It would hurt; but it would be a quick stab instead of continuous pain, such as marrying Jumbo would involve. Telfain would merely credit her with vulgar commercial shrewdness, dismissing her from his mind. This was preferable to being thought of with ever-increasing contempt, which was inevitable should she become his niece! "When he's all I ever dreamed of!" she murmured, going back to bed.

To indulge a sentimental whim to the extent of cheating Blessing would be unspeakably "soft." With childlike candor she admitted that Telfain was merely amused and not in love. He would return to the winning of more drab buttons, taking care not to cross the pond until Jumbo was the father of a flourishing kennel. It had been a shabby trick played on him by three hysterical aunties! Why, with woman's customary vanity, should she sacrifice Blessing's one great holiday to keep—just perhaps!—a faint unsullied memory of herself in Telfain Tobin's mind? It would be wicked—infamous! The Mouse worked herself up to a frenzy of self-appeal. After restless tossing she fell asleep, saying a typically Mousified prayer:

"Let me, just this once, dream we had our day! From the time I step into the victoria until I kiss the violets ——"

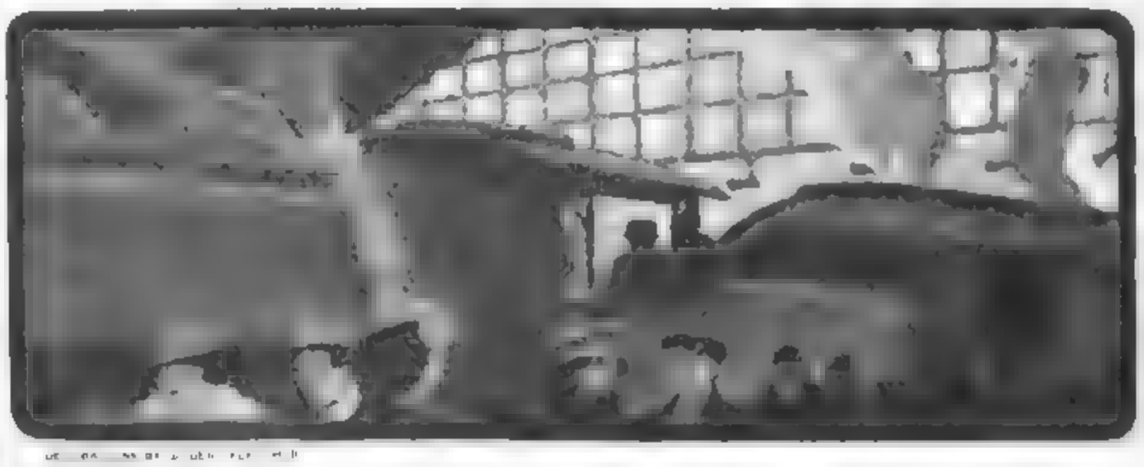
*"There Was Jumbo Lumbering Up and Down With a Forest of Chrysanthemums"*

III

"I'D UNDERSTAND Sanskrit better!" Telfain laid on the table the best bunch of violets Float Bridge could muster. "That's not a good sort of joke, Mouse."

(Continued on Page 54)

# POLICE PREPAREDNESS



## By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

THEY had food riots the other day in New York. Women whose husbands were getting higher wages than ever before in their lives rebelled, not against a tyrannous government, but against what they called extortion, since it was practiced against them. They were asked to pay too much money to the retailers, and so they raided shops and destroyed provisions, and spoiled beef with high-grade Standard Oil products. They violated the law and interfered with peaceful citizens engaged in the American occupation of trying to get all the traffic would bear. They injured the property and interfered with the profits of taxpayers and shopkeepers in the city of New York.

There is a theory that the police exist in order to prevent precisely that sort of thing. In the dear dead days the locust club, impartial as Fate and hard as a pawnbroker's face listening to a tale of woe, would have descended on the heads of the East Side *pétroleuses*. As a matter of fact, these ladies, being foreign-born, not only would have expected such attentions but would have heeded nothing else.

This time, however, a modern New York policeman was detailed to maintain order and enforce the law. He was an average "copper," no better or no worse than thousands of his fellows on the force. He had not been selected for that particular job by reason of his tactfulness, nor did he receive special instructions for that particular day or concerning that high-cost-of-living disturbance.

### *The Safety Valve of Speech*

WHAT did he do? He smiled and spoke pleasantly. At times he tried to argue. The women, thinking of the dealers' swollen profits, paid no attention to his words; and when he tried to block the kerosene can on its way to the quarter of beef they naturally attacked him. They tore his uniform and scratched his face until the blood ran. They cursed him in nine languages and thirteen dialects.

That cop never lost his temper!

After a while, when the food riots were over and the mobs went home, the women whose nails had been the busiest on the cop's visage came up and said they were sorry!

Oh, yes; I also said it was a lie when they told me the story at headquarters. Nevertheless, it is true. And more: it is the result of the policy of preparedness pursued by the New York Police Department.

The cop kept his temper; the riots were checked; the rioters said they were sorry; and extortion was checked where it could be done legally. Those are the chapters of this story.

Some years ago a reporter on a New York evening paper was told to get ready to leave for San Francisco, on a moment's notice, to "cover" the fire and the earthquake. He got ready, and while waiting to go thought over the points of the "story," according to the dispatches from the stricken city. The thought uppermost in his mind was that the police of San Francisco completely failed to meet the situation. Fred Funston and the regulars did what an efficient force should have done. The reporter was Arthur Woods, now Police Commissioner of New York. He served as Deputy Commissioner under General Bingham, the first Commissioner New York had who really didn't care a hang for political pull. Even while a subordinate Woods' hobby was preparedness. He believed the department ought to be able to meet any emergency successfully. When General Bingham retired, Woods was appointed to succeed him.

The day before there had been a riot in Union Square, with considerable clubbing of I. W. W. men and anarchist orators. On the very first day of Woods' commissionership these men—loud-mouthed as usual, but also really desperate—threatened all sorts of things. Some of the newspaper men who were on the "story" expected dynamite work, and the general impression was that large police reserves would be within call, ready to fight for the preservation of law and order.

The police knew what would have been done in the old days and were perfectly willing to risk their lives. But the new commissioner did not propose to fill all the cellars in the neighborhood with armed policemen in waiting, or the hospitals with wounded. What he did was to call his men together and talk to them. He explained the theory of the London police about free speech as a safety valve, and how he wanted his own policemen to allow the I. W. W. orators to talk until they had no more to say. He told them he was sure that if they permitted the orator to talk himself out there would be no bomb throwing.

"I want you to go to that meeting knowing that I am going to stand back of all of you for all I'm worth. But I want it understood that your triumph will not be in successfully overcoming the mob or stilling the riot. It will come if nothing happens that needs force to overcome. The real stunt for a policeman is not to have to do anything to anybody. You men just smile and look pleasant. Be good-natured. I know I can depend upon you to do what brave men always do in the face of danger and death. But just remember all the time that if no disorder develops that is your victory."

Those were the instructions to the men. At the same time, the police arrangements were complete. He could have bottled up the square tight in two minutes after the signal was given. But no policemen in uniform were in evidence at the meeting. He had a hundred and fifty plain-clothes men circulating among the potential rioters, "aërating" the mob; for all students of mob psychology know that men closely packed will react to common impulses much more quickly than when separated.

Well, there was no clubbing and no rioting and no trouble; and when the hot air was exhausted, and the meeting died a natural death, the rioters-that-never-were actually called for three cheers for "Schmitty"—Chief Inspector Schmittberger.

The same thing happened at the time when I. W. W. orators relieved themselves of burning words in front of Mr. Rockefeller's office building. One of them was denouncing John D. violently when a well-dressed man in the crowd began to deny the assertions of the orator and to accuse him of un-Americanism, and so on. A policeman stepped up to the man and said:

"My friend, this is this gentleman's meeting. If you want to do any talking go over to that corner and speak to your own crowd. But don't interfere with this man!"

### *Developing Individual Responsibility*

I HAVE used these stories to show how great a change has come in the attitude of the police of New York toward the public of New York.

The improvement has not been exclusively in methods, but in morale, in the point of view, in the more intelligent appreciation of the relations that should exist between the police force and the citizens who pay their salaries; in short, in understanding the nature of the services to be rendered by the police.

The temptation to "Germanize" the force has been great, not only because efficiency is always pleasing to business managers but because there is a great personal satisfaction in the smooth running of a well-constructed and intelligently operated machine. There are so many men who will do the right thing only when specifically commanded to do it that the problem was carefully considered. But it has been the aim of the department to develop individual responsibility in the commanding officers as well as in the men. They are told what, in a general way, is expected of all members of the force; and they understand that if an emergency arises they must grapple with it. It was a very intelligent thing for the commissioner to strive so hard to create a new point of view and a different state of mind on the part of the force. Initiative is not destroyed by having a general policy.

(Continued on Page 106)

# PEGGITT PAYS THE FREIGHT

## By Freeman Tilden

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

AT HIS store in East Wilder, William Peggitt was selling pea beans at six cents a quart. Eggs were twelve cents a dozen; bacon was ten cents a pound; corned beef, six or seven, with few takers; and when they slaughtered a yearling you could have the liver for the asking.

Gently, gently, friend consumer! Pray do not jostle or block the entrance! Remember, this was in 1841, when a dollar a day was a fat, dripping wage—an awakening ideal for strapping manhood. *Tempora mutantur;* or, as we now more deftly say: "1841 is old, old stuff."

William Peggitt's shingle merely announced that he was selling "Merchandise." No; it didn't even say that. It said that he was willing to sell it. The two windows made a fine fly pasture in summer. Once in a while the merchant thoughtfully reached over and dropped a pair of boots, or something like that, right in plain sight, where they could be seen from the street. It was artful; but it didn't occur very often.

William was a deacon, stood exactly six feet and half an inch in his woolen stockings; and it was he who instigated the planting of elm trees all round the Common. Those who knew him best called him William. To others he was Deacon Peggitt. He gave good measure and still made money. Peace be to his ashes!

The next William Peggitt, who inherited the store, had a painter come up and freshen the sign soon after the funeral. The new paint wore off in five years, and then the sign was as good as ever again. But it is now reposing in the loft of the barn, out back of the Department Store; for the second William incubated an idea. Everybody in East Wilder who was living when it happened recalls the time when Peggitt made his "Addition." It made nearly as much talk as the Civil War. Six carpenters hammered for days, and when they took off their aprons the store looked much as you see it to-day. Two stories high! Furniture, carpets, mattresses on the upper floor—and a fine metropolitan smell of varnish and moth balls. Downstairs were groceries, provisions, fruit, vegetables, dry goods, notions, woodenware, tinware—well, there was a sign that said "If you don't see what you want, ask for it!" And several residents of East Wilder got brain-fagged by taking up the challenge without due preparation. The old sign came down and a new one went up. It said:

WILLIAM PEGGITT
DEPARTMENT STORE

The other merchants dryly remarked that inherited money was easy spent, and intimated that William Peggitt was overextending a "leetle bit"; and that they were sorry, because his wife was one of the nicest girls in town. The other merchants are now doing business—elsewhere.

There came a proud, wonderful day when William Peggitt called up the local painter and told him to add the words "& Son" to the sign. Son was three days old when this happened; the "nice girl" was pale but joyous; business, as usual. And, while we wait for Son to grow up to the age when he can see himself celebrated on the Department Store sign, it is important to describe William the Second, bearing in mind, at the same time, our brief Who's Who of William the First.

*The Identical Somebody Was Sitting Up, Night After Night, Card-Indexing the List of Names*

William Peggitt, Second, stood exactly five feet nine in his cotton stockings. He planted no trees, was not a deacon, and those who knew him best called him Bill. To others he was Peggitt. He also gave good measure, and was making money till the locusts descended on the small retailer—said locusts being the mail-order houses in New York and Chicago.

Now as to William the Third. At the age of nineteen the third William Peggitt stood exactly five feet six in his silk lisle. Those who knew him best called him Willie. To others he was known as Peggitt's Boy. What a fall is there, my countrymen! In the nineteenth year of his age William Peggitt, Junior, being about to finish the prescribed course at the academy, announced that he was going to college.

William Peggitt, Senior, said:

"I guess not!"

"Why not, father?" asked William, Junior, as though he had never considered any possible demur.

"Why not? I'll tell you why not. I don't want you to be a fool! A college education makes fools. Look at me! Look at the store! The biggest store of its kind anywhere round. Did I go to college? No! I went to work. That's what you're going to do. Look at the sign over the door. What's it say? See the word Son? That's you! It's about time you were down there doing your part. What's college anyway? Huh! Giving yells, smoking a pipe, and singing songs! You can get those things right in Wilder, by being a volunteer fireman. . . . Now don't bother me any more about that. You can come to work in the store in September."

*"Please, William—Please Don't be Discouraged! You Must—You Will Win"*

"But, father, I don't want to do those things. I'm serious. I want a real education. I'm going to work at college. I'll be worth more in the store when I come out. I'll have a larger viewpoint ——"

Peggitt, Senior, smiled blandly.

"Somebody's been codding you, sonny," he said. "The only feller I ever had in the store with a large viewpoint was a loafer who stood about half the time at the window, looking out. He could view the whole Common, but he couldn't see a customer coming in. I sacked him in a hurry."

And so William Peggitt, Third, went to college. Oh, yes! Youth must be served—first—and with white meat. Peggitt, Senior, who had keen recollections of almost dislocating his young vertebræ whenever his father issued a manifesto, weakly sawed the atmosphere—and gave in. He had the vision to perceive that the same process of change that had put the Department Store in East Wilder was going to put sonny boy in college.

Peggitt's Boy went down to Rogers to get the higher education. Looking at him in a crowd, you would say that he might easily become a distinguished dentist, with some gymnasium training and by standing on a soap box. He wore spectacles, had an inquiring nose, and a mask of freckles that queerly left off just south of his upper lip, like a photograph film that has been half exposed. As an athletic specimen he was a disappointment, even to his father, who, however, had to admit that he himself had been short-changed three and a half inches since the Deacon's day. The Peggitts were running down in bulk. It remained to be seen whether they were improving in quality.

Peggitt, Senior, had a heart-to-heart talk the evening before Son left the hearth. He said, in part:

"If you ain't completely ruined down there I s'pose I can't complain. But don't you go getting any highfalutin' ideas, William. Just as long as there's a Peggitt named William, there's going to be a Department Store in East Wilder. You keep away from women and liquor, and tend to business."

The young man promised to keep away from these two primary snares. It looked like a safe bet, regarding Son from an unprejudiced angle.

"What do I mean," continued Peggitt, "when I say women? The bad kind? No. I guess you've got common decency enough to steer clear of them. I mean the other kind, that'll make a fool of you. Not that I don't want you to get married, later on. Sure I do! When the time comes you can pick out one of our Wilder girls, that's been brought up with the right ideas; and then—well, you see your grandfather and I didn't make any mistake along that line. Do you understand?"

"Yes, father," replied Peggitt's Boy, with a far-away look in his eye.

Peggitt stood up and faced his future partner. He went so far, in his undemonstrative way, as to take the lad's right hand and clasp it between both of his. It was a big moment. Peggitt was bald, except for a fringe of iron-gray hair; his face was weather-worn, as a groceryman's should be in a rigorous climate; his bristly short mustache trembled a little; and maybe there was moisture in his eyes.

"Now g'long!" he ordered with a push. "And if you see any good ideas in the department stores down there, sit right down and write me. A business that don't go ahead, goes back."

At the close of the first college year Peggitt's Boy came home, put on overalls, and drove a delivery wagon until autumn. When deliveries were slack he sold goods; and Peggitt took care to move the young man rapidly from department to department, so that at the end of the vacation he had served in them all.

"What's the book, William?" asked Peggitt one day, happening to come across William the Third seated on a burlapped chair in the second story.

"Royce's Psychology."

"You mean physiology," corrected father, not unkindly.

"No; I mean psychology."

"William," said Peggitt sternly, "I haven't forgotten all I learned at the academy. You mean p-h-i-s—er—the structure of the human being."

"No; I mean psychology—the structure of the human bean," snickered Peggitt's Boy.

And, for the first time, Peggitt observed that the higher education had done something to if not for his offspring. He didn't like it. The word "psychology," granting that there was any such word, sounded offensively in his ear. It was remote from department-store life. He passed the book back to the boy and humphed.

"It won't show you how to sell goods," he said.

That boy of Peggitt's leaped out of the burlap like a baited foxhound. Behind his spectacles two ardent eyes shimmered—if light and slightly watery blue eyes can shimmer. Maybe they just sparkled.

"But that's just what it will do!" he cried. "The whole science of selling is bound up in these principles, dad! To understand the processes of the human mind—that's the idea! Every salesman—every employer—is a psychologist—if he's successful. Lemme tell you about it."

"No; I'm busy now," replied Peggitt. "I like to see you enthused, though. It's a good sign. When you've gone far enough into that study I'll give you a bunch of bad bills to collect. I guess that'll test it out."

Peggitt's Boy went back to Rogers the last week in September. About the first week in December, Judge Stack, who also had a son in Rogers—in fact, the two lads had matured their plans together—dropped in on Peggitt one evening for a little chat.

The judge was a stout, hearty gentleman.

He had a genial judicial persuasion that all young men were going to get into scrapes—his boy not excepted—and the fun would come in watching them pull themselves out.

"It strikes me, Peggitt," said the judge, "that these youngsters of ours have more fun than we used to. I got a great letter from Harry to-day. If I do say it, that boy writes well. Listen to this."

William Peggitt listened. And as he listened he felt the need of a quick-action stimulant. He clenched the arms of his chair and breathed hard. The color left his face and his eyes took fright.

"'—— Peggy Peggitt and I broke into society with a yell the other night, dad. Gee, what a lot of peaches were there! Peg got awfully stuck on a little girl in pink, and he's been rushing her—flowers—candy; all that sort of thing. You'd never think it of little Peg, would you? I ——'"

The devoted father continued to read, blissfully unconscious of the fact that though he and his son had grown up on these terms of intimacy and confidence Peggitt & Son had not.

"It appears from the context, Peggitt," gurgled the judge, greatly pleased, "that the society Harry mentions so grandly at the beginning was composed largely of telephone operators and stenographers. Isn't that rich, Peggitt? Say ——"

Judge Stack reached over to slap William Peggitt on the knee, or any exposed point, and stopped suddenly with his mouth open. William Peggitt had let loose one raucous "What!" and then slipped down in his chair and was staring horribly.

"What's the matter?" asked the judge, thinking abruptly, as well-fed men past middle age always do, of apoplexy.

"My boy!" gasped Peggitt. "Girl—in—pink—flowers—candy! Oh, Lord!"

"What d'ye mean, Peggitt?" The honest burbler of juvenile joys returned the stare with his own ingenuous wonder. "Boys will be boys ——"

William Peggitt rose dizzily and began to pace the floor. He threw up his arms and muttered "Madness!" three times, adding something about "Deserving this!" and "Knew what would be the end of it!" Then he stopped short, shivered himself together, pointed a stubby forefinger at the judge, ground his teeth together, and strangled out:

"I'll whack him out of there to-morrow!"

The judge suddenly saw what had happened. A look of pain overspread his benevolent countenance as he said:

"Hold on, Peggitt! Good Lord, what have I done? I thought you'd see the fun in it! And I've gone, like a garrulous fool, and blabbed your boy into trouble. Come, come, Peggitt; don't be an idiot! There's no harm in it. That's all part of the game. That's all ——"

"Yes; that's all!" echoed William Peggitt grimly.

And that was all. At least, that was all of the career of Peggitt's Boy at the well-known Rogers institution.

It's a queer fact—but one that you can see working out every day—that when a man is faced by a great crisis and a little crisis he will become hysterical about the little crisis and forget the big. This was what happened to William Peggitt. He went down to Rogers and snatched his offspring out of the atmosphere of the fair charmer in pink, pushing him unwillingly from school into the more brutal presence of prunes.

William Peggitt was no simpleton; nor was he a martinet. He knew well enough that a little philandering—if that's what it was—wasn't going to ruin Son. He could even have accepted an escapade, provided it didn't get into the newspapers. Yet he took the first train down to Rogers, dashed in upon William the Third, stormed, stamped, bullied, and even showed a disposition to reach for Son's ear. All of which Son bore with the resignation of good Puritan obedience.

But when William Peggitt, unconsciously pressed by the greater crisis, spoke too lightly of a certain person who sometimes wore pink, Peggitt's son went very white, and chopped out, with dangerous feebleness:

"You may say what you please about me, father, but you have no right to make any such reference to her."

Peggitt was stopped; something had come into the freckled face of his son, spectacles and all, that harked back to the six-foot deacon. He asked rather weakly:

"Why not?"

"Because," replied the five-foot-six-inch successor, "she is a good girl—and I—I'm fond of her."

Down deep in his grocery-clogged soul, Peggitt knew that he had never really respected his son until that minute. But he said simply:

"Enough of this nonsense! You pack up, sir, and come home with me."

"

WHEN they got back to East Wilder, Peggitt said to Son:

"You'll go to work at the store to-morrow morning."

"Yes, sir," replied Son.

"There will be no nonsense," added Peggitt.

"No, sir," agreed Son.

Ardently William Peggitt wished that he could justify his procedure toward Son by the simple method of just blurting out his inner thoughts, hopes and fears. He would have told Son that, honestly, he didn't want to bully him; that he was simply scared to death at the idea that his only son might be weaned away from the Department Store; that some siren might take him away and make a college professor or baseball player of him. It had been William Peggitt's store in 1841; God willing, it should be William Peggitt's store in 2041. . . . But William Peggitt couldn't say these things, because he and his boy were not strangers.

He did, however, have the wisdom to ignore the letters that came trailing along to William Peggitt, Junior, from Rogerstown.

Meantime the greater crisis was wearing at William Peggitt's brain and gnawing at his heart. At the age of fifty-five he was beginning to slow up perceptibly. He came home from the store heavily; got out of his chair with an effort; and on rainy days was fain to argue the probability that the sun would never shine again.

"There's something worrying your father," said Mrs. Peggitt one day to Son. "I wish you could find out what it is."

"I think I know what it is," replied the young man. "But you know what he is! I wouldn't dare to say anything about it till father does."

*Miss Rosella McVeigh Stepped Out Upon the Sidewalk and Circled the Common, Giving the Village the Once-Over*

It was not long afterward that William Peggitt staged a conference with his son. He arranged it with the elaborateness of a legal execution. There was a small office in the rear of the Department Store, first floor, just off the bookkeeper's cage. The clerks had gone home promptly with the last customer, about a quarter after six, and Son was getting ready to lock up, when William Peggitt returned to the store unexpectedly and went to this little office. A few moments afterward he called out:

"Telephone your mother we'll be late for supper, William, and then lock up and come in here."

When the chores were finished Peggitt's Son entered the office. He found his father sitting at the desk, staring at nothing in particular and massaging his bristly mustache. Son waited. Finally the father swung round, gazed for a moment at the successor to the business, gazed at him with an earnestness of affection that made the recipient wink uneasily, and began:

"The time has come, my son, when you must know how things stand. Your name has been on the sign ever since you were a baby; you've really been my partner all the time; I guess it's time you came into the store. It's wonderful the way you've taken hold. You're a Peggitt all through, and I'm proud of you."

The father picked up a cigar, which he had been dry-smoking, and chewed it halfway to the top before he spoke again. Then he said wearily:

"Things aren't going well with the store, William. Good Lord! I thought by the time you came in, it would be just coasting over a smooth road, with nothing to do but keep her headed right. Instead of that, I'm letting you into—a loser. Yes; it's no time to be mealy-mouthed about it; a loser! For three years we've been losing money—a little more every year. I've stopped every leak I could find—and still we lose. I've slaved here night and day—and we go right on losing. It's—killing—me! I feel sometimes as though I might drop out any minute. I feel—up here—all congested—dizzy spells!"

"Please don't take it that way, father," said Son quickly. "There must be some way out. If we study the situation ——"

"Study the situation!" groaned the other man. He rose, red in the face, his mouth trembling with anger. "There's no need to study the situation. I know now what's doing it! We're being strangled to death by these catalogue houses.

"They're taking the money out of town, and leaving us the deadbeats and the paupers! That's the answer! Go down to the freight office and look at the boxes and barrels of stuff coming in every day. There ought to be a law against them! They're a bunch of crooks and swindlers—don't you know it? They take your good money ——"

Peggitt's Boy was shaking his head.

"No, father; I don't know it," he said. "So far as I know, the trouble is that these catalogue houses are not crooks and swindlers. If they were we could put them out of business easily."

Peggitt stared at his son, with upraised hand, just as his oratorical effort had left it.

"I say they are!" he cried bitterly.

Peggitt's Boy still shook his head.

"Father," he began softly, "I knew something about this two or three years ago. At least I saw it coming. Of course I didn't know exactly how it was affecting the store; and I've been thinking about it since. Now here's the way I figure it out: It's a case of dog eat dog, isn't it? You told me once, yourself, that before you started the Department Store there were four stores that sold groceries in Wilder. Now there's only one, and that's yours—unless you count the few canned goods Allen's Market sells. What's the reason? 'Why, it's just because you had a bigger idea, wasn't it? They couldn't compete with you. . . . Well, these other people come along with another idea, just as legitimate as yours was—really, dad, I happen to know that they live up to their catalogue promises—and they get the business."

"It ought to be stopped! There ought to be a way to stop it!" frothed the indignant storekeeper. "Don't you know they'll put every country store out of business?"

"No; I don't think so," was the calm reply. "As I see it, dad, your department-store idea was a good one until these people came along with a bigger idea. Then, the very thing that made your idea so good, at first, makes it vulnerable now. The little one-man store can worry through, because there will always be things bought locally and the selling expense is at a minimum. But you've got a heavy overhead; you have to hire a lot of help. Your organization isn't flexible, you see. You can't pull in at any point, no matter how much you are losing at that point."

William Peggitt had momentarily forgotten his foreign enemies, and was gasping in the presence of this unexpected flow of business discourse from one who had so recently been rescued from a young lady who affected pink. It was incredible. Peggitt's Boy was giving Peggitt reasons! He was analyzing Peggitt, because the Department Store was Peggitt! Worse, he was apologizing for the dastards who were putting the Department Store slowly out of business.

Frazzled as to nerves, and worn raw by the uphill game he didn't quite comprehend, William Peggitt was in the mood where he wanted sympathy more than he wanted light. He forgot that he had just announced his pride in Son. He forgot everything except the fact that the Department Store was a losing game. And he snarled out:

"I suppose it would be all right if I had a college education!"

Peggitt, Junior, flushed with the recollection of his sudden leave-taking from Rogers. But he replied, mildly chastening his father through his spectacles:

"I wasn't thinking of that, father. I can see that a college education is just what a fellow is willing to make of it. What I was thinking of is the psychology of the thing."

Perhaps it was a trifle unfortunate to trot out the excommunicated word at that moment. Perhaps it was a little too much like demonstrating the theory of gravitation to a man who has fallen into a well and would prefer to hear about a ladder. William Peggitt filled his cheeks with air, wreathed a fine floral piece of contempt round his mouth, and emitted:

"Psychology! Rubbish!"

William Peggitt, Junior, had thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and was tripping up and down in front of his father, in an unwonted state of exhilaration. His inquiring nose quivered with the excitement of the discovery he was about to make known. Each freckle glistened with honest satisfaction.

"You see, father," Peggitt's Boy went on, oblivious of the fact that his audience was hostile, "the average human mind is impressed in three ways by the catalogue-house idea. In the first place there is the joy of receiving boxes by freight, and opening them. It's just like a surprise. It's a sort of Christmas you can get any day in the year. Just watch the whole family gather round when the cover is ripped off and the nicely packed goods begin to show up! It makes ——"

"Rot!" interrupted Mr. Peggitt. "Do you think we can stop to pack five pounds of sugar and a yeast cake in a box? Besides, nobody ever asks for a box at this store—unless they're moving."

"The second thing," went on Peggitt's Boy, as though his first statement had been greeted by tumultuous applause, "is the power of the catalogue. Of course the pictures count for a whole lot. But you'll notice that the reading matter is crisp and spicy. It's like playing a game too. You look through the book, and then you figure out what you want; and then you sit down and put it on a blank—it makes you feel as if you were engaged in business yourself. A man feels pretty cocky after he's sent in an order. Even where the prices aren't much lower than ours, don't you see it looks more like real adventure than driving in to a store and being just one of the crowd of people you know, buying things?"

"These robbers get cash, and I have to give credit! I tell you, it's a swindle! Catalogue! Bah!"

"Exactly! They get cash, and you have to give credit," assented the young man, feeding his philosophy a little more gas, and driving home the argument with a fist in the palm of his hand. "And why do they send their cash to the mail-order people, and want credit at this store? That's the third big point! Every good psychologist could tell you why it is. It's because most people are afflicted with the Fallacy of the Elsewhere! The fallacy of the elsewhere is the delusion that makes things close at hand look shabby and mean compared with things at a distance. It's the delusion that prevents any man from being a prophet in his own country—see? It is what makes people in Springhaven go over to Hampton Falls to trade, while the folks in Hampton Falls come over to Springhaven.

"This store does not amount to much in the eyes of our folks. Why? Just because it's right here at home. If it was twenty miles away they'd flock to it. Look at the out-of-town business we do—considering that there's no good transportation! Up where Daniel Webster was born, nobody thought he amounted to much! Certainly not; they knew him when he used to swing a scythe. It's the same everywhere, dad. The fallacy of the elsewhere! I tell you, it makes a mail-order proposition look mighty attractive to a man who gets dust in his eyes every time he drives into East Wilder Common."

"And I suppose the thing to do, then," sneered William Peggitt, "is to move the Department Store to New York or Chicago? We'll pack up and go to-morrow. Then we'll make oceans of money! Bah! Why don't you talk sense? Fallacy of the—buncombe! Psychology! Fiddlesticks! If that's all you got out of college ——"

"I didn't stay very long, father," suggested Peggitt's Boy innocently.

"No; you didn't!" roared Peggitt, instantly taking the offensive when he saw the unsteadiness of his own position. "You wouldn't have been worth a tinker's dam if you had! A lot of fine ideas you've got about building up the business! You—you—I ——"

The young fellow saw his father grow suddenly white. He saw him reach for a chair, totter, and fall into it sidewise, and then sprawl out there with one hand on his breast.

"The—window—fresh—air!" gasped William Peggitt. "I—I'm going! Get—a—doctor!"

Peggitt's Boy leaped to the window. It stuck. He picked up a business directory from the desk and flung it through one of the panes. Then he seized the telephone and sent in a hurry call for the family physician.

"Father!" he faltered, taking a limp hand. "Father! Speak to me! I'm sorry—if I said anything—I was just telling you what I thought ——"

The older man glared stupidly and shook his head. He muttered something like:

"I knew it was coming. Tired. Can't—breathe."

The doctor came, and they took William Peggitt home. A few hours afterward, when the doctor called again, Peggitt's Boy took him aside and said:

"Tell me the truth. I'm my father's partner now. I must know."

"It's a nervous breakdown," was the reply. "So far as I can see, your father is sound enough organically. Very well preserved, I should say. He's been either working or worrying—or both—too much. He'll have to get away from here and stay away. I've told him so. He's stubborn; but I think he sees it."

William Peggitt, for once, did see the wisdom of an outside suggestion. He called in his son and said:

"William, I'm going to do what the doc says. Lord knows, it's a terrible thing! I believe I'll bust down South there, not knowing how things are going. In the safe you'll find the partnership papers. Take 'em over to Kellogg and he'll file 'em properly."

On a Tuesday afternoon William Peggitt's Boy went into the railroad station and hung for a long time over a telegraph blank. It took him about an hour to produce a piece of literature satisfactory to him. When it was done, it read like this:

ROSELLE MCVEIGH
Care Barnhart Brothers Rogerstown

Important business I spoke of in letter has come to head Father left today With your help I can do it View it merely as business proposition if you prefer Perhaps better that way Will you come

WILLIAM

Next morning the new partner of the Department Store received an answer:

WILLIAM PEGGITT
East Wilder

Of course I will

MAC

Whereupon the new partner did an exceeding strange thing for a man of responsibility to do. He locked the door of the office, in the rear of the store,

(Continued on Page 100)

"What's College, Anyway? Rah! Giving Yells, Smoking a Pipe, and Singing Songs!"

# CIRCUMVENTING WILHELM

## Cappy Tries German Diplomacy—By Peter B. Kyne

*Every Shipyard in the United States Was Loaded Up With Building Orders for Three Years in Advance*

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

WHENEVER Cappy Ricks made up his mind that his Blue Star Navigation Company ought to add another vessel to its rapidly growing fleet, he preferred to build her; for a few bitter experiences early in life had convinced him that the man who buys the other fellow's ship quite frequently is given a bonus in the shape of the other fellow's troubles—troubles which have the unhappy faculty of tilting the profit-and-loss account over into the red-ink figures. In order to avoid these troubles, therefore, Cappy would summon his naval architect, whom he would practically drive to distraction by fussing over the plans submitted before giving a final grudging acceptance. The blue prints approved, Cappy would spend a week picking holes in the specifications, and when there was no more fault to find Mr. Skinner, his general manager and president of the Ricks Lumber & Logging Company, would send a list of the timbers, planking, and so on, required to one of Cappy's sawmills in Washington; for Cappy had a theory—the good Lord only knows why or where acquired—that Douglas fir from the state of Washington was better for shipbuilding purposes than Douglas fir grown in Oregon. Perhaps he figured that the Columbia River, which separates the two states, made a difference in grade.

The woods boss would then be adjured to select his trees with great care. No tree would do that sprouted a limb within eighty feet of the butt, and the butt had to be at least six feet in diameter, in order that it might produce fine, clear, long-length planks that would not contain "heart" timber—the heart of a log having a tendency to check or split when seasoned. When the material was sawed a Blue Star steam schooner would transport it to San Francisco Bay, and it would be stored in Cappy's retail lumber yard in Oakland, to be seasoned and air-dried; following which Cappy Ricks would let the contract for the building of the vessel to a shipyard on Oakland Estuary, and sell the builder this seasoned stock at the price of rough green material, even though it was worth two dollars a thousand extra—not to mention the additional value for the extra-long lengths furnished specially. Cappy's ancestors, back in Maine, had built too many ships to have failed to impress upon him the wisdom of this course; for, on this point at least, initial extravagance inevitably develops into ultimate economy.

Following the laying of the keel, Cappy would come out of retirement and become an extremely busy man. He had the vessel's engines to consider; and for two weeks his private office would resound with the arguments and recriminations of Cappy and his port engineer. There would be much talk of pistons, displacement of cylinders, stroke, reciprocating engines, steeple compound and triple-expansion engines, Scotch boilers, winches, compressors, dynamos, composition and iron propellers and the latest developments in crude-oil burners. And on the day when the port engineer, grown desperate because of the old man's opposition to some detail, would fly into a rage and resign, Cappy would know that, at last, everything was all right; whereupon he would scornfully reject the resignation and take his port engineer to luncheon at the Commercial Club, just to show he wasn't harboring a grudge.

In the meantime the port captain would be making daily visits to the shipyard to make certain that the builder was holding rigidly to the specifications and not trying to skimp here and there; and on Saturdays Cappy would accompany him and satisfy himself that the port captain wasn't being imposed upon. Finally the ship would be launched; and as she slid down the ways Cappy Ricks would be standing on her forecastle head, his old heart fluttering in his thirty-six-inch chest and his coat-tails fluttering in the breeze, one arm round the port captain and the other round the port engineer. As the hull slipped into the drink he would say:

"Boys, this is the life! I love it! By the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet, there's more romance in ships than you'll find in most married lives!" Then he would wave an arm up Oakland Estuary, which prior to the great war was the graveyard of Pacific Coast shipping, and say with great pride: "Well, we've done a good job on this craft, boys; she'll never end in Rotten Row! Every sliver in her is air-dried and seasoned. That's the stuff! Build 'em of unseasoned material and dry rot develops the first year; in five years they're punk inside, and then—some fine day they're posted as missing at Lloyd's. Did you ever see a Blue Star ship lying in Rotten Row? No; you bet you didn't—and you never will! I never built a cheap boat and I never ran 'em cheap. By gravy, the Blue Star ships are like the Blue Nose that owns 'em! They'll be found dead on the job!"

Quite early in 1915 the Blue Star Navigation Company had found ample opportunity, due to a world scarcity of tonnage, to dispose of several of their oldest and smallest steam schooners at unbelievably fine prices.

"Get rid of them, Matt," Cappy advised his son-in-law, Captain Matt Peasley, whom he had made president of the company. "You have the permission of the president emeritus to go as far as you like. Big boats for us from now on, boy. Slip the little ones while the slipping is good. These high prices will not prevail very long—only while the war continues; and at the rate they're slaughtering each other over in France the war will be over in six months; then prices will fall—kerflump! Then we'll build a couple of real steamers."

*"I Guess the Boy's Right. I've Lost My Punch!"*

So Matt Peasley promptly sold five steam schooners, following which he made up his mind that the world still had two years of war ahead of it. Accordingly he urged the letting of contracts for two seven-thousand-five-hundred-ton steel freighters immediately.

"Nothing doing!" Cappy declared. "Why, it's rank nonsense to think of building now at wartime prices. If our recent sales have pinched us for tonnage we'll have to charter from our neighbors and worry along as best we can until the war is over."

"You're making a mistake, Cappy Ricks," his son-in-law warned him.

"Ask Skinner if I am. Skinner, let's have your opinion."

Mr. Skinner, always cautious and ultraconservative, promptly advised against Matt Peasley's course; but Matt would not be downed without a fight.

"I know prices for ship construction are fearfully high just now," he admitted; "but—mark my words!—they're going to double; and if we place our contracts now, while we have an opportunity to do so, we'll be getting in on the ground floor. I tell you that war hasn't really started yet; and the longer it continues the higher will prices on all commodities soar—but principally on ship construction. Father-in-law, I beg of you to let me get busy and build. Suppose the boats do cost us a quarter of a million dollars more each than we could have built them for in 1914. What of it? We have the money—and if we didn't have it we could borrow it. I don't care what a ship costs me when freight rates are soaring to meet the advance in construction cost."

Nevertheless, Cappy and Mr. Skinner hooted him down. Three months later, however, when Cappy Ricks had changed his mind, and Mr. Skinner was too heartbroken to curse himself for a purblind idiot, it was too late to place the contracts. Every shipyard in the United States and abroad was loaded up with building orders for three years in advance, and the Blue Star Navigation Company was left to twiddle its corporate thumbs. Matt Peasley was so angry that he almost speculated on the delight of being at sea again, in command of a square rigger, with Cappy Ricks and Mr. Skinner signed on as A. B.'s; in which condition of servitude he might dare to call them aft and knock their heads together. However, he managed to have his revenge. Every time nitrate freights went up a dollar a ton he told them about it with great gusto, and the day he chartered the Tillicum for Vladivostok, with steel for the Russian Government at seventy-five dollars a ton, he had poor Cappy moaning in his wretchedness.

"Just think how nice it would be," he taunted his aged relative, "if we had only placed contracts for two big boats when I urged it. By the middle of summer I'd have them both on the Vladivostok run—perhaps at a hundred dollars a ton; and long before the war is over you could do what you've been trying to do for the past ten years."

"Do what?" Cappy queried.

"Retire!" Matt retorted meaningly.

"In-fernal young scoundrel!" Cappy was angry enough to commit murder. "Out of my office!" he shrilled, and pointed to the door.

For once in his busy life it was, figuratively speaking, raining duck soup, and poor Cappy was there with a fork! When he had recovered his composure he sent for Matt Peasley.

"Matt, my dear boy," he confessed miserably, "this is certainly one occasion upon which father appears to have overlooked his hand. However, none of us is perfect; and if we're caught out without an umbrella, so to speak ——"

"'We?'" Matt reminded him witheringly. "Cappy, it's all right to use that 'we' stuff when you're talking to Skinner, but trot out the perpendicular pronoun when you're talking to me. I hate to say 'I told you so'; but ——"

"Lay off me!" Cappy pleaded. "I'm an old man, Matt; so be easy on me. Besides, I don't make a mistake very often, and you know it."

"I do know it. But when you blocked me on that building scheme you certainly made up for lost time. Really, Cappy, you mustn't make me play so close to my vest in these brisk times. If I'm to manage the Blue Star Navigation Company I mustn't have my ideas pooh-poohed as if I were a harebrained child."

"I know, Matt; I know. But I built up the Blue Star Navigation Company and the Ricks Lumber & Logging Company by playing 'em close, and it's a hard habit to break.

"However, let us forget the past and look forward with confidence to the future. Matt, my dear boy, since we cannot get a shipyard to build a steamer for us, I'm going to break a rule of forty years' standing and buy one in the open market. I guess that'll prove to you I'm not so hidebound with conservatism as you think. Go forth into the highways and the byways, Matt, and see what they have for sale."

"How high do you want me to go?"

"As high as they hung Haman—if you find it necessary."

"That's certainly a free hand; but I'm afraid it comes too late. I doubt if there is an owner with the kind of steamer we want who is crazy enough to sell her."

"Tish! Tush! All things are for sale all the time. Scour the market, Matt, and you'll find Cappy Ricks isn't the only damned fool left in the shipping business. My boy, you'd be surprised at the number of so-called business men who are entirely devoid of imagination. Dozens of them still think the war will end this fall, but I'm willing to make a healthy bet that the fall of 1917 still finds them going to it to beat four of a kind."

"You said something that time, father-in-law," Matt replied laughingly.

Then he roughed the old man affectionately and went forth into California Street, where he wore out much shoe leather before he located what he considered a bargain and reported back to the president emeritus.

"You're right, Cappy!" he declared. "You aren't the only boob in the shipping business. I've located another."

"That's what you get by taking father's advice," Cappy retorted proudly. "Have you bought a steamer?"

"No; but I'm going to buy one this afternoon. She's going to cost us half a million dollars, cash on the nail, and I have an option on her at that figure until noon to-day. Skinner has a lot of lumber money he isn't using, and I'm going to borrow a quarter of a million from his company on the Blue Star note at six per cent. Don't want to run our own treasury too low."

"Dog-gone that Skinner! That's some more of his efficiency. I own both companies, and it's just like taking money out of one pocket and putting it into the other; but Skinner's a bug on system. Just think of making me pay myself six per cent interest! However, I suppose we must have some kind of order. What's the name of the steamer?"

"The Penelope."

Cappy Ricks slid out to the edge of his chair, placed one hand on each knee, and appraisingly eyed his son-in-law over the rims of his glasses.

"Say that again, Matt—and say it slow," he ordered.

"I said Penelope—P-e-n-e-l-o-p-e. Maybe you call her the Pen-elope!"

"Are you buying her as is?" Matt nodded. "To hear you tell it, Matt, one might gather the impression that half a million dollars is about what we give the janitor at Christmas. Boy, half a million dollars is real money."

"Not in the shipping business these days, Cappy. Why, you have to wave that much under an owner's nose before he'll look up and show interest enough to ask you who you are and who let you in."

"Well, the man who would, in cold blood, consider paying half a million dollars for the Penelope is certainly ripe for a padded cell," Cappy jeered. "That fellow Hudner, of the Black Butte Lumber Company, owns her, does he not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you know exactly the condition she's in. I'll bet a cooky her bottom plates are rusted so thin from lack of an occasional coat of red paint that if you were to stand on her bridge and toss a tack hammer down her main hatch you'd punch a hole in her. She's a long, narrow-gutted, cranky coffin—that's what she is; and the worst-found ship in Pacific waters. Why, let me tell you something, young man: She can't get by the inspectors this minute."

"Ah! Mr. Redell is a Sport, After All! Two Million, Flat!"

"She has just gotten by them," Matt contradicted. "Passed yesterday."

"What does that signify? When her skipper has her up for inspection he scours the water front like a hungry dog, borrowing a boathook here, a sound lifeboat there, some fire buckets elsewhere, a hose from the fire tug, and a lot of engine-room tools wherever he can get them. As for life preservers, he rents them for ten cents each from a marine junk dealer. So, when the inspectors arrive, the Penelope is a well-found ship; as soon as they pass her the skipper returns the equipment, with thanks. As for paint—why, the only painting she ever gets is when Hudner lays her alongside some British ship to discharge a foreign cargo of lumber into the lime-juicer; then her mate steals all the paint in the Britisher's lazaret. The poor, unfortunate devil! He has to do something to make a showing with the Penelope's owner! I tell you, Matt, I know this man Hudner! He's as thrifty as an Armenian and as slippery as a skating rink. He's laying to stab you, boy. Mind your step!"

"Even so, Cappy, she's a bargain. I expect to spend fifty thousand dollars putting her in first-class condition after we get her."

"You expect to spend it! Why, how you talk! Hudner is the one that should spend that money. For the love of trade, what is he selling you? A ship or a hulk?"

"I don't care what she is; we can make her pay for herself and earn half a million or a million extra before this war ends. And she won't be such a bad ship after she's shipped a couple of new plates. She has a dead-weight capacity of six thousand tons and was built at Sunderland in 1902. When she went ashore off Point Sur, in 1909, Hudner bought her from the underwriters for five thousand dollars and spent more than half her original cost repairing her. That, of course, made her tantamount to a ship built in the United States, and under American registry she can run between American ports. And that's what we want. She'll be just the thing to carry lumber to New York, via the Canal, when the war ends and the nitrate harvest is over."

Cappy Ricks threw up his hands.

"You see before you, my boy," he said mournfully, "a dollar-burdened, world-weary old man, who for ten years has been trying to retire from active business, and cannot. The reason is he dassent; if he dassed, this shebang would be in the hands of the sheriff within a year. Now, listen, young feller! I know all about this Penelope. Before the war she had repaid Hudner, with interest, every cent she cost him, and since the war I suppose she's made half a million dollars. Now when Hudner finds he has to spend a lot of money fixing her up, he figures it's best to get rid of her and saddle somebody else with the bill. Her intrinsic value is just about one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, and when Hudner asks half a million for her he expects to get four hundred and fifty thousand. In order to play safe, go back and offer him four hundred thousand dollars; presently he'll come down fifty thousand and you'll come up fifty thousand, and the trade will be closed on that basis. Meantime I'll sit here and weep as I reflect on the cost of putting that ruin in fit shape to receive a Blue Star house flag. I tell you, Matt, I wouldn't send Pancho Villa to sea in her as she is now."

Matt Peasley, like Cappy Ricks, was a Yankee; when he did business he liked to chaffer; and, after all—he thought—there was a certain shrewd philosophy in what his foxy father-in-law had said. At least Cappy had supplied him with ammunition for argument; so he went back to Hudner's office and argued and pleaded and ridiculed, but all to no avail. He returned to Cappy Ricks' office.

"I fought him all over his office," he complained, "but he wouldn't come down a cent. I think we'd better take a chance and give him half a million."

"Fiddlesticks! Stay with him, Matt. I know Hudner. He acts like he's full of bellicose veins, but anybody can outgame him. Let your option expire; then tomorrow meet him accidentally on 'Change and talk with him half an hour about everything on earth except the S. S. Penelope. Just before you leave him he'll grab you by the lapel of your coat and ask if you're still interested in the Penelope. Then you say: 'Why, yes—moderately; but not at half a million.' Then you make him a firm offer—for the last time—of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and he'll say: 'I'll split the difference with you'—and, before he can crawfish, you accept. You're bound to make at least twenty-five thousand by following my advice, Matt."

Matt Peasley ran his big hand through his thick black locks.

"By jingo," he declared, "we'd make twenty-five thousand dollars while we're dickering with Hudner!"

"I know, my boy; but then I don't like Hudner, and it's awful to do business with a son of a horsethief you don't like and let him put one over on you. That's the thrill of doing business, Matt. Though I'd hate to have anybody think I'm in business for fun, still, if I thought I couldn't get some fun out of business I'd go right down to Mission Street Wharf and end all."

"Nitrate freights are up to thirty dollars a ton. They were twelve a year and a half ago. Cappy, we can't risk the delay; and I'm sorry I took your advice and let my option expire. I insist on buying." He reached for Cappy's desk phone. "I'm going to tell Hudner to prepare the bill of sale—that I'll be up in fifteen minutes with the check. He who hesitates is lost, and ——"

The door opened and a youth stood in the entrance.

"Mr. J. O. Heyfuss is calling," he announced.

"Show him in immediately," Cappy ordered, glad of the opportunity to delay Matt's telephonic acceptance of the vessel at Hudner's price. "Hold on a minute, Matt," he continued, turning to his son-in-law. "Heyfuss is a ship broker; maybe he has a ship to sell us; she might prove to be a better buy than the Penelope. . . . Howdy, Heyfuss? Come in and sit down."

Mr. Heyfuss entered smilingly, saluted both satellites of the Blue Star and sat down.

"Well, gentlemen," he announced, "wonders will never cease. Every day I'm seeing, hearing and doing wonderful

things in the shipping business. Day before yesterday I bought the old barkentine Mayfair. She'd been laid up in Rotten Row for seven years, and for at least four years the tide has been rising and falling inside her. She cost me seven hundred and fifty dollars, and I sold her the same afternoon to Al Hanify for a thousand. Not very much of a profit; but then it was Saturday and everybody closes up shop at noon, you know. So I felt the day wasn't a blank, anyhow.

"And what do you suppose Al did? You'll laugh. He called up Crowley & Son and got Tom Crowley on the line. At first Tom wouldn't listen to him; but when Al told him the Mayfair had good oak ribs still left in her carcass Tommy said he'd take a chance, and bought her, sight unseen, for fifteen hundred dollars. The next morning, being Sunday, Tommy had nothing particular to do; so he took Live Wire Luiz, of the West Coast Trading Company, over to the Boneyard and showed him the prize lying on her beam ends in the mud. That little Peruvian parrakeet actually paid Tommy two thousand dollars for her; and now Live Wire Luiz and J. Augustus Redell, his partner in the West Coast Trading Company, have her out on Hanlon's Marine Way, putting a new bottom in her. They're going to spend twenty thousand dollars on her; and when she's ready for sea Redell has a cargo of fir for Sydney waiting for her.

"She'll come back with coal and make her owners at least fifty thousand dollars."

"That's all very interesting to outsiders, but commonplace stuff to us," Cappy reminded his visitor. "Have you got a commission to sell a ship for somebody?"

"Want one?"

"Surest thing you know!"

"All right. I'll sell you the Alden Besse. She's an old tea clipper, built in the forties; but she's sound and tight. Been a motion-picture ship for the past five years. I can deliver her to you for forty thousand dollars"

"No, you'll not. I sold her to the motion-picture people for fifteen hundred," Cappy countered, "and I don't want her back at any price. I send my boys to sea to earn a safe living, not to visit Davy Jones' locker."

"Well, I think I might get you the old Australian prison ship, Success. She was built at Rangoon in 1790, of teak, and will last forever. Perhaps you saw her when she was exhibited at the Exposition last year. Might get her for you kind of cheap."

"Nothing doing. Heyfuss, we want a steamer"

"Sorry, but I haven't a thing in steamers. Just sold the last one I had ten minutes ago—the Penelope."

"The what!" Matt Peasley and Cappy cried in chorus.

"The Penelope. Sold her to a big Eastern powder company. She goes into the nitrate trade, of course. These munition manufacturers must have powder, and to get powder they must have nitrate, and to get nitrate they must have ships, and to get ships they must pay the price. I got Hudner a million dollars for that ruin of a Penelope"

Matt Peasley gently seized J. O. Heyfuss by the ear and led him to the door.

"Out, thief!" he cried. "You can't sell us anything; so we don't want you hanging round this office. You might steal the safe or a roll-top desk, or something."

Heyfuss departed, laughing good-naturedly, and Matt Peasley turned to confront Cappy Ricks. The latter had shrunk up in his chair and was looking as chapfallen and guilty as a dog caught sucking eggs. He favored his big son-in-law with a quick, shifty glance, and then looked down at the carpet.

Matt folded his arms and stared at him until he looked up.

"Don't you go to pick on me!" he warned Matt furiously. "I'll not be picked on in my own office, even by a relative."

Matt threw back his head and chanted

*"There was I, waiting at the church,*
*Waiting at the church"*

"I was right!" Cappy shrilled. "My mode of procedure was without a flaw."

"Sure! The operation was a success, but the patient died"

"But a feller just has to haggle!" Cappy wailed. He was almost on the verge of tears. "It's the basic principle of all trading. Why, I've made my everlasting fortune by haggling. Drat your picture, don't you know that the very pillars of financial success rest on counter-propositions?"

"Listen, relative, listen: I haven't said a word to you, have I?" Matt replied.

"No; but you looked it, and I'll not be looked at."

"All right, Cappy, I'll not look. But I can't help thinking."

"Thinking what?"

"That it's about time you quit talking about retiring and retired!"

With this Parthian shot Matt himself retired, leaving Cappy to shiver and bow his head on his breast; in which position he remained motionless for fully an hour.

"I guess the boy's right," he soliloquized finally. "I think I'd better retire, after pulling that kind of a deal twice in the same place. The pace is getting too swift for me, I guess; I can't keep up. . . . Well, I guess they've got the goods on me this time. Matt was certainly on the job twice, and I blocked him both times. . . . Oh, Lord! I'll never hear the end of this. . . . By the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet, I've lost my punch! Matt didn't say so; but he thinks it. And I don't blame him a bit."

■

THE door to Cappy's office opened and again the youth stood in the entrance. "Mr. Redell is calling; there's a gentleman with him," he announced.

"Tell 'em I'm busier'n a cranberry merchant," Cappy snarled. "And, unless you're figuring on hunting a new job, my son, don't you come in here again to-day."

The youth retired. However, he knew from experience that Cappy Ricks never discharged anybody save for insubordination or rank incompetence; hence, he did not hesitate to disobey the old gentleman's edict.

"Mr. Redell says his business is very important," he announced, presenting himself once more at the door.

"All right! No rest for the weary. Show them in"

J. Augustus Redell entered, accompanied by no less a personage than the British consul. Cappy greeted them without enthusiasm and bade them be seated.

"Well," J. Augustus Redell announced cheerily, "it's plain to be seen that Little Sunshine hasn't been round this office recently."

Cappy grunted.

"What's gone wrong, Cappy?"

"Everything! Been going wrong for years and I never realized it until this afternoon. Ah, Gus, my dear young friend, how I envy you your youth, your capacity to think, your golden dreams, your boundless energy, your ability to make two-dollar bills grow where one-dollar bills grew before, thus making an apparently barren prospect as verdant as a meadow in spring. But make the most of your opportunity, young feller! The day will come to you, as it has come to me, when everything you do will be done twenty minutes too late; when every dollar you make will be subject to a cash discount of one hundred per cent; when every competitor you held cheap will suddenly develop the luck of the devil, the brains of a Demosthenes, and the courage of a hog going to war."

"I should judge that you have recently suffered a great bereavement."

"I have, Augustus, I have. Through my indecision I have just lost a bank roll a greyhound couldn't have jumped over. Suppose it was a paper profit? I grieve just the same."

"Forget it, Cappy! Life is real, life is earnest, and you have a bank roll of real profits a giraffe couldn't reach to the top of."

"Oh, it isn't the money, Gus. Money is only a vulgar symbol of my bereavement. The trouble is—I've lost my

(Continued on Page 41)

*"Do You Know Where the Mazatlan is Now? She's Freighting War Munitions for Johnny Bull"*

# Mother, May I Go in the Films?

## By ROB WAGNER

MANY people consider the discovery of scientific motherhood the one triumph of this gloomy old century. Certainly it must be obvious to anyone who reads up-to-date literature on the subject that our grandmothers were perfect pikers at bringing up children. We have become the splendid folk we are in spite of our mothering—not because of it. Take me, for instance. Here I am, putting it all over the old woman who lived in a shoe; for if I didn't know exactly what to do with my threescore children I couldn't hold my job for thirty minutes. A studio mother has at times as many as three hundred daughters to look after, and their well-being is a complex responsibility that no old woman could possibly encompass, however sprightly.

Her position grew out of the necessity the big companies were under to pull order out of the chaos that accompanied the mushroom growth of the moving-picture industry in its early years.

The Big Fish were so excited over their profits in those fairy days that they did not interest themselves in the local management of their studios. The employing and chaperoning of the girls, for instance, was left to the individual director. If the individual happened to be a gentleman, well and good—but in my recollection of the directors of that period there were very few of them who would have been medaled for gentility; in fact, so shameless was the behavior of some that ministers investigated, women's clubs whereased, and uplift ladies went snooping about. We were in a constant state of "in bad" with the board of education and the probation officers of the juvenile court; but the real blow came when one notorious character from a very unpleasant studio was run out of town—then all the managers sat up.

My appointment as studio mother did not come as an entire surprise to me, for I had been acting unofficially in that capacity for some time.

When musical comedy petered out, some eight or ten years ago, George and I beat it right for the coast to work in the pictures. Those were the dear old days of the hair-pants stories; and as George was built like these boys of the clothing advertisements he made a perfectly grand Eastern hero for the Western stuff; but, alas, his poor little blond wife was not designed for riding bucking broncs or brake beams, and she could be used only at those times when they wanted a sugary little thing from the city to emphasize the splendid heroism of the Girl of the Golden West.

*An Experienced Make-Up Specialist Puts on the Finishing Touches*

### *The Professional Chaperon*

WHERE George ever got his elaborate knowledge of sin he has never satisfactorily explained; but when I was finally taken in stock, and began by natural instinct to mother the girls, George would kick in with an almost psychic understanding of what was going on, and he would give me the number of every man on the lot. Then I, in turn, would warn the older girls and try to protect the young ones.

When the storm of public protest came, George went to Mr. Graham, the manager, and suggested to him the creation of the job of studio mother; and he did not omit to state that Mrs. George was the natural selection for the post.

Calling me into his office, the big chief said:

"Mrs. Baron, do you think you could handle the girls of the company if I should give you full authority? George says you are the only one here qualified for the job, and I'm inclined to agree with him."

"Well, Mr. Graham, you may think that I just hate myself, but I agree heartily with both of you; in fact, it was I who suggested the scheme and appointed myself to the position.

"So, if you will ratify my plans and incidentally adjust my salary to its new responsibilities, I'll promise that this studio will suffer no further embarrassment in the public prints." Thus began the first, I think, position of this kind in the moving-picture world. Since then every studio has adopted the scheme in greater or less degree.

The greatest power placed in my hands was the exclusive employing of all women of the cast. This was an awful blow to certain directors who constantly surrounded themselves with favorites. I recall one fellow who, while waiting for a set, would preen and strut about like a popinjay, his little court paying homage to him wherever he went. Sometimes he would become very thoughtful; and while he paced back and forth across the stage his girls would sit round and raptly listen to the workings of his great mind. When shooting a picture he directed with all the magnificence of the Sultan of Doodad uttering ukases to his court puppets. Seated in a great chair, he would order his court ladies to range themselves in a semicircle round his feet; and as he directed the picture he would carelessly play with the golden locks of one worshiping favorite.

Imagine, then, his horror when he learned that his selective powers had been usurped by a little, timid woman! Br-r-r-r-r-r-r! He'd resign—and a lot of other horrific things! But he didn't.

The first thing I did as employer of the girls was to demand very minute credentials. If a girl was a ward of the juvenile court I consulted with the probation officer; and, unless she was hopelessly bad, I gave her every chance to make good and saw that she reported to the court at the appointed times. Other girls had to have permits from their guardians or parents, or, if they were over age, were required to furnish sponsors.

### *The Little Red Schoolhouse*

YOUNGSTERS of school age had to bring permits from the board of education; and, on my part, I had to see that they received the proper school training of four hours a day. For this purpose we erected a little red schoolhouse on the lot, with a regularly certificated teacher in charge. Though we paid the teacher's salary, the school was under the supervision of the board of education. The board insisted, for instance, that the school hours should be from ten to twelve and from four to six; so directors using minors had to accommodate their shooting to those hours. Two or three young girls who have since achieved stardom attended this little studio school during the years of their minority.

Next to their employment the chaperoning of the girls while on the lot was the most important job of the studio mother. Men were absolutely forbidden to go near the women's dressing rooms; and after the girls were made up they had to report to me for inspection.

If I could not personally chaperon a certain set I appointed one of the older stock women to perform that function.

I also encouraged the girls to invite their mothers to the studio, and there were always a few of them in attendance. If I had to send a bunch off on location I sometimes signed checks for a few mothers, so that they could go along as part of the official cast. They would take their sewing and spend a delightful day in the country while the girls cavorted before the camera.

One winter, at night, we rehearsed two hundred and fifty girls for some dancing scenes in huge sets; and for this work I needed very elaborate chaperon assistance. To show the amazing cost of modern productions, I might parenthetically remark that, after paying the salaries

*Outside a Los Angeles Studio*

of the participants and twenty-five dollars a night to the dancing masters, the picture was on the screen for less than half a minute.

Another duty I usurped was in the selection of girls for dancing, bathing, or other scenes where their figures were an important part of the beauty of the picture. In the old days girls often went on location and were asked to do unwise or dangerous stunts. I made it my business to know whether every girl was fit before permitting her to do anything that might jeopardize her health.

After six months of this régime I was able to change the whole atmosphere of the place. I got to know all the extra girls in town, weeded out the most objectionable, and by a few drastic examples made the women realize that any excessive vulgurity or rough stuff would mean immediate dismissal.

These first few months of my new job were full of intense interest to anyone who likes people. The human procession that passed my window contained everything in the feminine gender, from pale little babies to the great inlaid dowagers from the big hotels. But having to refuse ninety-nine per cent of all applicants finally began to pall upon me. Being naturally affirmative, the rôle of sublime refuser depressed me. Often in desperate cases my maternal instincts were so roused that I felt compelled to "dig"; but George came down hard and soon convinced me of the utter futility of my charity.

*Sewing and Fancywork Fill in Otherwise Idle Hours*

### *All Kinds of Applicants*

AT LAST, by very careful selection and cataloguing of the girls' attributes and capabilities, I had a system of registration that included all the studio's wants; and I could then send for extras as we needed them. This relieved the employing bureau of eighty per cent of its former task.

The form of application the aspirants made out will explain the way we catalogued the potential Juliets. It contained blanks for name, address, phone, line of business, age—oh, the years that were shed in those spaces!—height, weight, hair—changed upon the slightest hint that it would not photograph—eyes, chest, waist, nationality, ride, swim, drive auto, dance, fence, specialty, wardrobe and experience.

The filling in of these blanks is the brightest spot in the day's work. We do not expect them to tell the truth about their ages—it's against nature; so we always write in the age we think they are. Only yesterday a dear old lady, whom I would have sworn to be sixty-five, wrote herself down as forty. When I told her to tell the truth and perhaps I could use her, she looked flabbergasted. She was sixty-eight and imagined that she could never land at such an age; but she didn't know that old ladies with sweet faces, if they can act ever so little, are quite rare types, and that the studios often seek them in vain. There is something all wrong in a world that sends to my window so many old faces full of sadness or the hard lines of care.

If I saw only the tragedy of my children I never could have stuck so long at my job; but it has its humors too. Under the head of specialty is where the greatest fun of the application blanks comes in. One underscores the fact that she can wiggle her ears; another can eat glass; while a third can make a face like a fish—"Good in comedy," she adds. There is no end of those who can weep—and you'd believe it if you could see the poor things, in fact, many of them demonstrate it when they are refused. One young lady recorded, under the head of Specialty, that she was "twins"; another's accomplishments were vicariously expressed with a trick dog. I have one card which insists that the signer, a girl of fifteen, swam the Golden Gate; another's specialty consisted in a relationship to a certain politician; while a woman of fifty-two claims ability to stay under water three minutes and eat six bananas while so enmoistured. Several creatures can handle snakes; and every girl can dance, including one that my old George insists has a wooden leg.

When it comes to writing down their experiences, some of them must have been to school at Occultonia; for reincarnation only can explain how one young lady of twenty-six could have understudied Agnes Stone in the Original Bostonians. Another was with Edna May in the Belle of New York. If she was there in this life she must have been a whopping infant!

From the application blanks, registration cards are made out and filed away under various heads, such as matrons, young girls, children, chorus types, fat, thin, Japs, Mexicans, models, acrobats, dancers, cowgirls, character women, and so on.

*A Few Minutes for Luncheon at the Studio Cafeteria*

Notwithstanding that we have these lists, applicants come in droves, many of them thinking their personal appearance will help land a job for a few days' work. Every morning at eight o'clock, when I open my window, I steel my heart for the great refusal. The first, a little pale-faced woman, will read it in my eyes, and pass on without a word; next, a great big hundred-and-seventy-pound doll, cinched up so that she can breathe only from the face out, will want to know whether there is anything in "soup and fish," as she has some swell clothes. Nothing doing!

A giggling kid, with molasses-candy hair and a sport coat, splashes up with aggressive buoyancy. She has brought her grips and is ready to go right to work. Flashing a certificate from the Feature Photodramatic School of Bird Center, she titters:

"Oh, Mrs. Baron, I'm so glad to see you at last! I've come all the way from Indiana to act in moving pictures. I have a letter to you from Mr. Filmflam, my dear teacher. I'm one of his best graduate expressionists, and he says I make lovely gestures."

"I'm sorry, dear; but I never heard of Mr. Filmflam and human certificates are the only ones this studio honors. The fact is, I have over one hundred and fifty girls of your type already registered; yet we rarely use them, because we have a preferred list of about twenty who have first call on all pictures.

"You had better not go to any other studios until you have consulted with Miss Kingdon, our city mother. She will advise and perhaps help you get work. Here, take this card."

### *The Parasitic Mothers*

NEXT comes one of the parasitic mothers who live upon their young. She exhibits a commonplace little child, all gooed up with paint and peroxide, who is to be started young; for the mother thinks, in the back of her poor little head, that the youngster will put the family on Easy Street.

"We are using no children this week, madam."

"Next week?"

"No; I'm afraid not."

But what's this, looking up from under the edge of her rakish lid? As I live, another vamp! And only eighteen years old! How pale and white she looks! And see those sad and sinful eyes, sleeping in their sea-green sockets!

"Child, I'd be afraid to turn you loose upon the lot in that make-up. You might vamp the boss, and then the studio would close down and we'd all be out of jobs. Now run right home and wash your face. You'll never get anywhere with that one."

"Good morning, Carrie! No, dear; not to-day. Mr. Condon is starting a costume picture next week, and as he is partial to your type you probably can get on. I'll let you know."

"Ah, Carmelita! You got my message? Mr. Goodhue is starting a picture called A Romance of the Mission, and he asked me to get him some pretty Spanish girls. Run along and find Josefa and Ynez, and return."

"Mrs. Baron? Mrs. Baron, I've thought over my life from every angle and I've come to the positive conclusion that I have a moving-picture soul. I want only a chance."

*(Continued on Page 121)*

# THE STUNT MAN

## By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

*With a Quick and Powerful Swing Marco Launched Him Into Space*

A SWARTHY Mexican bandit lounged in the shade of a Moorish tower and listened, rather impatiently, to the plaint of a frock-coated gentleman who at a distance of fifteen feet might easily have been mistaken for a German baron in the diplomatic service. At shorter range the fiercely upturned mustache would not have been convincing.

"And so I contend," finished the frock-coated one, "that the actor—the real actor—should be allowed a certain amount of latitude. If he knows his business ——"

The Mexican bandit showed his teeth in a sarcastic grin.

"Yeh," said he, "and a mighty big 'if.' I've heard a lot of you hams talk about art, and maybe there is such an animal, but when you work for the Mammoth outfit you got to show results. That's why I say that when it comes to shootin' 'em on the wing, an' turnin' out a picture in jig time, this here little Davy MacWade has got the wide world cheated, buffaloed, handcuffed. Yes, sir, he's the undefeated rough-and-tumble film-eater of this joint or any other. Why, wasn't I right at his hip when he shot a hundred and forty-two scenes in one day—good stuff too? Beat that and take the money!"

The frock-coated gentleman snorted disdainfully:

"MacWade! And he's your ideal director, eh? I worked in a picture of his—for my sins, I suppose. Specially engaged as a character heavy. Big part. In fact, it was generally conceded that I stole the picture."

"Yes, yes," grunted the Mexican bandit. "Go on, Hamlet; go on!"

"Leave it to any unprejudiced critic; I'm not giving you my opinion, Sam."

"Of course not. I get you. But what happened?"

"Well, this was my introduction to MacWade and his methods. My first scene was quite an important one, with a bearing on the development of the plot. It called for an artistic bit of acting. MacWade went over the business with me, from the point where I was discovered, sitting at the breakfast table, until I made my exit, after finding the letter under my plate.

"My wife had left me, you see, and the letter broke the news. Quite an important scene. A great deal depended on my getting it over with just the proper shades of surprise, remorse and, finally, anger.

"'Now, then,' said MacWade to me, 'do you think you want to rehearse this?' I give you my word, it knocked me all of a heap. The thing seemed so preposterous. 'Rehearse it!' says I. 'Good heavens, Mr. MacWade, the scene is a tremendously important one! I should rather think I do want to rehearse it!' 'Very well,' says he in that offhand manner of his, 'go ahead and run through it.'

"Mind now, I don't ask you to believe this, Sam, but may I never play another scene if it isn't the truth. I began to go through the action, throwing in a few little touches of my own, of course, and I hadn't more than started before that fiend of a camera man yelled: 'Out of the way, Davy! I'm shooting it!' What do you think of that, eh?"

The Mexican bandit laughed until his cartridge belts rattled.

"That's nothing!" he chuckled. "Once when Davy was all lined up on a big scene he was called to the front office. When he came back he gave the order to shoot. 'Forget it, chief!' says Gabby. 'The scene is in the can. I shot it while you was away!'"

The German baron lifted his eyes in horror.

"And still," he murmured, "still there are people who wonder why the spoken drama survives!"

Now there are as many ways of directing motion pictures as there are directors, and since picture-making comes under the broad head of creative endeavor, each director brings to the task a certain amount of his own personality. This crops out strongly in the tense instant of waiting which precedes the actual making of a scene.

The Mammoth Film Corporation—thirty producing companies dwelling more or less amicably on a single lot—furnished striking examples of individuality in directors.

For instance, there was Elbridge Faber, prim and precise, who insisted on four rehearsals, no matter how unimportant the scene, and then lifted his voice in a piping monotone, a painful pause between every word, and a rising inflection at the end which seemed to leave the command hanging in the air:

"One—two—three—ready? Camerah!"

There was the careless and impatient Showles, whose specialty was underworld stuff and comedy of the custard-pie order. Showles seldom rehearsed his actors. He told them what to do, but never why they did it, and drove them to work with a hoarse barking roar:

"All right! Shoot the piece! What are we waiting for?"

There was the trim and soldierly Fanning, who could never give the word until after he had straightened his tie, cleared his throat, and tossed a private nod at his camera man: "Stand by! Ready, everybody! Action!"

There was the cautious Mackenzie, who never took anything for granted, and never failed to be polite, no matter how great the strain:

"Ye're all ready, ladies and gentlemen, and ye understand the business of the scene? Verra gude, we'll just tak' it then. . . . Shooting!"

But when it came to swinging a company into action and utilizing every moment of sunshine, the palm was unhesitatingly awarded to David MacWade, the thrill specialist. From one end of the Mammoth lot to the other he was cursed or praised as the greatest wing-shot in the film-world, and because he was a modest man and an honest one as well, he divided all the brickbats and bouquets with his able assistant and collaborator, the rough-but-always-ready camera man, Gabby Trozier.

When issuing orders to his people, David used the patter of the period; but when considerably annoyed, he chose edged words calculated to cut through the thick skin of an actor's self-esteem. When the camera was lined up on a scene, the business explained and understood, and Gabby's hand on the crank, action came swiftly after one short command:

"Let's go—let's GO!"

But life is not all beer and skittles, and the dynamic David was not always shooting his pictures. There were times when he hesitated long enough to find out what the next one was to be like. So we discover him, seated at his desk in his seven-by-nine office, scowling at a thick sheaf of typewritten manuscript. At his elbow lingered a young man with an undershot jaw, keen twinkling eyes and a wide humorous smile—Mr. Leroy Trozier, elsewhere, everywhere and not without reason known as Gabby.

"What's the matter, Davy?" asked the camera man. "Is the new story as bad as that?"

"It's not bad at all," responded MacWade, "or it won't be when I get through with it. There's stuff in here that ought to go big. It always did. The trouble is that we've got to have a stunt man for the heavy."

"Is that all? Why, Marco Marks ain't dead, is he, Davy?"

"Of course not!" The director lifted one hand in a gesture of impatience. "We can get Marco for the part—we'll have to use him, and that's what makes me sore. I—I wanted to feature Jean in this piece. She's got a fine part, made to order for her, and everything, but—well, you know Marco. He always tries to run away with the entire show. Confound him! He'd steal a scene from his own mother! Jean hasn't been in the business long enough to protect herself when she works with him."

"There's some truth in that," remarked Gabby. "Jean and Jerry will have to go some, or Marco will steal the picture away from 'em. I've seen a few fillum hogs ——"

David dashed the manuscript to the floor.

"How many times," he demanded, "must I remind you that f-i-l-m doesn't spell 'fillum'? It's film—film—FILM!"

Gabby backed toward the door. Pure mischief was in his grin, but he spoke softly, too softly:

"Why, chief, you're sort of nervous, ain't you? And irritable. Call that yellow stuff what you like, Davy, but show me any man who's made a million in the movies, and I'll show you a man who says 'fillum.' And as for mentioning Jerry along with Jean ——"

"Oh, get out of here!" stormed MacWade.

"Everybody on the lot knows how thick they're getting," persisted the merciless Gabby. "None so blind as them that would rather see something else! It struck me they put a lot of feeling in their last love scenes ——"

"Can't you give the girl credit for learning to act?" howled the director in a sudden fury. "And then, what if she does like Jerry? Confound it, everybody likes him! I like him! You like him yourself—and you know what a chump he is about some things! He's one of the few leading men on this lot who can still wear a six-and-seven-eighths hat without the aid of a shoehorn! Give him credit! Jean likes him, yes, just the way she likes you and me and the rest of the outfit!"

"There you go again, overplaying your hand!" taunted the camera man. "Repression, Davy, repression; a little of the William Gillette stuff. Of course Jerry's all right—I'd fight the man who says he ain't—but I wish he wasn't so hellish handsome. It makes it harder for the rest of us—oh, don't jump like that. I'm kind of stuck on the little girl myself. I guess I got as much right as any fat guy ——" The paper weight missed Gabby's nose by less than three inches, and he departed abruptly, chanting:

*"Oho-o, any little girl that's a nice little girl*
*Is the right little girl for me-e-e-e!"*

Left to himself, David mumbled incoherently and picked up the manuscript once more. It could not hold his attention, however, and his eyes strayed to the "stills" of his

last masterpiece—the posed photographs which are usually in evidence as lobby displays. He shuffled them rapidly through his fingers until he came to the picture of a sweet-faced girl who smiled back at him out of a tawdry stage setting, a girl with clear honest eyes, a broad low forehead and well-formed humorous lips.

David MacWade had found her "on the lot," as the saying goes, an extra woman, adventuring in film for the fun of the thing. Fate and the practical Gabby had given Jean Campbell a chance to play the lead in one of MacWade's thrillers, and so brilliantly had she acquitted herself that there was talk of making her a star. She was what David called "a born trouper," and in addition to this natural gift she photographed extremely well. Many a queen of the films has traveled far with lighter equipment.

David looked long at the picture, and his smile took on a shade of wistfulness. Youth was a wonderful thing, and he was forty-two years of age—and fat. The Mammoth press agent spoke of him as plump, but MacWade was honest enough to bow to the truth. He who had given so many thrills to a jaded old world was experiencing a thrill of his own, and the sensation was not altogether pleasant.

"It's a pretty scenario," he murmured, as the "still" slipped from his fingers. "A pretty scenario, but your romantic lead is miscast. You might do for a character heavy, Davy, but as a Romeo you'd be a sad mess. Speaking of character heavies, I suppose it will have to be Marco after all, bless every bone in his head!"

II

THE billboards flung him to the world as "the stunt man supreme." The posters told no less than the truth, but in his honest heart of hearts Marco Marks regretted the restraint of his billing.

Marco had dropped into motion pictures from the bar of a trapeze. When younger, he had been the bright particular star of a transatlantic aërial galaxy known as The Flying Florentines—possibly so-called because there was not an Italian in the act. It was composed of one Spaniard, his wife and two pretty daughters—they doubled in a tumbling act—one German, two Hungarians, a Frenchman and Marco Marks. Marco claimed Iowa as his home; rumor had it that his real name was Elmer Jones.

This middleweight Adonis was undeniably handsome in a florid fashion. His black glossy hair held just the suspicion of a curl; his nose was as shapely as nose could well be after three separate and distinct breaks; and his dark eyes glowed with a somber fire. But for one unsurmountable obstacle Marco might have been the world's most sensational motion-picture villain: He could not gnash his teeth. Misfortune and a dentist had collaborated to bring about this sad condition.

The misfortune came to him one night in Madison Square Garden where the Flying Florentines were opening their season with the Biggest & Best. The climax of their act was that most difficult of all aerial maneuvers, the triple somersault and catch, one of the few acrobatic feats which will never grow stale because of repetition. The success of the triple-and-catch depends upon perfect technique and absolute synchronism; if the grasping hands meet at all, they must meet at a point in midair carefully calculated in inches. Delay of the tenth part of a second renders the catch impossible, and assures the somersaulter of a nasty whirling drop into the net fifty feet below. The fall, with its attendant risk of a broken neck, is regarded as the lesser of two evils. It was the greater one which came to Marco. The band ceased playing, the drummer beat the long roll, and Marco left his pedestal the fraction of a second behind schedule. The result was a smashing head-on collision under the rafters. Marco, a pink-silk pinwheel revolving at terrific speed, received the full force of the Spaniard's impetus upon his nose and mouth. As he dropped limply into the net showers of falling stars flashed before his dazed eyes. Perhaps they were only front teeth. Twelve of Marco's most prominent and cherished ivories were numbered among the missing, but this total was afterward reduced to ten. Two upper incisors were found deeply imbedded in the Spaniard's scalp.

The dentist did his best for Marco, but perhaps he sacrificed stability to ostentation. Marco might have gnashed his teeth, but only at the expense of his bridge-work. All that was left him was a sneer, and Marco learned to sneer in every known language. The world knew him best, however, as the daredevil of the films. The Mammoth press agent freely asserted that Marco Marks did not know the meaning of fear. Certainly he risked life and limb often enough to deserve this somewhat overworked compliment.

He had jumped from the crow's nest of a liner at sea; he had rolled over cliffs, trusting to luck to strike in the net; he had leaped from express trains into rivers, chancing a broken head against the bridge timbers; he had been thrown and trampled upon by wild horses; he had pitted his agility against the spring of a motion-picture lion, said lion having been craftily maddened by the sight and smell of a fresh-killed chicken; he had fallen from the dizzy roof of a sky-scraper, relying on Providence and a pocket parachute.

Because he was always cast for heavies, it was his duty to die in the final reel, and in the death scenes Marco rose nobly above his sordid celluloid past. No matter how wicked he had been, no matter what his crimes of blood and violence, it was a cruel and pitiless audience which could witness his passing without a qualm. The somber light in his dark appealing eyes, the pathetic quiver of his lips, the tortured heaving of his mighty chest—these were the things which made children weep and women wish that he might have been spared long enough to repent.

But it is the law of the studios that Virtue must emerge triumphant in the last five hundred feet of film, and the modern five-reeler cleans up as relentlessly as the final chapter of a Dickens novel. It was on the cards that Marco must die, and when the time came he died hard and he died lingeringly, with his full face turned to the lens. So far as Marco was concerned, his death meant the end of the picture, and if he could filch a bit of sympathy for the villain, so much the better. If he could steal a scene from the leading man, or make the leading woman look like a badly painted wax doll, he did it and offered himself credit.

With all his gifts, Marco was no more than human.

III

A MOTION-PICTURE company "on location," cooped up for a week in a small mountain hotel, may resemble a happy family, or it may develop a resemblance to the act house of a zoo when the keeper is an hour late with the beef and bones. David MacWade's company was a happy one; close association carried no threat of unpleasantness to come. Something of this thought was in David's mind as he sat at the head of the long table, counting noses. The sun was just rising, but the acting members of the party were already in their make-ups and chatting cheerfully over their ham and eggs.

"The jig sand, Miss Campbell, please." It was the camera man who spoke.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Oh, that's trouper talk," put in MacWade. "Gabby wants you to pass him the granulated sugar."

"With all the pleasure in life!" cried the girl.

"Thanks, lady. Yeh, sugar is jig sand, butter is salve, bread is punk ——"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the girl. "I feel that I have much to learn!"

"If you'll excuse me for sayin' it, you're doin' first rate." This was the fat swarthy man known as Sam, and having committed himself, he attacked his pancakes.

"Where's Marco?" demanded David.

"He got in late last night," replied Gabby. "Came in his own car. He'll be here in a minute."

The fat swarthy man put down his knife and fork and regarded the director with an injured air.

"Is Marks in this piece?" asked Sam. When assured that such was the case, he shook his head mournfully. "Well, well," said he, "I didn't think it of you, Mac; on the level I didn't. After what this here Marco done to me once before too! I only got a few more lives to shed for the Mammoth outfit and then I'm done. This Marco Marks—he ain't no actor. He's just the fightin'est barroom bruiser in the world, that's what he is! Mac, can't you fix it for me to croak in the first reel? Hang me, shoot me, anything you like, but don't sick Marco onto me!"

"Oh, that'll be all right, Sam," grinned Jerry Fairfax, the leading man. "I'm his victim this time."

"Don't swell yourself!" grumbled Sam. "You're playin' a lead. They won't let him do to you what he done to me.

"Dog-gone it! I wish I had a few more clothes! All that keeps me playin' these rough-and-tumble bits is lack of a wardrobe. You ain't got a soft shirt you don't want, eh, Jerry?"

"Ah!" said a new voice, of rich but rather husky timber. "Our good friend believes with Polonius that 'the apparel oft proclaims the man.'"

It was Norman Denton, an actor of the old school, invaluable in character parts, and immensely proud of his acquaintance with the classics.

"Who pulled that line?" inquired Sam.

"Shakspere, sir, puts it into the mouth of Polonius ——"

"Bolonius, eh? Sounds like a sausage to me. But there's a lot of horse sense in it at that. Gimme the duds to dress the parts and I'll make all these ——"

At this point the door opened and

"Some Fall!" Cried Gabby Enthusiastically. "Anybody Would Have Thought That the Punch Really Put You Out!"

Marco Marks stepped jauntily into the dining room. As he was to play the part of a scoundrelly halfbreed, he was richly garnished with buckskin and beads, and his long glossy hair was combed forward over his eyes.

"I'm a little late for the nosebag, Davy," said he, pirouetting in his moccasins, "but all I want is my Java—must retain my girlish figure, you know. How's this make-up? Swell, eh? Guess I know everybody here." He paused and looked pointedly at Jean.

"Oh—ah—yes," mumbled David into his coffee cup. "Miss Campbell, Mr. Marks. Don't stand there posing, Marco! You're late now!"

"I'll be ready when you are," said the stunt man. "'No feah,' as we say in Australia." He collared Briggs, the assistant property man, who happened to be sitting beside Miss Campbell. "Hey, Briggsey, you've had enough to eat! Come out of there and let the star sit down!"

Briggsey demurred, but Marco swung him bodily out of his chair and slipped into it with a grin, aimed directly at the young woman. It missed fire because Jean was watching an expression of amazement and indignation on the camera man's face.

"Swell weather we're having, Miss—Miss ——"

"Campbell," said the girl quietly.

"But a little bit cool," said Jerry Fairfax, with the faintest trace of meaning behind the words.

"And goin' to be colder," added Sam, looking innocently at the ceiling.

"Yeh," said Gabby. "A frost—for some people."

David shot a glance at the projecting jaw of his camera man and thought it time to change the subject.

"Marco," said he pleasantly, "you're certainly a hard-looking citizen!"

"Why not?" laughed Marco. "This world has been my home for twenty-nine years. Now when I showed in Moscow ——"

"Twenty-nine!" ejaculated David. "Oh, come now! The first time I ever caught your aërial act, my father carried me into the tent in his arms!"

"Is that so?" demanded Marco. "If you're going to rake up the question of age, I remember when you was with a medicine troupe. I'll bet if anybody should sneak up behind you and yell 'Another bottle of the remedy, doctor!' you'd jump and say 'Thank *you*, sir, and you'll thank *me!*' How do you like this picture game, Miss Campbell? They tell me you're kind of green at it, but got the makings of a regular actress."

"Why," said the girl slowly, "it's very interesting. One meets so many queer people, you know."

"'All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players,'" quoted Denton with oratorical effect.

"Ain't it the truth!" exclaimed Sam. "Old-timer, you pull a-many a good line, you do! You ought to write some of that stuff!"

"Not swelling myself, or anything," said Marco, addressing Jean, "when they begin talking about this little old world, I'm there a million. When I was with the Biggest and Best I got to see a lot of it, and it's helped me in pictures. You ought to see me do a Cossack!"

"I'd like to," smiled the girl.

"But what makes me sore," continued Marco, "is that they never give me a real lead—nothing but heavies. With all my experience, the best I get is a chance to support some pretty little boy—like Jerry here."

"Oh, I don't know," smiled Fairfax lazily. "Nobody could ever tell you were supporting anybody—to watch you do a death scene."

"Speaking of death scenes," said Denton, "that reminds me of when I was—ahem—with Mansfield. We were playing A Parisian Romance, and ——"

"Say!" interrupted Marco; "you ought to go good in vaudeville with them stale yarns of yours. Put you in between the trained seals and the acrobats, and you'd be a riot. Such a relief from the seals! Haw! Haw!"

"Ah!" said Denton thoughtfully, peering across the table at Marco. "But would it not work a hardship on the acrobats to ask them to follow me?"

"Bully for you, Hamlick!" cried Sam, waving his coffee cup. "That was one right on his kisser—one he won't wipe off in a hurry!"

"What are you cheering about?" demanded Marco coldly. "Who let you in on this, I'd like to know? If I get you in a fight scene, I bet you'll get one on your kisser that you won't wipe off either."

"Come along, folks!" ordered David, rising in haste. "The autos are waiting and it's seven miles to the first location. Going to drive over in your own car, Marco?"

"Well, I might at that." Jean Campbell was standing in the door, and Marco's bold black eyes swept her from the crown of her sombrero to the toes of her riding boots. He smiled, for the picture was a pleasing one. "Would you care to ride over with me, Miss Campbell?" said he. "Lots of room—swell little roadster—and the big cars'll be awfully crowded."

"She's going with us," said David quickly.

"Well, in that case," said Marco, drinking the last of his coffee, "why should I burn my own gasoline? I'll go with the gang."

And he managed it so that he sat beside the girl, and for half an hour she listened to a monologue delivered by a gentleman who was discussing the subject nearest his heart. It began something like this:

"Now, when I was in Vienna—ever been there, Miss Campbell? Well, you're young yet; but what I started to say ——"

*IV*

THE excellent and frequently amiable Mr. Trozier roosted on the edge of his bed, chewed the end of his lead pencil and wrestled with his Daily Report, but his heart and seven dollars of his money were in the crap game which raged nightly in the small mountain hotel.

Gabby was a master photographer, loving his work with the pure devotion of an artist; but as a clerk he felt himself at a disadvantage. Figures marching in columns gave him a headache, and the Daily Report, as demanded from each Mammoth camera man, galled him to the very marrow of his sensitive soul. There was no escaping it, however, efficiency being the watchword of the Mammoth Film Corporation. The powers insisted on knowing what became of every foot of raw film issued—the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, with two carbon copies to make it binding.

Had Corot been spared to paint scenery for the M. F. C., he would have drawn his tubes fresh every morning—requisition and receipt both properly signed and countersigned—and turned them in at eventide, whereupon his day's work would have been calculated upon the basis of the amount of paint missing.

There was once a director who shot something like thirty miles of film in the making of a single picture. When cut and trimmed twenty-eight miles of negative were in the discard, but the thing which remained was a film masterpiece. This director was a genius. The Mammoth people would have had his scalp drying on the fence at the end of one day—and quite properly, according to their standards.

"Results, results—and watch that cost sheet!"

The Mammoth owners believed in Art—why, sure Mike!—but they spelled it with a dollar mark in place of the big A.

The door opened and MacWade entered, frowning. His first act was to pounce upon Gabby's hat, which was lying on the bed. "Don't you know that's the worst luck in the world?" he cried. "A hat on the bed! You might as well put your shoes on a shelf higher than your head!"

"We've Been Pals for Three Years, But I Never Knew You to Go Batty About a Girl Before"

Gabby looked up from his work and grinned in an exasperating manner.

"Some more of your trouper superstitions, eh?" said he. "You haven't painted your face for so long now that you ought to be getting over that damn nonsense."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated the director. "You call it nonsense? Why, the only time I ever had to hit the railroad ties was when the leading man insisted on carrying his wardrobe in a camel-back trunk!"

"Is a camel-back unlucky?"

"My boy! The worst jinx in the theatrical business! I hoofed it for thirty-five miles."

"Well," said Gabby, "speaking of jinxes, I wouldn't ask nothing any worse than Marco Marks. Ain't it queer, Davy, how one guy can poison a whole company? I'm glad to-morrow is our last day here."

"Me too!" exclaimed David. "There's poor old Denton, sore as a crab because he hasn't been allowed to tell that Mansfield story yet; Sam on the warpath on account of the way Marco mauled him when he pulled him off the horse in the scene we made yesterday; Jerry with a chip on his shoulder as big as a bale of hay; Jean staying in her room nights ——"

"Can you blame her for not wanting to be talked to death?" interrupted Gabby. "She's heard the story of Marco's life nine times already. I don't wonder that Denton is crabby, and Sam's kick is legitimate, but the way Marco has been rubbing it into Jerry is something fierce. The boy can't open his mouth without getting a call. You know why, don't you?"

David shook his head.

"You wouldn't admit it if you did," said Gabby. "It's because everybody that ain't blind as a bat can see that the girl likes Jerry. Marco can see it, you bet your life, and he'll work his head off to show Jerry up and make him look like a piece of cheese. Playing to the girl, of course. I don't mind telling you, Davy, this struggle stuff and the fall from the big rock have got me worried. I wouldn't put it past Marco to give Jerry the worst of it. You'll have to watch him like a hawk."

"I was thinking the same thing myself," said the director. "If there was any way to switch the picture and let Marco do the fall—— No, we've made a lot of the later scenes showing Jerry with a broken arm. He'll have to go through with it. It's bad enough to ask the boy to take chances on a drop of that kind, without putting him at the mercy of a roughneck, who may want to make it even harder for him. You bet I'll watch friend Marco! But as to the reason for his being so dead set against Jerry—well, I think you're mistaken, that's all."

"Uh-huh," grunted the camera man, nodding with deliberate calmness. "There's one thing I like about you, Davy—you're such a consistent old coot. I knew you'd work back to that subject. What's come over you anyway? We've been pals for three years, but I never knew you to go batty about a girl before. Me, I've been batty about a lot of 'em—safety in numbers, you know—but I never got to the point where I began to kid myself. Maybe it's because you're getting foolish in your old age ——"

"Old age!" scoffed MacWade. "Where do you get that stuff? I'm as good a man as you are, any day in the week! I'm in pretty fair condition ——"

"Yeah," drawled Gabby irritatingly, "a—pretty—fair—state—of—preservation. That's what you mean. I've seen mummies in the same fix, but you can't expect a sweet young thing to fall in love with a mummy, can you? It ain't being done, Davy, not in our set anyway. Too many live ones hanging round. Why not look at the thing ——"

"Wait a minute!" interrupted the badgered David. "You're shooting from an empty box. Did I ever say I was in love with anybody?"

"It wasn't necessary, Davy. You've been doing bending exercises for six weeks; you get your hair cut every Sunday morning now—once a month used to do you—and you've bought three new suits of clothes."

"Well, what of it? I can't be running round the lot looking like a tramp."

(Continued on Page 49)

# THE FORTUNE MAKER

IX

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. [redacted]

HIRAM DENT, who was ready to believe anything of capitalists, had suspected that bribery would be used against him, and prepared for it. His spies were everywhere, posing as pals of those from whom they hoped to get information. They brought him word the night before election that a bribery plot was afoot in the Third and Fourth Wards. He laid a trap and bagged his game.

It was really Callahan's work, though a saloon keeper and sort of district gambling boss, named Donahue, carried it out—with cunning enough for the old-style political contests, where nobody really cared very much, but ineffectual against Dent's system. The Third and Fourth Wards lay over toward the river and the manufacturing district. The poorer workmen, unskilled hands, and the like—some of them without families—mainly lived there. Many of them were comparatively newcomers, men with no particular local attachments. Twenty-five dollars was a great temptation to most of them. Because of their poor estate, Dent counted on carrying those wards by big majorities. Callahan was bound he shouldn't. There was some bribery also in several country precincts, but that cut little figure.

Half a dozen of Dent's own men took bribes in town and immediately turned the bills over to witnesses who could identify them. They spotted four of the men who acted as Donahue's agents in the bribery.

The general characteristic of such cases is familiar enough to most newspaper readers. The plot seems all tight and secure enough when it is hatched; but when the prosecution once gets hold of a loose end, and begins to pull, the whole thing ravels out. It was so in this case. Dent made no overt move until he got possession of the county attorney's office; but by that time he had the evidence securely in hand. Directly after election he and two or three men whom he trusted most went quietly to work among voters who had been bribed. Over two score of them quite promptly confessed and turned over all or a part of the bribe money. Presently one of the agents in the bribery, finding himself cornered and anxious to save his own hide, confessed. Thus the bribe money was traced back to Donahue.

Also, the teller in the Merchants' National Bank blabbed to somebody about the extraordinary circumstance of forty thousand dollars in twenty-dollar bills having been drawn by Walter Hayes the day before election. It is very probable that Dent was secretly assisted by some clerk in the bank who had been infected by his appeal to overthrow what he called the plutocratic rule.

This forty thousand dollars in twenty-dollar bills, which had been handed over to Walter Hayes the day before election, was all new currency, part of an issue of a hundred thousand dollars that the bank was then making. It had never before been paid out, so the numbers of the bills were a matter of record.

Directly after taking office—not a hint of bribery then having been publicly spoken—Dent impaneled a grand jury to his liking. But in the odd crossdrift of currents and crosspull of allegiances that had been going on down below the surface somebody warned Donahue, and that person immediately left for parts unknown.

Having the grand jury impaneled, Dent knew exactly where to strike with his subpœnas; and he tried to strike so fast that those from whom he wanted evidence would have no time to consult. He haled in the teller, a clerk, and the assistant cashier of the Merchants' National, and by a subpœna seized the record of the currency issue. He was skillful and ruthless enough at cross-examining. So, before the bank people really woke up to what he was driving at, he had evidence that identified the money which Walter Hayes drew the day before election with that which had been used to bribe voters.

*It Was a Modern Scientific Baby, by No Means to be Taken Up and Dandled*

John Turner was brought into the anteroom of the grand jury on a subpœna while the assistant cashier was testifying inside. John was not wholly unprepared, because Donahue had sent word to Callahan the evening before. But he was, on the whole, contemptuous and incredulous that anything really serious was coming, for Donahue himself was by no means aware of the extent and fineness of Dent's net.

Confronted with testimony that forty thousand dollars had been drawn out of the bank on his company's check the day before election, John swore he knew nothing about it; couldn't say whether such a sum had or had not been drawn, but was clear that he had never heard of the transaction. His company, he observed, handled sixty million dollars a year. It was only now and then that details were brought to his attention. Such was John's testimony, which Dent clinched by persistent questioning. John didn't know then that the bills which had been drawn from the bank could be identified.

The grand jury indicted Walter Hayes, along with Donahue and several lesser fry. Walter was at once arrested and released under heavy bail. The money had been traced into his hands, and then from Donahue's hands to the pockets of bribed voters. It would obviously look bad for Walter unless he could prove what he did with the money.

He got home at five o'clock that afternoon, a good hour earlier than usual, for the new venture of the Arcum Company had been keeping him very busy. Entering the house he spoke to the butler, then went up to his study on the second floor. He could hear voices in his mother's sitting room at the front of the house and after a moment went there.

Three persons were in the room—four, in fact. Old Mrs. Hayes sat beside the couch in her rocking-chair, with the bright chintz cushion, knitting as usual and gently rocking. Her deeply wrinkled face and soft, shy, old eyes beamed happily up at Walter as he stepped in.

Mary sat over by the walnut-topped center table in a loose house gown. Her shining yellow hair was done up on top of her head, and round her deep-blue eyes there was a trace of lassitude. Her pose was relaxed, languorous, and the smile that trembled on her lips as she brightened up at Walter's entrance might have raised the thought of a flower with dew on it, not quite awake to the day.

The third person sat on the couch beside Mother Hayes—a young woman in a gown with narrow blue and white stripes. The fourth person lay on her lap—a babe sixteen days old. Grandmother Hayes' sitting room at the front of the house—that transplanted bit of old Marthasville, with its homely furniture—was the farthest excursion Mary had yet made.

Entering the room Walter turned immediately to the couch, and stood there, with his back to Mary, looking down at the child. Not much to look at certainly—a helpless bit of red flesh, with clenched hands and vacant, blinking eyes that saw nothing; all locked as yet in a stupor where only a few elementary instincts stirred. Not much to look at—as thoughtless and helpless as a stick of wood; yet with singular power to lay hold on the heart. It was a modern scientific baby, by no means to be taken up and dandled. Walter looked down at it; asked the nurse some questions, and finally—for it had to be done—sat down on the couch, his face still turned to the infant.

But Mary said at once with a low, anxious little cry:

"Walter, you're ill!"

"Oh, no!" he answered. "I'm not at all ill; but I am tired. But I've got round to a place where I can take it easier. To-morrow, if the doctor says so, I'm going to take you for a ride. How have you been to-day?"

He questioned her, questioned the nurse about her, watching her all the time—wondering whether she was strong enough yet to hear what, in any event, she must hear soon. He had taken care, through the butler, that no word of his trouble reached her during the day. Of course it couldn't be kept from her long.

The reports were all good; and as he covertly studied her he was aware that she as covertly studied him—still anxious over his drawn face, not quite believing his statement that he was well. So presently he gave her a significant little look, with a turn of his head, and went back to his den. She followed him there a moment later, wide-eyed but collected. He shut the door after her, took her hand and kissed it, and dropped it at once, with the ghost of a smile.

"I've had some poor luck, dear," he said quietly. "You might as well hear about it. You know the little man in there hangs on you now. You must save your nerves for him. Just be cool, Mary."

He had brought in a copy of the Call, with "Extra" in big black letters across the top; and under that, in staring headlines: "Bribery Plot Exposed. Walter Hayes Indicted!" It contained a quite full, well-written account of the whole affair, even with a summary of the most important testimony before the grand jury. That was supposed to be secret; but Dent wanted it put in print.

Walter took the paper from his desk and gave it to her.

"Sit down and read it through quietly," he said; "then I'll tell you about it."

She obeyed him, with a start and an uplook from horror-stricken eyes as she read the first headlines. She went on.

her hands trembling a little, biting her lip; and finally, when she had finished, she put her face in her hands a moment.

"It's so terrible, Walter!" she murmured. "How could anyone do such a thing to you?"

"It's true enough up to a certain point," he replied. "You've seen they proved I drew the money out of the bank and the same money was afterward used for buying votes. Of course I drew the money on John's instruction and turned it over to him, and that's the last I saw of it. The paper says, you notice, that John testified he never saw the money nor heard of it. The paper is right about that. I engaged Newton this noon, when I heard I'd been indicted. He found out that John testified before the grand jury as the paper says he did. I'm going over to Newton's at half past seven for another talk. I thought you wouldn't mind having dinner early."

He sat down beside her and patted her hand, staring at the floor.

"I don't believe John realized what that meant for me—when he testified that way. Of course he loathes Dent. Very likely his anger and scorn prompted him to deny the whole thing—not giving the fellow the satisfaction of getting anything at all out of him. John wouldn't admit that a fellow like Dent had any right to question John Turner. I don't believe John realized what it meant for me." He hesitated a moment.

"You can see it makes the outlook disagreeable enough for me. It's been shown the money was in my hands. The way for me to clear myself would be to show what I did with it. Well, I gave it to John; but if John says I didn't there's no way to prove it. I should have had his voucher for it; but I resigned that day and, what with the other things in hand, I forgot all about the voucher. It isn't there now.

"After talking with Newton I went out to the motor office this afternoon. Stimson said there wasn't any voucher for the money on file. No doubt John didn't sign it or didn't send it down to my office as he should have done. Dent's men have been to the office with subpœnas. They took the memorandum in my handwriting that I made when I drew the checks, showing the money was to be charged to the president's account. But there isn't a scrap to show how it left my hands. I went upstairs to see John, but he refused to see me—sent out word he was engaged."

She kept tight hold of his hand. By the undulation of her dress he saw that her heart was racing; yet she held herself in hand, striving to be cool for the boy's sake. Her voice sounded weak when at length she spoke:

"I suppose if John acknowledged taking the money then he'd have to explain what he did with it."

"Yes," he replied, rather wearily. "I've no doubt he could say truthfully enough that he handed it over to Callahan. It's a rotten mess, Mary! A rotten mess!" he burst out. "John's been heading for it! He never cared overmuch about the effect of his acts on other people—always headstrong, confident. They've all courted him and flattered him. He's got into a way of thinking that what he wants must be right; that he's so important that he's a sort of law to himself. Bribing voters is a nasty business, but probably he wouldn't have hesitated very much against that dog, Dent—despising both Dent and the voters too much to hesitate long."

"But what will you do, Walter?" Mary asked.

"Of course I shall defend myself as best I can," he replied. "I'll tell the simple truth. It will be my oath against John's—with the circumstantial evidence on his side; for if I drew the money on his order I ought to have his voucher to show for it. It's the truth and I shall rely on it—a dismal enough mess!"

They were silent a while, busy with different sets of thoughts. Then Mary asked slowly, as though she were dragging out something monstrous with difficulty and pain:

"Do you think John will go on the witness stand and swear to that lie when he knows it may ruin you?"

"Well, sometimes it seems impossible to me that he would—when I remember the old John," he replied. "Yet you see what he has said before the grand jury. I don't believe he realized the full implication of his words then; but he has said it. You can see what a horrible humiliation it would be for him to retract it. To retract would break his pride.

"I'm afraid it will take something terrific to do that.

"Then, you see, to retract would put him in a decidedly dangerous position. He'd have to go ahead then and tell what he did with the money. John's got plenty of courage; but this thing —— I'm afraid he would sacrifice me first. I don't think he could bring himself to suffer humiliation. He's blown up so high now that would be like death to him. He's got into a disgusting mess. I expect he'll tear his way out ruthlessly enough."

There was another silence; then Walter added simply:

"John really hates and despises me—for balking him about that consolidation and for marrying you. Of course that ought to make no difference in a situation like this; but it does make a tremendous lot of difference to John. He couldn't for the life of him understand that his personal judgment of a man and his personal feeling should under any circumstances make no difference in his action toward that man."

They talked a little more. Mary had grown very quiet and thoughtful. After a time she looked up at the clock on the mantel, and said:

"It's past six. I must nurse the baby."

They rose. She took both his hands, drew his face toward her and kissed him.

"I want to say good night now, Walter. I'll not come down to dinner. You won't mind eating without me one more evening. This is strange—and terrible! I want to be alone this evening—to think it all over."

"Well, good night, dear," he answered. "It's all to the good that you meet it so firmly—that's life for the baby, you know. Keep that in mind. And remember, this is going to be disagreeable enough for both of us; but we're coming out of it all right."

"Yes; I think we shall," she said.

She leaned against him a moment, while he put his arms round her. They kissed again.

"Good night, then," he said, smiling.

"Good night," she repeated, and smiled a little too.

He stood by the chair, watching her as she went out of the room, noticing that she stepped slowly, like one whose bodily strength is low, yet went steadily. He sat down at the desk and looked over some letters methodically, waiting for dinner, and then for the evening conference with his lawyer.

Mary nursed her baby and at half past six forced herself to eat some of the dinner that was brought up. At seven o'clock she called in the nurse and her maid. Of course they had seen the evening paper by that time.

"My husband is in great trouble," she said. "I'm going out at a quarter to eight. I may be gone an hour. You mustn't say a word to anybody about it. Help me to dress now."

The women murmured; yet their hearts uplifted even under the shadow of the tragedy that, since reading the evening paper, they felt had descended on the house. There was nothing exceptional about Mary's mind—only good common sense; but these serving women knew her quality—gracious, sweet, tender; something that offered itself to life with the dear openness of a smiling child or a shining flower. They loved her graceful, tactful little ways; her sweet voice; her pretty body. They murmured; but obeyed, helping her to dress with excited eyes and quickened breath, as young men might help their champion put on his armor.

*Walter Had Taken Care That No Word of His Trouble Reached Her During the Day*

At a quarter to eight she drove to John's house, walking past the surprised man who opened the door at her ring. When she was inside she asked for Mr. Turner, but even then followed the man through the hall to the dining room, only keeping out of sight when the door was opened, and prepared to push in there if the man brought a refusal.

As it happened, John and Smiley Carter were dining alone that evening. John put down his cigarette in astonishment at the man's message and half mechanically stepped to the door. There he saw Mary standing in the hall, waiting for him. He had to see her then, and went into the living room with her. He noted that she was pale and great-eyed and shivered a little in her cloak as she sat down before the grate fire, for the nervous strain and bodily exertion told upon her. He helped her slip the cloak from her shoulders and sat down near her, surprised and confused for the moment.

"I've come to see you about Walter—and yourself," she began, speaking low. "He's just told me all about it. When he went to see his lawyer I came here. I know what you're doing now isn't like you." She spoke even more gently and smiled slightly as she shook her head. "It's cowardly, John; not like you. You don't strike a man down in the dark from behind."

With a long, full look into his face, she found a shocking change, which a casual observer might not have seen at all. His eyes looked harried and the lines about his mouth were bitten deeper, as though a graver's tool had been run along them since last she saw him.

Staring at her, the flesh about his harried eyes puckered. Odd, perhaps, that a person so soft and essentially simple should have the power to strike across his ruthless will and through his vanity; but she seemed just to walk round those things and lay hold upon him. He felt that; and the concept of another woman came up in his mind powerfully. So, instead of making a rational answer, he blurted out, with bitter accusation:

"Why didn't you marry me?"

Her big eyes, which told of bodily weakness, did not falter. She waited a moment, but the answer came quietly, openly:

"I couldn't get over being afraid of you, John. I tried hard to; it seemed I ought to. You're a big man. Everybody says you made Sarum. A man who can make a city—that takes courage and great ability. It's of great value to people. What such a man asks for ought not to be denied if it's possible to give it. If you asked for just poor me—it seemed mean not to. I had great admiration for you—I suppose a kind of love. I have that still. But I was too afraid. I couldn't live your life. You'd walk through things—even through people." She smiled. "I'm really a quiet, home-and-children body; not the woman for you."

She did not mention the packet of letters that had come to her. There was no use going into that now. He had watched her while she spoke and at the end thrust his thumbs into his vest pockets, his head down, sitting asprawl in the chair.

"You might have trusted me as well as another man," he muttered gloomily.

She considered a moment and went on, with the same simple openness:

"Walter is like my father—much abler in business, of course; but no city builder—not doing great, extraordinary things, but not breaking the good little rules either. With him I knew there'd be peace and trust—maybe no big fire, but always a cozy one, in the grate. And, you see, I can count for a great deal in Walter's life. I never believed I could really count for much in yours. You ought to know him, John, after the years you were together. You must deal fairly with him."

He got up abruptly and walked over to the grate. There, frowning at the fire, he flung out in rough impatience:

"Why, I'm not dealing with him at all! I'm merely protecting myself, and what I am and what I stand for! That's something considerable—what I am and what I stand for here. I'm protecting that. He's got a good lawyer. They can't prove anything. They may prove certain money was in his hands; but that's a long way from proving he paid it out in bribes. Let him fix up any defense he likes. Good heaven, I'm willing enough! Let him protect himself! Circumstances have put him in a mess. Let him get out of it. He's got plenty of money. He can hire good lawyers."

That rough impatience and the loud tone—reckless, for the servants might overhear—struck her chill, and she bit her lip a little; but after a moment answered, as gently as before:

"It was you who put him in the mess, John—not circumstances."

"Why, I told him to do so and so, as I had a right to tell him," he replied, frowning. "He owed me obedience.

I was his chief. He owed me loyalty. I made him rich. Mary, he'd be keeping books in a grocery to-day if I hadn't thrown a fortune into his lap. He knows well enough what I've done here—not only for him but for the town. He ought to be willing to protect me. He ought to be glad of the chance!"

There was a kind of savage egotism in that which struck on her almost like a blow. She bit her lip again and put her hand up to her breast, but answered softly:

"I know you made him rich, John. He knows it. You can do such things. That's why you mustn't strike him in the back now. You see, you take away his defense. All he can say is that he gave you the money."

"No, it isn't," he retorted, frowning at the fire. "Let him say anything he likes. His lawyers will tell him what. That's what they're for. It's up to him. I'm not dealing with him at all. It's not my case."

She waited a laborious moment, her fingers working together in her lap, hoping he would look round.

"You don't look at me," she said.

He turned then, a deep line down his forehead.

"He can't say anything but the truth," she went on, low. "I can't have him say anything but the truth. He must do that for me—and my son. So, you see, you are dealing with him"—her voice fell even lower; a sweet voice, utterly soft and feminine—"and with me and my baby. You know you mustn't do this to us."

He came across abruptly and sat down beside her again, speaking more gently, but rapidly:

"I know what you think, Mary—just a woman's idea of it. I didn't know the whole situation when I testified before the grand jury. Perhaps I shouldn't have testified as I did if I had known it. Your woman's idea is that I ought to take back what I said; acknowledge it was a lie; say I took the money; put myself in a position to be pelted and barked at and rolled round in the mud—hooted as a perjurer and bribe giver! And for what? Why, for that scurvy dog, Dent, and a lot of swine who'd sell their votes again to-morrow if they had the chance, and then blubber and confess it the day after! I won't do it! Let that dirty pack on my neck? It would ruin all I've done all my life!

"You say I built a city; and I did. I can build more cities. I can compel men! I've got the force in me to do it. A man who builds a city is not to be pulled down and rolled in the gutter, and choked to death with mud, by those rats! He's to trample over them and break away from them. I don't care a rap what the silly law says. That's what Nature says. It's what life says. Let the law say that pigs who sell their votes shan't vote at all! You talked of cowardice, Mary; but it's pride with me. I think I'm worth too much to be smashed up by them."

"But aren't you smashing yourself, John?" she pleaded. "Think of it! Suppose Walter goes to jail. You'll have to think of him. You'll have to think of me and the little boy somewhere in the world. Could life be good to you then? Could you be proud? You're going to be married soon. I don't know the lady very well; but you must expect happiness from it. When there's a baby in your house you'll ache for happiness for it as we do for our baby. I don't think you could have this thing and happiness in the house."

"Your words don't mean anything," he replied, frowning at the floor. "They mean: 'Be virtuous and you'll be happy!' That's nonsense—just buncombe for school children! Happiness is success—accomplishing your purpose; getting what you're after! A burglar who's made a good haul is as happy as a minister who's preached a good sermon."

"You wouldn't care then, John?" she said gently. "You could say: 'Walter is in prison to-night. Mary is crying. I did it—but I don't care'?" She laughed quietly. "Your words don't mean anything. That's just buncombe for John Turner. I know you better than that. That's why I came here. You see, the doctor wouldn't have let me go out if he had known; but I wouldn't wait. I'd have brought the baby, too, if he'd been a little older. Really I did bring him! Here we are! You can't look us in the face and say you don't care whether we're happy or wretched because you ruined Walter."

He looked round at her with somber eyes.

"How did you always know how to reach me? How do you know now?"

"I think it's because I wish your happiness very much," she replied gently.

"Happiness!" he repeated bitterly. "Happiness! No; it's you who denied me happiness! You ruined me!"

"Oh, no!" she breathed. "Please don't say that!"

"Well, I won't then," he replied with a mirthless laugh. "I won't! Happiness! Mary, I've made a horrible mess of my life!"

He seemed to wrench the statement out of himself, his face twisting. He sprang up and walked over to the grate, and she felt a turmoil of emotion in him. Turning to face her he broke out headlong, torrentially: "I've been a fool! The greatest fool alive! A gull! A sucker! You say I'm a big man and able. Why, I'm an open-mouthed rube that the first sharper who comes along swindles out of his money! I let Callahan get me into this mess—the raw flathead! A big stupid ass! But that's not all, or the worst. I'm not going to be married—or—God knows what I am going to do!"

*"I Know You Made Him Rich, John. That's Why You Mustn't Strike Him in the Back Now"*

He was beside himself; speech rushed foaming from his lips:

"A pack of devils have played a game on me—set me to building a house of cards and jollied me along to build it bigger, and all the while holding the string that would pull it down—chuckling to see how hard I worked at it; how I compelled men to do as I wished; how I put my will on them; how I planned bigger than anybody else; how I twisted circumstances to suit me. And the devils all the while holding the string!"

His face had grown congested and his eyes burned.

"Do they think they can put it over on me?" he shouted. "Do they think John Turner will stand for it?"

He seemed fairly to dilate in a rage of towering egotism and wounded pride.

"I'm tied like a dog to a stake!" he went on, headlong. "I'm tied all round. I gave Callahan the money; but I can't throw him over. I can't! I'm tied! I proposed to be free—free as air. But I'm tied! The biggest fool on earth! A boob! A tool! You come to me asking help; but I can't help myself. Look at me! No pickpocket handcuffed to a policeman is bound more than I am!"

Standing over her he thrust out his two fists, held close together, as though handcuffs were on his wrists. Amazed and shaken, she looked up at him, her lips apart.

"I'm so sorry, John," she murmured, as a child might have said it; tears sprang to her eyes.

His hands dropped at his sides.

"Be sorry, Mary," he said huskily. "Be sorry! You're the only good thing I've ever known in my life. I believe you're the only person who truly cares for my happiness. You don't come to me for nothing! What you want I'll do. I give you my word. I'll get Walter out of it."

"I knew you would!" she triumphed softly, looking up at him with shining eyes as he stood over her, looking down; she felt the surge of unleashed emotion in him. Now that the thing was done, the situation between them was suddenly embarrassing—and not secure. "I knew you would, John," she repeated. "And now—it's almost nine. I must get back to my baby."

"Yes," he said dully, and moved a little away from her. At that she stood up.

"You can depend on me, Mary," he said. "I give you my word." He studied the floor a moment, his brows puckered. "It needs some thinking over—to see what I shall do. Say nothing to anybody about it—not even to Walter. I've got to think up a plan. But you can depend upon it."

"Yes," she answered, low; "I know I can. Good night."

"Good night," he said, hardly looking at her.

But when she turned away his eyes followed her. As she neared the door his face twisted and his lips parted, but he said nothing. She was gone. He turned to the mantel, took down a porcelain vase—a costly thing he had bought in New York the month before—and hurled it into the grate. While he was staring after it a servant, attracted by the crash, looked hastily in.

"It's nothing!" said John impatiently. "I broke a vase."

This was on Wednesday evening. The following Monday he took out a life-insurance policy for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, payable to Wade Waggoner, as Smiley Carter had all along been known in Sarum.

Meanwhile Mary was waiting for word from him.

Near four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon—this was the thirteenth of January—the word came. One of the men from John's office brought it in a long, sealed envelope, superscribed in his hand. The envelope contained the voucher for fifty thousand dollars, signed by John as president of the company, and a note written by him. The note ran:

*My Dear:* Tell Walter he may use the inclosed if he finds it absolutely necessary; but he is to leave nothing undone to avoid using it. And if he uses it he is to say he found it in his desk at the treasurer's office—never that I sent it to him. You and Walter are to say nothing at all of what has taken place between you and me. I keep my word to you, Mary. I have loved you from the night I first saw you. You know it, and there is no harm in my saying it now.

JOHN.

Mary telephoned at once to her husband, at the Arcum Company, asking him to come home immediately. Now that she was free, she wished to tell him without a moment's delay. He came at once, reaching the house about half past four. Then Mary told him fully about her interview with John, all that he had said, and gave him the note and the voucher.

There was the happiness of knowing their danger was ended, and something else as compelling as that—namely, this proof of John Turner. They sat together and talked it over with quickened, brimming hearts.

They sat talking of him until Walter began speculating on what he would do. Using the voucher implied putting the money in John's hands. How could John account for it? Could he throw Callahan over? That seemed improbable. Walter studied the cryptic note. It was plainly written in a state of deep feeling. He began to fear that John meant some reckless move.

"I'm going to see him, Mary," Walter said at length with decision. "I can catch him at his office now. After all that's happened the last week we ought to be able to sit down and talk as we used to do. He used to say my ice-water brains were useful at times. Maybe they will be now. I'm going to try it."

He left the house at five minutes after five, driving his own car. He had been gone hardly five minutes when he saw the fire and speeded up; but it was twenty minutes past five when he reached the plant. He had to leave his car up the road, for fire apparatus blocked the way, and several policemen were in charge of the thoroughfare into the plant that led most directly to the president's office.

He lost some time in making his way round. He was coming up the alley between shops that would bring him to the street where the main entrance to the offices was, when he ran on young Arthur Weeks, the assistant secretary, and two others, who were hurrying away with white faces and staring eyes. Somebody had sent them on an errand.

*(Concluded on Page 98)*

# Trouble Shooters of the Sea

## By JOHN FLEMING WILSON

OFFICIALLY they are the United States Coast Guard and the first reserve of the navy. Practically they are the hardest-working, most active sailormen who ever crammed into each day the toil, peril and enthusiasm of the ordinary man's year. Spick-and-span navy men are likely to term the Coast Guard cruisers "pack horses"; people living inland think of their cutters as the trim vessels that appear at regattas or adorn water parades; but the mariners who use the sea in trade know them affectionately as "white angels." To be sure, everyone who has enjoyed a week on the beach knows one branch—the lifesavers. Yet it is doubtful whether many are aware that these stalwart men, much in evidence, are only a part of a service that operates good-sized ships, day in and day out, month after month and year by year, from the desolate islands of the North Pacific to the Gulf of California and Honolulu, from the Bay of Fundy to the Gulf of Mexico and Porto Rico.

To avoid a lengthy enumeration of the multifarious duties of the vessels and stations of the Coast Guard, let me epitomize them by saying simply that they are "trouble shooters." Does your motor boat stall on you in a tideway? Coast Guardsmen come to your rescue. Is your schooner drifting on a lee shore? Cutter or station responds to your signals of distress. Has a passenger liner missed her way in a fog and gone on a shoal? The listening ear of a Coast Guard vessel catches the first S O S, and in ten minutes the whole complex organization is working to reach and save that ship, her passengers, her crew and her freight. Is the word passed that a whaleman is lost in the Arctic? A cutter goes promptly to find it. Has a West Indian hurricane smashed a path fifty miles wide and five hundred miles long? The Coast Guard is first on the scene, salvaging life and property, towing the helpless to port, and searching outlying seas for those driven far out of their course. Is Uncle Sam puzzled to preserve the decorous rites of neutrality in his own ports? Call a Coast Guard cutter, with its blue-jacketed sailormen, its ready guns, and calm way of doing things. Or has some dare-devil tried to smuggle contraband across the border marked on the charts of a United States coast? Send a cutter after him. Whenever there is trouble on sea or in harbor, from the Lakes to the Grand Banks, the Coast Guard has the job of fixing it.

### A Fine History and High Traditions

HISTORICALLY—and the gentlemen of the service will not be glad if you overlook their long, honorable record—the Coast Guard is almost as old as the Republic. It was first organized as the Revenue Marine, in 1790, at the second session of the first Congress, and its officers and ships since that time have established record after record for distinguished gallantry and efficiency. Didn't the Cutter *Pickering*, operating against the French, in 1798, capture ten prizes, one of which carried forty-four guns and two hundred men? Don't you know the story of that long-drawn-out battle of the invincible Eagle, on Long Island Sound, when overwhelming odds were set at naught? And the Cutter McCulloch bore an honorable part in the battle of Manila Bay. But that is only the military side of the Coast Guard's history. As a matter of fact, the Coast Guard is always mobilized; it is always at its top notch; and it is always fighting the arduous, severe and perilous campaigns of the sea.

This work reaches its highest form in what all Americans know as life-saving. Because this is the chief object of the daily routine, Congress, in 1915, joined together the Revenue Cutter Service and the Life-Saving Service as the Coast Guard, thus recognizing that this object should take precedence in time of peace, and at the same time doubling the effective force of the cutters in wartime. The result has been a complete amalgamation of two proud services, each with a splendid history and jealously guarded traditions.

In 1916, the first full year of the operations of the Coast Guard, as such, the equipment consisted of twenty-three cruising cutters—well-found vessels capable of making long voyages in any kind of weather—twenty-four harbor cutters, and two hundred and seventy-nine shore stations, furnished with lifeboats, power boats, and other paraphernalia used in rescuing the shipwrecked.

The authorized commissioned personnel of the Coast Guard was two hundred and fifty-five officers, with an authorized complement of warrant officers, petty officers and men of 3945.

Here it must be stated distinctly that the Coast Guard is no haphazard affair. It is a strictly trained and disciplined body of men, officered by gentlemen educated either at the Naval Academy or, of late years, at the Coast Guard Academy, at New London, Connecticut. Its enlisted men are as carefully chosen as possible with respect to character and seamanlike ability, and the service is just as proud, just as punctilious, as the navy or the army. Its traditions are as splendid, its code of honor as high, and its standard of conduct as lofty as those of any service in the world.

Moreover, its vessels fly the Coast Guard's own peculiar and carefully guarded flag; its members wear their own uniform; and that uniform demands and is accorded everywhere exactly the formal respect due a service which, though under the Treasury Department, is absolutely military in its organization and code.

It should always be kept in mind that there are no civilians on the decks of Coast Guard ships or in Coast Guard stations; and that, unlike every other service of our government, it is commanded by a single member of its own corps of officers—a senior captain—who is responsible to no one but the Secretary of the Treasury and the motto *Semper Paratus!*—Always Ready!

A tight little service, infinitely busy, self-possessed and self-reliant, going about in all weathers, rectifying other folks' errors of omission and commission, warning the negligent, chastising the willful, saving the unfortunate, seeing to it that peace, order and safety prevail on the seas and coasts of the United States.

Let figures summarize the brief and seamanlike reports of the Coast Guard for the year ending June 30, 1916:

| | |
|---|---|
| Lives saved or persons rescued from peril | 1,216 |
| Persons on board vessels assisted | 15,742 |
| Persons in distress cared for | 483 |
| Vessels boarded and papers examined | 30,510 |
| Vessels seized or reported for violation of law | 615 |
| Fines and penalties incurred by vessels reported | $251,820 |
| Regattas and marine parades patrolled | 36 |
| Instances of lives saved and vessels assisted | 1,453 |
| Instances of miscellaneous assistance | 2,021 |
| Derelicts and obstructions to navigation removed or destroyed | 30 |
| Value of vessels assisted—including cargoes | $10,509,655 |
| Value of derelicts recovered and delivered to owners | $128,900 |
| Net expenditure for maintenance of the service, including repairs to cutters and stations | $5,215,711.34 |

Incidentally it may be remarked that this final sum was some two hundred thousand dollars less than the appropriation made by Congress—another peculiarity of the Coast Guard Service. But these figures do not tell the story—not even the statement that "the daily average number of cases for the year involving rescue work was approximately ten, while the maximum number for any one day was seventy-seven." Shall we take a day in October, 1915, and look over the shoulder of Captain Commandant E. P. Bertholf, in his office in Washington?

### One Day's Work of the Coast Guard

EAGLE HARBOR STATION, on the Great Lakes, reports that they are taking off, for the second time, the crew of the Collier James B. Neilson, which is ashore during a heavy gale. Up on the Massachusetts coast the Cutter Acushnet is taking off and transferring to another steamer the sixty-six passengers aboard the disabled Steamer Ontario. In Lewes, Delaware, the station crew is saving the furniture from a burning house and leading horses out of a blazing barn. Captain Bertholf summons his chief aide, Engineer-in-Chief Charles A. McAllister, for the Cutter Bear—Captain Cochran—is steaming to Port Clarence—Bering Strait—to repair leaking tubes in the main boiler. The Bear's launch is busy pulling the Schooner Challenge off the shore in Grantley Harbor, and so on. All news of a world where reindeer are a topic of conversation, sealing is a profession, and school-teachers go to their stations in tumbling power sloops. Down in Mobile the Tallapoosa has saved an intoxicated man from drowning; the Tampa is at Key West; and the Snohomish is after the Peruvian Barkentine Stella, adrift off Cape Flattery, with her crew helpless from beriberi. Captain Commandant and Engineer-in-Chief discuss a freshly arisen question about the two new cutters to be built to take station at Honolulu and Colon. And in another room assistants go over and summarize the activities of a couple of hundred keepers and twoscore commanders who are spending their brief leisure in making readiness for instant action more complete.

The longer one's acquaintance with the Coast Guard, the more impressed one becomes with this constant cheerful preparedness for any and every event. Among commanding officers it is a mania; among crews an obsession. Is the day fine and the weather fair? The radio men do not relax a particle of their vigilance. The captain, ten to one, scans every shipping report he can lay hands on for special

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*Return of Lifeboat, United States Coast Guard, Station Number 107*

*Life Guards Going to Rescue of the Norwegian Ship, Boreden*

matters, such as a vessel disabled, a derelict sighted, or even a string of barges making heavy weather of it. For what is known among mariners as the "Act of God" chooses neither time nor place. Collisions happen on starry nights, fires break out in smooth seas, and old vessels spring aleak at any moment. Then, too, the Coast Guard isn't as restricted in its field as one might suppose. Its cruisers aren't a bit averse to going hundreds of miles offshore on an errand. Neighboring nations welcome them in alien waters, for their flag is never seen except where help is needed, and is never missing when the call for help goes out.

Among the yearly tributes to the efficiency of the service are such letters as one of warm thanks from the British Embassy for services rendered a British vessel; from Cuban authority for help given; from Canadian officials for lives saved and property salvaged. But these are nothing compared to the steady stream of brief notes from curt skippers, from harried line superintendents, who take pen in hand to record their gratitude for "efficient assistance" and "uniform courtesy while rendering invaluable services."

Should you go over a file of these letters, each referring to some casualty, some sudden and terrible affair where men's lives were at stake and men's fortunes in the balance, you will be struck with the invariable emphasis on kindness, courtesy and consideration. Possibly this conveys little to you. Shore-going folks are accustomed to the curt manner of the chap in authority. But when the Coast Guard finds you struggling in the darkness of a wreck, bewildered by the din of the storm, or huddled in some scant shelter in a veritable whirlpool of seas, you find yourself in the hands of men who invariably treat you with calm consideration, never grow peevish, and do not add to the horrors of your plight by hasty invective. It is almost incredible—the genuine courtesy that marks the most desperate maneuvers for your safety. And the most usual instance of this true consideration is almost always coincident with actual peril to the Coast Guardsmen themselves. I think I may say that on an average of once a day throughout the year the keeper of a life-saving station or the commanding officer of a cutter does this simple, impressive thing: He recognizes the right of the crew of a vessel in distress to remain on their ship till every chance of salvage is gone!

### *Courtesy of the Sea*

COURTESY, consideration, true gallantry could go no further. But, that I may make this plain to those who are not fully acquainted with the hard rules of the sea, I must explain:

When a man's dwelling takes fire in any city or town the first aim of the firemen is to get him, his family and dependents out of the house. Not till the last living being is in safety do the fire fighters devote all their efforts to extinguishing the blaze. And when the householder abandons his property every power of the police force is employed to assure his rights in that property.

At sea, when a shipmaster quits his vessel, by that single act he surrenders his right and title to it—an old rule, bolstered up by hoary decisions, no longer questioned, though known to be contrary to every dictate of enlightened public policy.

So here we have our shipmaster, suddenly confronted with disaster—on fire, let us say. His ship is helpless; his crew at wit's end; his passengers in despair. The wireless has sent out its S O S. Unless assistance comes, men will die miserably.

Over the horizon steams a Coast Guard cutter at full speed. But that first black feather of smoke, which brings light to the eyes of the passengers and crew, draws the captain's lips into a tight line. What if it should be a wrecking tug—vulture of the sea? Common humanity will require that the shipmaster assure the safety of the lives in his care by accepting help—at the wrecking tug's price. True, the tug is manned by human beings, merciful and seamanlike; but the wrecker lives by one law alone—the law which decrees that what is abandoned, even temporarily, becomes its rightful prize. And the master of the burning steamer knows perfectly well that to save her passengers and crew from death he may have to quit his vessel. The moment he leaves its decks he loses all his property forever. It is the law. No wonder that blob of smoke brings no undiluted joy to his tortured heart. He may have to surrender his livelihood, his future and his past for the sake of saving lives.

But it is a Coast Guard cutter—Uncle Sam's trouble shooter—offering everything and demanding nothing. It steams up the curve of the earth cheerfully, pauses, swings a boat over into the tumbling sea, and an officer comes alongside. The harried shipmaster is safe. All the lives in his charge are safe. The transfer is effected, a towline passed, and a start made for the nearest port. But ——

*The Fire Island Life-Saving Crew*

### *S. S. Hard Luck in Trouble*

OVER the horizon comes a wrecking tug. It sees a Coast Guard vessel has anticipated it. Its prey is slipping from its grasp. It stands off and on, and watches the procedure. Bad weather is coming. That night the burning vessel must be cast adrift. Then speaks the Coast Guardsman:

"Captain, we can't get that fire under control; the sea is making and it's likely the hawser will part before long."

"Then that wrecking tug will get me," sighs the skipper.

Right here comes the big question: Shall the hard-pressed master take this last chance to save his life, and desert his ship while the sea is comparatively smooth and small boats can work in safety? Or shall he take the last risk, and stand by his vessel on a chance that she may survive the night and he still be possessed of her in the morning? Bankruptcy and safety? Or save his interest in a valuable property, with all the odds against surviving? The Coast Guardsman, always a sailorman, too, knows that problem well. He acknowledges generously the right of the shipmaster to decide. He leaves it to him. The cutter, no matter what the weather, will stand by.

Sometimes the vessel founders during the night and a boat's crew risks life and limb to take the last men off. Sometimes the rough night is got through and the morning sees the crew still on the wreck, which is still theirs.

Then to the headquarters of the service writes L. M. Enn, of the Steamer Hard Luck, thanking them for "great consideration and courtesy"; meaning that the commander and crew of the cutter recognized a fellow seaman's plight and urged no measures of expediency "in view of bad weather," but quietly stood by, willing to risk lives later if need be.

Or suppose we take an incident from the reports for March, 1917, relative to the Tanker Louisiana, ashore above Assateague in thick weather. Here we have the story of two trips made by the crews of the shore stations to the stranded vessel.

*(Continued on Page 129)*

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## Back Up the Country

THE people of the United States are prepared to back up the Federal Government to the limit. In return they demand that the ablest men in the country be placed in every important post over which the Federal Government has jurisdiction.

This is no time for corner-grocery strategists and small-bore statesmen. Government by politics and precedent cannot be tolerated. The weasels, the foxes and the moles of partisan politics must be run to their holes. The boy orators and the two-bit officeholders must double quick to the rear. Half-hearted, chicken-hearted Americans, our two worst breeds of hyphenates, no matter how moss-grown in office or how strong with the gang back home, cannot command the confidence of the country. Neither can sincere, earnest souls who bring popgun minds to forty-two centimeter problems. To appoint a mediocre man just now to an important position; to continue in office a proved incompetent; to permit anyone to hold a vital post who is not heart and soul with the country in its purposes, is simply manslaughter.

The mills of the American people grind exceeding fast on occasion and they grind to powder.

## Compulsory Arbitration

CONGRESS must adopt a compulsory arbitration law for railroads. The Supreme Court has said unequivocally that it has the power; and experiences of the last ten months unmistakably show its duty. The court's reasoning in the Adamson Law decision exposes the absurdity of assuming that four hundred thousand organized trainmen can possibly have the right to paralyze the country's transportation at will, with the enormous losses to all classes, and even the grave peril to life which that would involve.

An objection to compulsory arbitration has been that, though an award could readily be enforced against the employers—for the Government could simply take the operation of the roads out of their hands—it could not be enforced against the employees, because in a free country there is no means of compelling men to work against their will.

Time was when this objection looked insuperable to us; but it does not look so now. True, dragooning hundreds of thousands of men to work at the point of the bayonet would be impracticable; nor would it be in the least necessary. No labor organization can defy law that is overwhelmingly backed by a strong public opinion. No labor organization would attempt it. Secession is a dead issue in this country. There would be no strike against the United States.

The necessity for a compulsory arbitration law applying to railroads having been convincingly demonstrated, it is certain that such a law would be obeyed. This would involve no injustice to trainmen. They would still have the right at any time to take their claims and grievances before an impartial court. Their course in refusing voluntary arbitration makes compulsory arbitration inevitable.

## Railroad Earnings

NET earnings of railroads in 1916, as compiled by the Financial Chronicle from Interstate Commerce Commission monthly reports, increased by two hundred and thirty-six million dollars, or nearly twenty-three per cent, over 1915. And in 1915 net earnings increased by two hundred and twelve million dollars over 1914. But in 1914 and 1913 net earnings decreased. Taking four years together, we have a gain in net of about three hundred and forty million dollars, sufficient to pay five per cent interest on a billion seven hundred million dollars of new capital each year.

This, it should be understood, refers only to the preliminary monthly reports. Taxes, which tend constantly to increase, and various other charges are to be deducted before arriving at the sum the roads will have in hand to pay interest and dividends.

Nevertheless, looking only at the figures, the showing is a satisfactory one. What makes it unsatisfactory is the fact that railroad income account was brought into a condition fairly adequate to the demands upon it only by the accident of two years of unprecedented business expansion due to a foreign war. No business that depends on accidents is in a sound situation.

The railroads, in fact, ought to spend several billion dollars on terminals, tracks and equipment. For two years every incidental strain upon the transportation system has resulted in congestion and embargoes. For some months operating expenses have been increasing in a greater ratio than gross earnings. Giving the roads five per cent more than they actually need, finally involves a far smaller public harm than giving them five per cent less than they actually need.

## Unknowable Risks

FOR the United States, at this writing, the most interesting foreign country in the world is Russia. There is no precedent for the situation there, and no opinion as to its outcome can be more than a lucky guess. The collapse of the autocracy is about the most portentous political event since the French Revolution.

Germany expects a period of confusion, disorganization and impotence, such as would probably follow so sudden and radical a change of government if it happened in normal times. On the other hand, the country is already organized for war; war organization and war fervor may well carry it over from the old régime to the new without a hitch, and with even greater fighting efficiency, as the Allies expect.

The significance of this to the United States is obvious. If Germany could force peace with Russia on her own terms the task of the other nations that have undertaken to conquer her would be enormously increased. Russia once changed overnight from an enemy of Prussia to an ally. The deposed Czar seems to have been in the way of effecting a similar change now. No one can yet say, with confidence, that the revolution will not virtually eliminate Russia from the war.

In breaking with Germany we underwrote a risk whose limits no man could foresee. Our name is on the paper; and it is sheer fatuousness to take it for granted that the undertaking to which we have pledged ourselves can develop only in the way we wish and according to our hopeful expectations. We ought to know that the risks of this war for everybody engaged in it are unknowable, and to prepare to the limit with that in mind.

## A Land of Promise

RUSSIA should now contain the greatest probabilities of material development and industrial exploitation to be found in the world. Potentially, in that respect, it is probably worth half a dozen Chinas; and the Western World for a generation has been expectantly licking its chops over one China—to a chorus of low growls.

Russia has the inanimate natural resources, and apparently it has a population virtually ripe for industrialism. The government, with its incredible stupidities and barbarities, has been the great handicap. The effect of that government upon material development may be judged from the one fact that for many years it devoted a considerable part of its energy to repressing, impoverishing and discouraging millions of its most alert and energetic subjects.

With a stable and intelligent government, the promise of Russia is unlimited. Given such a government, there is no other foreign country to which American enterprise can look more expectantly.

At the beginning of this war the United States was in a less friendly relationship with Russia than with any other big Power. Of all countries, Russia got the least sympathy here and the greatest extent of hostile feeling.

All that was due to the government. Given a liberal, capable government, there is no country in the world to which the United States would look with more cordial good will; none whose progress it would see with greater satisfaction. American participation in the development of Russia under a liberal government would be more popular than like participation anywhere else.

## Europe's Labor Power

A TABLE recently compiled at Washington from the most trustworthy information that has reached the Government puts the direct permanent loss of labor power on account of the war at seven million men killed or disabled. This is at the rate of two million eight hundred thousand men a year, and the loss falls upon an aggregate population of about four hundred and eighty millions; so it would work out a little more than five in each thousand, or about one-quarter the normal annual death rate in the countries involved.

Taking the aggregate belligerent population, births decidedly exceed deaths under normal conditions. During every day of the war youths have been reaching the age of industrial—or military—efficiency, and replacing those killed or disabled in fighting. The total belligerent population is, no doubt, about as large now as it was in July, 1914. If the war should stop now the loss of male labor power, as compared with July, 1914, could not be an important item. In view of the great number of women who have been drafted into industry during the last two years, Europe probably has to-day at least as great a number of industrial effectives as ever.

In looking forward to peaceful competition after the war, it will not do to count upon a crippled Europe.

## The Only Insurance

WARS may be attributed to a single cause—the notion that a sovereign community must be the sole final judge of its own acts. It is, in a way, the case of the duel, on a grand scale. So long as it was universally held that an honorable man could not submit certain differences between himself and another to any outside judgment, but must settle the difference in armed combat, men who had a decent regard for the opinion and respect of their neighbors were compelled to fight. They could not propose arbitration without disgrace.

Opinion on the subject of the duel changed in civilized communities, and it is now held that an honorable man's duty is not to fight; for, though he may in some exceptional case suffer a galling wrong, submitting private difference to law is infinitely better, on the whole, than individual resort to brute strength and skill.

As the United States is more whole-heartedly attached to peace than any other nation, it has the greatest motive to consolidate that state of public opinion which will permit and compel the settlement of international differences by peaceful means. In spite of itself, it is now in the world war. It will have something to say about the peace. The old aloofness from European politics is at an end, whether we like it or not.

The United States comes in as a nation whose one big interest in world politics is reduction of armaments and substitution of international law for international anarchy.

Having been dragged in, that should be its big object.

## Tariff After the War

FINALLY we have a Tariff Board. As it came definitely into being the other day England was doubling the import duty on cotton shipped into India—a proceeding over which both free traders and protectionists made wry faces, for the increased duty will fall mostly upon cotton manufactured in England.

No consideration of tariff theories directly governed Parliament in imposing that additional duty. Mr. Asquith, a pronounced free trader, warmly supported it.

The duty was laid as a compensation to India for raising a hundred million pounds for war purposes and for having supplied several hundred thousand soldiers. Revenue from the increased duty counts against interest on the war loan.

Much besides a scientific balancing of tariff theories will go into the shaping of tariff schedules all over the world after the war. There will be a persistent need of revenue everywhere, and import duties are notably an easy method of raising revenue. For some time, no doubt, there will be the questions of compensation to friends and of disabilities for enemies.

Tariff for the United States is bound to be influenced strongly by the tariff schemes of those with whom it trades. The new Tariff Board comes into being at a time when the old discussion of the tariff, as a question lying distinctly between the theory of free trade and the theory of protection, seems by way of going into the discard; and import duties are largely to be shaped according to the probable expediency and needs of the moment. Which means that the tariff is by way of going definitely out of politics.

# BORDER CAINS—By George Pattullo

ON A NIGHT in February a notorious Mexican rebel chief crossed the American border and rode to a small ranch below Sierra Blanca, a town close to the Texas line. He had a bodyguard of several picked bravos with him and brought along a pack mule, heavily loaded with silver bullion. Five men awaited him at the ranch. Sentries were posted and everybody observed the utmost caution.

The visit was made for the purchase of three hundred and fifty thousand rounds of .30-.30 ammunition, of which his forces stood in direst need. Of course such shipments from the United States are illegal; they are direct violations of the embargo on arms and ammunition laid by the Washington Administration at one of the most critical hours of our relations with Mexico. However, that aspect of it would be for the Federal agents and military to worry over, were the bullets intended merely for use against the Carrancistas.

But they were not. This rebel's jefe was at that moment organizing for hostilities against the gringos; German plotters were busily stirring up every faction; talk ran wild over the country that the long-expected war was about to burst. Everybody along the border figured that hostilities were only a question of time, and speculated on how much longer the President would be able to stave them off.

### *Americans in the Conspiracy*

KNOWING all that perfectly—knowing the ammunition was as likely to be used against American troops as against the Carrancistas—five residents of this country went to the ranch house near Sierra Blanca to sell the stuff. The profit on an eighteen-thousand-dollar order was all they could see in the transaction. Two of them were white Americans; the remaining three were of Mexican birth, but had long enjoyed the protection the United States affords to all who seek it.

Gathered in the house, the following conversation took place. I don't pretend to give it verbatim, but this is the substance:

"This bullion is branded," objected one of the agents.

"Of course! What of it?"

"Then the deal's off. We daren't take it."

"Why not?"

"They'd think we stole the stuff. What could we do with it? Those brands would lay us wide open; and we couldn't explain."

The bandit had never anticipated a difficulty of that description. He started in to argue the point. The bullion was not stolen, he protested hotly, but had been legally confiscated from an American mining company by one of his own decrees. It could be easily disposed of, and silver was silver.

All in vain; the smugglers were afraid to handle the bullion in such form and would not hear of delivering the ammunition except for spot payment. The Mexican spent the better part of an hour trying to persuade them to accept the mule's cargo; but they turned him down.

Finally he was obliged to sneak back across the line without the cartridges. On departing he promised a speedy return with the bullion's brands all removed. But he never came back, and to my knowledge he has not yet received the ammunition.

There came a shot in the dark from the Mexican bank, and Private Bill Reid, on sentinel duty close to the Rio Grande, grew as stiff as a ramrod. He waited tensely for the whine of a bullet, well persuaded that somebody was taking a crack at him. Another and another rifle flashed; he started off at the top of his speed to rouse the guard, camped near the pumping station. They came tumbling from the barricaded outpost, a second lieutenant at their head. Again a rifle barked, down the river; and they headed for the sound.

Now the shots had been fired precisely for this purpose. With the guard busily engaged in hunting the cause of the trouble below the pumping station, the ammunition smugglers, two miles above, had a clear coast. They crossed a boat laden with cartridges.

They're doing that sort of thing every night at some point in the Lower Valley.

A flivver went careening down the dusty slope to the bridgehead at Laredo and stopped for the customary examination. The American officials there subjected the car to a rigorous search. They are dubious of automobiles, and they peered under the seats and in all the pockets of the doors; they glanced under the machine and inspected the top.

"All right! Let 'er go."

The flivver sped forward over the bridge and stopped at a small house in Nuevo Laredo. From it the driver removed sixteen hundred rounds of ammunition, making delivery of same to a Carrancista officer. He took it from the front seat of his car. The gasoline tank had been divided into two compartments; one contained cartridges.

A Mexican lay on his back amid the weeds at the edge of the Rio Grande, not far from Mission. He had his hat over his eyes and a fishing pole was held between his knees. He never caught any fish; but apparently that did not worry him.

I myself watched him for two hours one day, and he did not make a move except to slap at a fly.

Late in the afternoon a boat put out from the American side, with another Mexican at the oars. He rowed to midstream, where he dropped a line over the side. He, too, appeared to be fishing.

After a while the fisherman on the bank showed signs of life. He made unmistakable signals to the other. Shortly afterward the man in the boat drew up his line and abandoned fishing.

In the darkest hours of the night a log came floating down the river. A zealous American sentinel descried the object and, mistaking it for a horseman swimming the stream, let fly. Then, discovering what he had been shooting at, he swore softly. Later, when the officer of the guard arrived out of breath to ascertain what the Sam Hill he had been scaring them for, the soldier reported that he had seen a match struck on the opposite bank and men preparing to cross.

Meantime the log drifted slowly with the current. When it arrived almost opposite the bend at which the lone fisherman had dozed all afternoon, a boat put out cautiously and towed it in.

Of course a log may be rescued for the wood there is in it, or a conscientious man may remove it to prevent obstruction of the river; also, it may be rescued because it is hollow and loaded with ammunition in waterproof boxes.

The Virginia troops were encamped during the winter a few miles from Brownsville. In the early part of February a considerable quantity of ammunition was obtained by Mexicans through the efforts of a Carrancista agent and was stored in a saloon not far from the Virginians' camp.

About ten o'clock on the night of the sixth a Mexican arrived hotfoot at the camp with the information that bandits were attempting to cross from the other side of the Rio Grande at the Brulay Plantation, six miles east of the town. Soldiers were immediately sent from the patrol stationed near Tomates to investigate. While they were investigating the ammunition was removed from the saloon by smugglers and ferried over to Mexico in a boat.

The street cars running from El Paso to Juarez are halted each trip at both ends of the international bridge for inspection. Customs and immigration officials go through to look over the passengers.

One afternoon recently a Mexican woman got on in the native quarter of El Paso, carrying a baby. She was not different from hundreds of other Mexican women who lived there. She wore a vivid blue skirt and slatternly shoes, and a black shawl draped her head and shoulders. The *niño* was well wrapped up against the wind.

A Federal official boarded the car at the bridge and passed slowly from end to end. He stopped in front of this woman and put a question. She replied readily; but he still seemed doubtful. Something in the way she held the baby made him suspicious and he drew back the coverings. It was a baby, all right, and a fine sturdy one.

"You hold it as if it was heavy," he remarked, and tested the little fellow's weight. Then his eyes began to bulge. "Some kid!" he said.

Without further investigation he ordered the woman off the car, himself carrying the baby. Concealed in the child's clothes were two hundred rounds of dumdum cartridges.

### *All Smuggling Records Broken*

THESE typical incidents of border smuggling are given to show the variety and ingenuity of the methods employed in a traffic that has assumed serious proportions of late, despite the vigilance and the best efforts of Government agents and the military to stamp it out. The border is more than sixteen hundred miles long, and along its whole length they are trying to cross ammunition.

They have been at it for months. American merchants and agents were smuggling ammunition to the Mexicans all the time the Pershing expedition was in Mexico, when clashes were occurring, and every hour was surcharged with the possibility of general attack and consequent war. Hundreds of thousands of rounds were crossed to the enemy.

Ever since the embargo was put on, the sorry business has been brisk. Ammunition is absolutely essential to a revolution and is a matter of life and death to a government contending against revolution.

Consequently the Villistas and Felicistas, and all the other varieties, have been making frantic efforts to obtain American cartridges. The Carrancistas have been equally hot to head them off, and to get shipments for themselves at the same time.

They kept the Federal authorities down there pretty busy during 1916, but it remained for the first two months of 1917 to smash all records. The volume of ammunition that buyers for all factions attempted to cross to the Mexican side during those months exceeded the total of their previous efforts for a year. The increase averaged about one thousand per cent monthly.

Just how much ammunition they have succeeded in getting over can only be roughly estimated. It probably equals what the Federal authorities have been able to stop on suspicion of destination; and they have held up at border ports, by one means and another, very close to seven hundred thousand rounds a month.

What is the explanation of the decided growth of the traffic this year? Of course Villa is organizing for a fresh campaign; but that does not explain it—he is always raking the market for ammunition. Taken in conjunction with the German intrigues among the Mexicans, the increase looks significant.

Hundreds of obscure white residents of the border country are engaged in this treasonable work as a means of adding to a precarious livelihood. These fellows are akin in spirit to the poor trash from which bootleggers and illicit-still owners are recruited in dry territory. They are all of the same breed—ignorant and greedy; for sale at a few dollars. They make useful tools for the merchants and the business men and adventurers who operate on a larger scale. We shall talk about these presently.

Other tools are readily found among the considerable Mexican population of the Border States. Neither are those offenders confined to malcontents and *pelados*, who know no better; many solid citizens of Mexican birth, who have spent almost their entire lives under the Stars and Stripes, go in for smuggling.

There have even been instances of county officers, whose duty should naturally be to help the Federal agents fight the traffic, actually aiding and abetting the lawbreakers, working "in cahoots" with them and drawing down a share of the profits.

The smugglers have a thousand and one methods of evading detection. Hiding shipments of both rifles and ammunition in cars of coal was formerly a popular pastime; but it played out. Bales of hay also make innocent-looking disguises.

It was reported in March that three hundred thousand rounds of .30-.30 ammunition had been smuggled to the Carrancistas in sardine tins. A Texas grocer was successful in crossing forty thousand cartridges in a shipment of lard.

Women have proved to be the most useful agents and efficient tools in the business. They carry the stuff in their bosoms and tied round the waist. A great many have been caught with little sacks fastened under their knees. That method would be too brazen in this country; but the Mexican women have not yet adopted the short skirt.

For a long time women returning to the Mexican side from border towns were not searched; so it is extremely likely that great quantities of ammunition, in the aggregate, got through in small doses. A woman can carry from two hundred to three hundred rounds on a trip without betraying its presence; and, where towns lie opposite each other and considerable legitimate trade is done between them, the coming and going of these women is natural, and formerly attracted no suspicion.

That is easily understood. If they wanted to do it imagine how easy it would be for women to smuggle articles from New York to Brooklyn; or from Boston to Melrose; or from Chicago to Evanston. No amount of official vigilance could prevent the traffic. And the border towns are similarly situated. Opposite each American town is one on the Mexican side. In Texas they have to walk across a bridge; along the New Mexico, Arizona and California lines there is only a narrow neutral strip, or no division at all—unless a street may be called a division.

### *The Females of the Species*

Then it was discovered that scores of the native women who were apparently innocent peddlers did nothing but travel back and forth, carrying a load of ammunition on every return trip. This was true of Brownsville and Matamoras, on the other bank of the Rio Grande; of Laredo and Nuevo Laredo, of El Paso and Juarez; of Douglas and Agua Prieta, separated by a strip of ground about four hundred yards wide; of the two Nacos, divided by even less; of the two Nogales, which run into each other. So now a vigilant eye is kept on the females of the species and they are subjected to search whenever there is cause for suspicion.

The operations of the smugglers vary according to locality. Though the Rio Grande is an insignificant stream in point of breadth, it offers a barrier to the traffic along the Texas boundary. For the ammunition has not only to be procured with a secrecy that will baffle the authorities, but it must be moved across the river under the noses of agents and numerous patrols. That is a task requiring careful preparation and timing. It entails much greater risks than the smugglers of New Mexico, Arizona and California run.

There the boundary consists of an imaginary line, indicated by granite columns at intervals, and a barbed-wire fence. It is no trick at all to run a load of cartridges up to this fence and dump it across into the eager hands of the Mexicans. The impossibility of patrolling every mile at all hours of the day and night renders the undertaking simple and easy. A ready means of communication between the smugglers on both sides, and a code of signals, are the principal factors in such jobs.

But the old Rio Grande puts a strain on the inventiveness of the natives. It makes the smuggling a slower process and consequently that much more hazardous.

One crafty Mexican, who occupies a tiny shack on the American side in the Lower Valley, used to operate a cable for ferry purposes. His business looked legitimate enough; but the military suspected that he engaged in different operations under cover of the dark. They watched the place so closely that he was compelled to abandon the cable. Now he pretends to be a fisherman and plies the river day and night. So far as long hours go, there isn't a more conscientious fisherman in these United States.

Barrels are another means employed. They are floated downstream and drawn in by boatmen who have been tipped off to their approach. Bundles of clothing, sacks of flour, bags of meal, buckets with false bottoms—the petty smugglers utilize them all. Though each one can carry only an insignificant quantity of cartridges on a trip, if you multiply the amount by hundreds, to include all those engaged in it, and then by thirty-one, you may obtain an idea of the magnitude of the traffic by the month.

### *Pawnbroker Smugglers*

The prospects that the Mexican situation holds make this smuggling of national concern. Getting right down to brass tacks, some hundreds of Americans of native and foreign birth have been selling to a prospective enemy ammunition the latter hopes to use against gringo troops. For a few dollars' profit they are making themselves accessory to the killing of their own countrymen.

The ignorance of the poor whites who engage in ammunition-running is a partial excuse for their acts. The dollars at the end of the sale are all they are capable of seeing.

But what shall be said of successful business men who go in for it? What is to be thought of men who, living in easy circumstances and enjoying an excellent status in their own communities, nevertheless dabble in the miserable business? They haven't the excuse of want or of ignorance. Some of them live at the best hotels and drive high-priced cars. They are agreeable fellows to meet and, therefore, rub elbows with the best. Some of them are at the head of prosperous concerns and use their legitimate business to cloak their smuggling operations. It is difficult to refrain from naming a few.

There are many hardware dealers in the border towns supplying ammunition to the smugglers; there are grocers and provision and fuel men doing the same; and scores of pawnshop proprietors do a thriving grapevine trade with the Mexicans, selling cartridges for loot. I saw a letter one of them sent to a Mexican commander. He declared that the kind of articles did not matter especially, for he stood ready to furnish him ammunition for anything of value he might pick up.

Then there are the adventurers who always swarm round troubled waters, on the theory that the fishing is good. In peacetime they are gamblers and sharks; when war breaks over a country they flock to it like vultures above the kill. New York, New Orleans, San Francisco, Galveston and El Paso offer fertile fields to hundreds of these fellows, who appear to live on the fat of the land. Some have amassed tidy fortunes. I know one who cleaned up nearly a million dollars in Mexico and now takes it easy in New York.

Stick round on the border a while and get at the inside facts of a lot of deals that have been put over during the revolutionary period—do that, and you will find that the most crying need of the bulk of these traders is a conscience. They seem to have lost perspective. Even decent, upright citizens have become so accustomed to their methods that they frequently discuss in a tolerant way transactions which would shock a ward heeler.

Of course a man who will smuggle ammunition to a possible enemy while war clouds hover over his own country will not hesitate to cheat his customers. Nothing else could be expected of him. Very frequently the stuff he unloads on the Mexicans is almost worthless. Generally it has been condemned for use; but they grab it eagerly south of the border. To a Mexican a cartridge is a cartridge, whether it will shoot a couple of miles or a scant four hundred yards. It flashes and makes a prodigious noise when he pulls the trigger; and that satisfies the majority.

In one instance a quantity of rifle ammunition was bought by an individual of German name for delivery to Russia—that kind of agent has no nationality. He secured a contract from the Russian buyers in this country and proceeded to fill it as cheaply as he could. In other words, he was out to beat them. But the Russians wanted only the best. Their inspectors turned down the shipment, and the German was compelled to market it elsewhere to save himself from heavy loss. He sold it to the Mexicans at fifty-four dollars a thousand rounds and it was put across the border.

Another deal in practically worthless stuff was recently put through by some El Paso men. They got hold of two hundred thousand rounds that had been through the Galveston storm. Much of it was absolutely ruined; but they sold the shipment to Mexicans at forty-five dollars a thousand. Names, dates and other data will be furnished to these gentlemen, should they see fit to contest the statement.

It is no uncommon thing for ammunition agents to buy old discarded ammunition from wholesalers and retailers in the North and ship it to the border. Being almost without value, it costs them only a few dollars a thousand rounds and express charges on the shipment. Then they sell it at prices ranging from thirty-five to forty-eight dollars a thousand, make delivery on the American side, receive their money, and let the Mexicans take the risk.

### *Who the Big Culprits Are*

I saw some of that kind of ammunition tested. Much of it would not shoot at all. The remainder carried less than five hundred yards with any sort of accuracy. And that is the stuff thousands of Mexicans go into battle with; on that they stake their lives.

Then, again, deceptions are practiced in sizes. Many a Mexican jefe has been doled out smuggled cartridges that would not fit his troops' rifles.

When he can get them a Mexican will always buy dumdum bullets. In consequence a considerable percentage of the smuggled ammunition is of the snub-nosed variety.

The best class of ammunition manufacturers has cooperated with the authorities in trying to stop this illegal business. Several have turned over to Government agents queries and orders that looked suspicious. But there are always willing ones, and they have developed a profitable vein in the Mexican troubles. Wholesalers are the main sources of supply for the border agents, however.

Were it not for their access to records of express shipments, and the spirit of cooperation the express companies have displayed, the Federal officials would find their job even more difficult. They have nipped many a well-laid plan through information of shipments.

All of which raises the natural question: Why doesn't the Government round up the rascals and put them where they properly belong?

That the ammunition smugglers aren't cooling their heels in prison is no fault of the Federal agents. They are on the job twenty-four hours of the day. Some of the ambitious young men in the customs, Department of Justice, Immigration service and Intelligence Department of the United States Army are growing bald-headed over their efforts to keep up with the traffic. But they work with hobbles on.

As in some other fields of criminal activity, the laws actually operate to protect the offender rather than to frustrate or punish him.

There is no dearth of statutes; but the difficulty lies in applying them. It is not enough for prosecution to know that a certain hardware dealer or ammunition agent has received a shipment of cartridges the quantity and caliber of which make their export to the Mexicans their only possible use. He has to be caught in the act of smuggling them or moving in a conspiracy to smuggle. And conspiracy is a hard thing to prove.

Try to envisage the Government agents or military trailing every shipment of cartridges that arrives on the border until they catch the dealer in the act of smuggling! It would require fifty thousand men with nothing else to do but shadow the stuff.

The effect of this legal situation is that a dealer has a perfect right to order any quantity of ammunition he pleases from a manufacturer or wholesaler. That the character of this ammunition makes it unsuitable for sporting weapons, or rifles commonly used on the American side, does not warrant the authorities in seizing or stopping the shipment.

### *Drastic Laws Needed*

Once he has it, there is nothing in the laws to prevent his moving it to any point on the border he may select. The mere fact of possession does not constitute a ground for drastic action against him. It lays him open to suspicion, of course; but all the authorities can do is to keep a close eye on the stuff in the hope of nabbing it should an attempt be made to cross it over. The dealer may haul it anywhere he pleases, and usually does. Often a wily agent has carted his ammunition to a dozen different storage places on the chance of shaking off official surveillance. All that is being remedied now; so they will be able to get him.

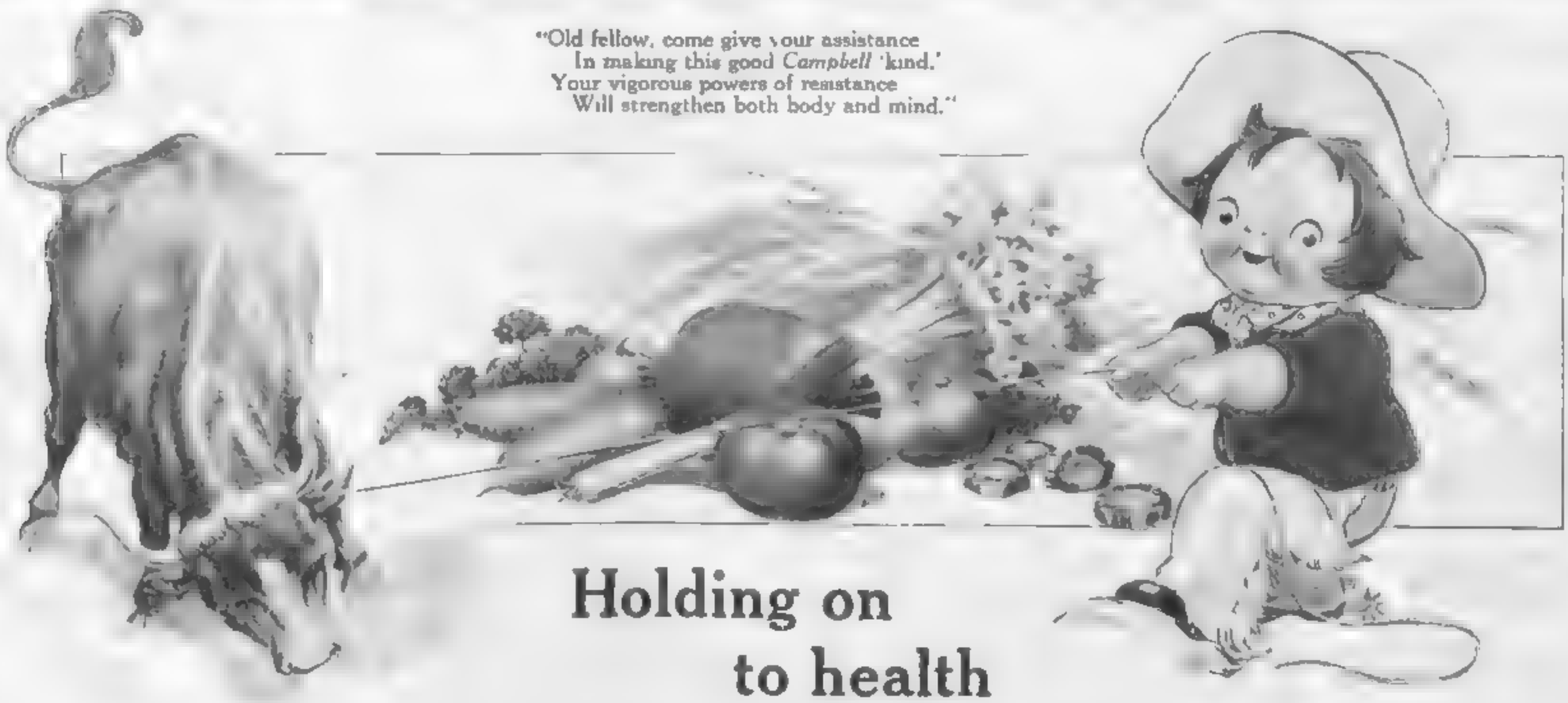
The law has offered so many loopholes that dealers could practically defy the Government agents. Some of them have tried it. More than one has made blustering protest against interference with his shipments; but Washington has invariably stood behind the officials when legal technicalities hampered effective effort.

The smugglers understand the legal aspects perfectly well. That is what makes them so bold. A few have the hardihood to make no secret of their business.

"Sure, I sell ammunition! But catch me at it!" sums up their attitude.

What seems to be needed to cope with the traffic is stronger power to be expressly written into the law. If well-defined authority is given to the army, or any other department of the Government, to seize ammunition when there is reasonable ground for believing it is intended for unlawful exportation, the business would stop. That would hit the smugglers in the pocketbook; which is always fatal.

It is going to be done. But it seems a pity that the men who sell ammunition which may be used against their own countrymen should escape with their skins. Honest scoundrels are hanged every day for less heinous crimes.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The *healthy* man is the one who ought to eat good soup every day. He needs it just as much as the weakling or the invalid.

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Make it a point to keep a supply of these wholesome *Campbell* "kinds" always in the house. Enjoy them regularly. And *serve them hot.*

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# OUT-OF-DOORS

## Getting a Salmon Series

IN THE ranch house of a friend I lay one morning in the fall in a very comfortable bed, dreading the matutinal plunge into the icy waters of Taghee Creek, whose tinkle, coming through the window, sounded almighty cold. The babble of the creek under that window was drowned presently by another sound, which came in from the windows opposite—one of the softest, yet wildest and most stirring sounds known in Nature—the calling of the sand-hill cranes circling high up in the blue. And before I was quite ready for breakfast I could hear other fowl calling—the call of long skeins of wild geese settling on the hay meadows not half a mile away.

Already I had learned that the marshy edges of Henry Lake were alive with wild ducks—real ducks such as canvasbacks, mallards, redheads and widgeons—safe until September seventh, the opening set by the Federal law. And had it not been proved that an elk may still be found even in that country where they used to summer in the willows round the lake? The fifteen-year-old son of my host had come in, a day or so late, but very happy, with his guide and one pack horse; and the latter was carrying the finest elk head I have seen for very many years—seven points on each side, very well balanced indeed, and very massive.

So as I lay in bed looking at the highly civilized environment of the silk-faced counterpane immediately about me, I had to rub my eyes to see whether I was awake, and almost a century old, or whether these were indeed the days of youth come back.

Now I had come out into this country for the laudable purpose of perfecting, elaborating and rounding out the records of an angling career, which naturally isn't going to last forever. In the course of many years of fly-fishing one will take a great many fish; but usually one finds only one or two species in the water at hand. So, though I had my forty-pound salmon from the Grand Cascapedia, and had preserved my golden trout caught in the heart of the Sierras—both of these are rare trophies—I had never finished a series of mounted specimens of the Salmonidæ of America. This particular ranchman had casually remarked that it was something which could be done as easily as falling off a log, in the country where he lived. We were now up to the proof of this statement. I am obliged to say that my rancher friend made good, and more than did so.

### *Fishing West of Yellowstone*

I got with no trouble in the world a series of six species, comprising the grandest sporting fishes of the country—that is to say, I had grayling, rainbow trout, cutthroat trout, Lochleven trout, Dolly Varden trout and the steelhead salmon. I must now get a good brook trout somewhere. That will be seven species; and, together with my golden trout and my giant salmon, I shall then have nine. Count them over. There is no country in the world that can offer such a variety as this, of such excellence.

In my Western series I did not save a fish less than three pounds in weight and I had them up to five pounds; and it was all as simple and casual as catching minnows in the creek.

In the valleys of the Madison and the Snake, which lie west of Yellowstone Park, the distances are somewhat extraordinary; but the modern motorcar has annihilated distance. It was a mere stroll over to the south fork of the Madison River, west of Yellowstone Park, and it is one of the coldest, most crystalline and sweetest trout waters into which anyone ever put a foot. This is the one great grayling stream, though it has been hammered unmercifully and will, I fear, be depleted. Three rods of us killed fifteen grayling after a hard day's work—and such grayling! We had them up to two pounds and a half, and magnificent sporting fish they were.

"We can't keep these little ones," said my rancher friend. "Put 'em back! Put 'em back; you want to get a real one for a specimen."

Wherefore we determined upon another trip out from the home ranch. This time my friend associated with us a certain ranchman by the name of Old Bill Bowers. We three piled into a long, low, rakish motorcar, and headed west across the Red Rock Pass; leaving Mount Jefferson on the west; fording Hell Roaring where it debouches into the plain and becomes as sweet a trout stream as you ever saw; skirting the Alaska Basin, known as the coldest place in the world; and so arriving in the Centennial Valley.

Centennial Valley is the driest, most unspeakably desolate-looking country you could ask to see; and it is absolutely the last place in the world you would expect to find trout. But my two friends, taking all sorts of chances on getting stalled in fording mountain streams with the car, pushed blithely on until we came to the most extraordinary trout stream I had ever seen.

### *The Widow's Preserve*

At the foot of a rock ledge we came upon a cold, clear spring—practically a river ready-made. This spring was preëmpted some time ago by a widow widely known thereabouts, who had the foresight to cast a dam or so across the stream a mile or two lower down, and then to send out an S O S to the state government for some hatchery trout. While she was getting, she got good and plenty. She planted every sort of trout she had ever heard of, except the Eastern brook trout, which was not then obtainable. Rainbows, steelheads, Dolly Vardens and natives she did get. When I say that a rainbow trout weighing twelve pounds and a half has been taken in this water, an idea may be formed of its existing adaptability for hatchery purposes. My ranch friend had taken here rainbow trout weighing ten pounds, ten and a quarter, and ten and a half.

We saw plenty of photographs of fish of those weights, or better. This, then, was the place where we were to go after that salmon series, and we had two half days in which to do our work. There lay a long, broad strip of water—three or four casts across, for the most part—well supplied with water cress and other vegetation, and covering, somewhere out in the middle, the white, sandy bottom of the original stream. How many tons of fish have been taken out of that couple of miles of water no one can say. I take it to have been the most wonderful trout preserve in our part of the world.

It must be regarded as a trout preserve even to-day. With what legality I do not like to question, the widow has been selling these trout on the hoof for a long time, making an even charge of twenty-five cents a pound. There have not lacked anglers from Salt Lake who had more money than discretion and who took more fish than was decent. Sometimes they would carry away a hundred pounds or more of these fine trout. The widow herself was nothing but a business woman; it never occurred to her that the place could be exhausted. My friends did not suspect that this had been done; and, in fact, it has not yet been exhausted, but only cut down very much.

We walked down to the little point projecting out into the quiet water, where I could see a number of fish breaking. It was necessary to lay out a pretty long line—fifty or sixty feet. Seventy-five feet is desirable; but at this length it is difficult to hook a fish. A fine one of some species made a pass at my fly and I just nicked him, but he did not fasten.

"Probably a rainbow," said my friend. "I don't think he was very big." An instant later he added: "No; he wasn't. I believe I've got the same fish, and he won't weigh over five pounds."

I looked at him to see whether he was joking; but he was not. Presently, after a hard fight, he did land this fish, and it was a rainbow; and it did weigh about five pounds.

"What's the use of monkeying with these little fish?" said my friend, and quietly slipped him back into the water. "But load up, and let's go get a real one. We can't keep little fellows like that. You have to have ten pounds or better to qualify anywhere out here."

(Continued on Page 34)


**151**

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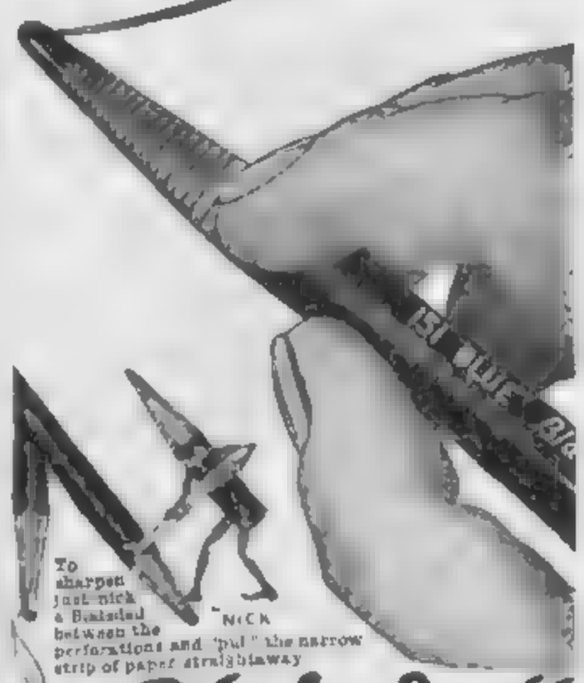


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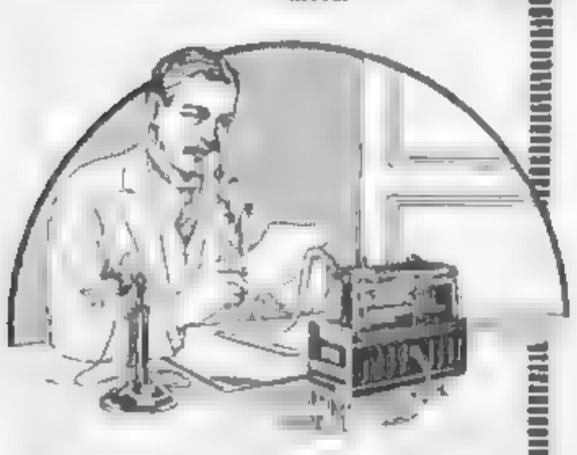

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*(Continued from Page 32)*

He was not jesting; though, as a matter of fact, we did not get any rainbow here we thought worth keeping. Meantime, Old Bill Bowers, across the creek, was raising all kinds of fuss with something he had fastened. After a long fight he landed his fish and called across the water to us: "Nothing but a bullhead." He meant that it was a bull trout—that is to say, a Dolly Varden trout, a fish which sometimes attains very great weight in Western waters.

"It's only a little one," said my rancher friend, lighting another pipe. "I don't think it would weigh over four pounds or so." So that fish, also, went back.

We kept on gently moving up and down the banks of the stream, and every once in a while one or the other of my friends would utter an exclamation of disgust as his rod bowed up and the water broke fifty or sixty feet beyond. "Only a little one," he would say—"native; don't think he'll go over four or five pounds." And when these three, three-and-a-half and four pound fish were taken, they were put back as a matter of course.

"There are some grayling rising over in there," said my rancher friend after a time. "Go and dry-fly them!"

So I went over and dry-flied them. Great sport it was, for the fish themselves were wary, there being very little riffle on the water. In more or less rapid succession I took three grayling, the largest going a trifle over three pounds.

"Put 'em back!" said my friend, coming over to cast an eye of inspection on my take. "Put 'em back!"

"Not on your life!" I said. "If there is any grayling bigger than this fellow you'll have to show me. I'm not taking any chances. These grayling stay right here on the grass."

So then I had my grayling specimen safe in hand, and we ate the other two—as delicious fish as can be found in all the world.

We spent the night in the widow's little cabin hostelry and ate trout and told stories of the earlier days. We had a little more than half a day left to take several other species of the salmon family. Happily the next day proved windy; and, after we had spent most of the morning casually putting back three-pound and four-pound trout, Old Bill Bowers said he would take me out in the boat—a metal boat, with very rickety bow-facing oars—and show me where there were some real ones.

"Don't stay long," said my friend. "I suppose you'll have to keep some little fish, of five or six pounds—there are no good ones left; but hurry up, for we must be getting back home."

### *Landing Dolly Varden*

I presume that Old Bill Bowers and I, in our more or less profane experience of an hour and a half or so, had the biggest fishing for trout there ever was; at least I thought so, though Bill stoutly denied it and said there were no big ones left.

The rough water had stirred up the big fellows, as is so often the case. We drifted out to the deeper part of the pools; and there we raised them and struck them, one after the other. Here I got my Dolly Varden trout—about three pounds and a half, saving a very brilliant one, much to Bill Bowers' disgust, among perhaps a dozen which I struck and played.

"Dang the bullheads!" said he. "I want a rainbow, and a real one."

We couldn't quite raise our real rainbow. But I caught several fine native trout of the cutthroat species and saved one weighing about four pounds and a half. Shortly after this we struck another native, which we both thought would have gone over eight pounds; it made tremendously long runs and was almost impossible to handle with the powerful six-ounce rod I was using. We thought that the 1-0 Jock Scott salmon fly would hold him safe and were not so careful as we might have been. The wind drifted the boat ashore over the weed bed. Old Mr. Native sulked down into the weed bed and broke away.

"Oh well," said Bill, "that ain't no difference. He was a little one, anyhow—not over eight pounds. Load up, and let's get a real one."

We went back again, and immediately I was fast to something that was like a streak of lightning—a fish of three pounds, which jumped half a dozen times in succession and was all over the shop at once.

"Steelhead!" said Old Bill. "More like it—what?"

So we put this steelhead in the gunny sack for mounting; and, not caring to kill more than one specimen, we returned to the water a steelhead that was half a pound heavier. We had determined not to take away from the place anything but the specimens we sought, having made a financial arrangement with the widow, which pleased her just as well as if we had killed the trout and taken them away.

Still, we had not our rainbow; nor was there time to try further for one. We concluded that this species had been combed out pretty well by the Salt Lake anglers. As there never had been any Lochlevens planted here, we should be obliged to make another trip for these two remaining species.

My friends were both very glum about the sport.

"To think!" said they. "A fellow can't catch anything but little bits of fish—four-pound or five-pound trout—in there now. There used to be some good ones."

"Well, anyway," said Old Bill Bowers, "I know a place up in the mountains, fifteen or twenty miles back, where a woman speared a seventeen-pound-and-a-quarter rainbow last spring. Some fellows in there a week or so ago come out with fifty or a hundred pounds of rainbows and they averaged six pounds. Maybe we can go and get one over in there."

### *A School of Giants*

I looked at my friends to see whether they were stringing me along, as the saying is, but both were entirely sober. As a matter of fact, within two or three days we three were on the shores of that high lake, back in the mountains, as deep, as blue and as beautiful in miniature as Lake Louise itself—famed in the tourist world. But no tourist or motorcar had ever been here. We took some chances in getting down a road built by some map-making government engineers, though by great good fortune we were able to ascend it later that same day. The engineers had a boat, which we were able to secure, and we had part of the afternoon left for fishing. We pulled the boat three miles, up to the other end of the lake, where a kindly government employee said the rainbows lived.

Still, my companions grumbled. None of us had been on the lake or knew where the fishing grounds might be. At length we saw a channel of water riding along a deep moss bed and lined with willows on the opposite side. We all cast here very faithfully, but could not raise anything; nor could we get a strike along the rocky banks where it seemed the trout must certainly be lying. We were almost ready to despair when I chanced to see, not ten feet away from the boat, sculling slowly along after my fly, a trout which seemed to me almost as long as my arm. We did not fasten him, but went on. Later, not far from this same place, as we came back down this little channel in the moss, things began to happen.

The sun was just right for us to see down into the water at that locality. What we saw, in a sort of well-like pocket a dozen feet across—where, perhaps, a cold spring lay in the bottom—was a band of giant trout, about a dozen or so in all, swimming lazily round and round, as if they did not care whether school kept or not. We actually anchored our boat within twenty or twenty-five feet of these fish, and yet they did not move away. I don't believe they had ever seen a boat before; perhaps they had never seen a man, and certainly not a fly rod or fly.

"Here," remarked my rancher friend, "is where we do some business. I don't know what those fish are, but they're good enough to keep. Go to it, old man!"

I went to it; but, do my best, with all my salmon flies and every other kind of fly, I could not make a trout rise; neither could my rancher friend, as skillful an angler as I ever fished with in my life and as well equipped with the last word in fly tackle. We sat and looked at each other in despair.

"Well, what do you know about that?" said Old Bill Bowers. "Come up here and find 'em and then can't get 'em!" And he added other words.

Without much heart in it I resumed casting, after we had been there about half an hour. At length, without any show of special interest, a big trout slowly sculled out from the bunch and moved toward the fly. He opened his mouth so that I could see a foot or so into his interior, and closed. I made the mistake not unusual in those who fish the first time for these Western

*(Concluded on Page 36)*

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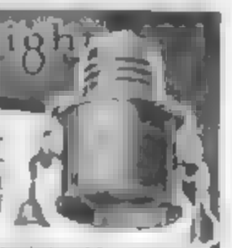

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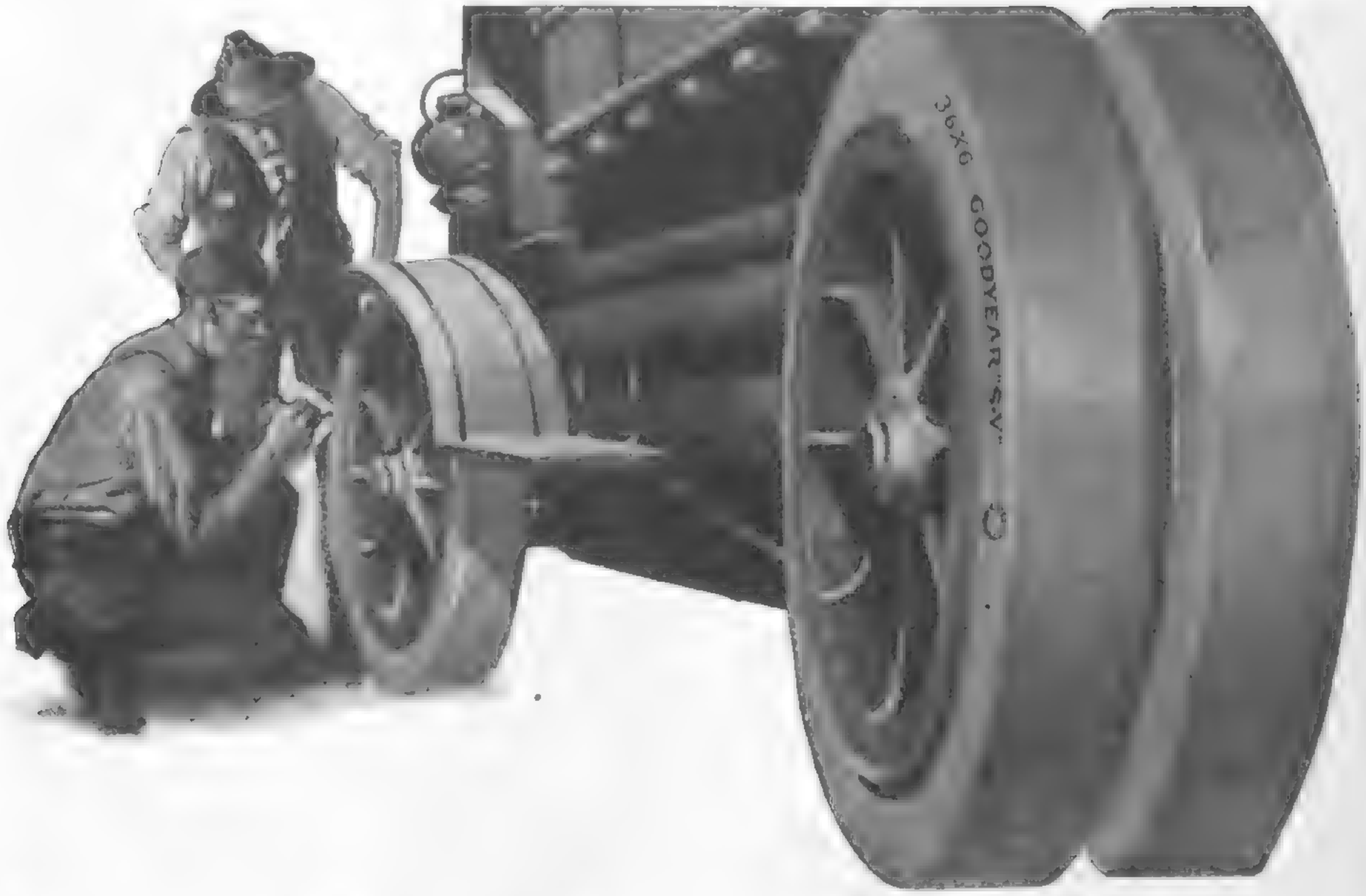


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(Concluded from Page 34)

grayling and trout—they rise a little bit more slowly than do the brook trout of the East; so I just nicked my fish. Not very much disturbed, he gave a flirt of his tail and went back to the others.

"Well, we'll never get that one!" I said mournfully, and my friends agreed with me.

None the less I resumed casting over that fish, which seemed to be the only one disposed to feed. To our general surprise he came on again, slowly and deliberately. He did not *rise*; he did not strike. He simply swallowed the fly—ate it as if it were something he felt obliged to do. I struck him, therefore, this time so hard that it jarred my elbow.

We had contemplated this angling environment, and had all agreed that if we did hook one of those fish we could not save it, for it would be sure to get into the moss and break away. I had all this in mind when the fish actually took the fly. I jumped to my feet and held the rod as high over my head as possible, stripping the line through with my left hand.

To my great surprise, the fish did not make any rush or flurry at all; he simply floundered on top of the water. I swung in with all my might, and he helped by a little run of his own—just throwing the rod up into enough of an arch to show what he could do if he liked. As it chanced, the passed close by the stern of the boat. My rancher friend made a swift pass with the landing net, and in less than twenty seconds after he was hooked the fish was flopping in the bottom of the boat. He never made any fight at all. We examined our fish and decided that he was worth keeping, since he weighed nearly five pounds.

"If we had more time," said my friend, "I'd make you put that little fellow back; but maybe we'd better keep him, since they aren't coming very well."

"What sort of fish is this, anyhow?" said Old Bill Bowers, holding up our prize. "It's blacker than your hat, and it ain't a native and it ain't a rainbow. I say it's a Ethiopian, if you ask me."

It was indeed a curious sort of fish, very black, and not brightly colored in the least. With close examination we could, however, discover the band of color down the side, and knew it to be a rainbow. Though not typical it was the best we had had to date, so I kept this fish.

### Big But Not Gamey

Now all the time we were fooling with those trout in that little hole in the moss there was swimming, in and out, all round our boat, a fish that was as big as two like the one we had taken. It showed the same curious, dull, indifferent fearlessness the others displayed. It would not take any fly at all. My friend, in desperation, even put on a fly with a little spinner above it, though we agreed that it was an unsportsmanlike thing to do. He put flies almost into the fellow's mouth, and sportively tried to hook a fly in his back; still, the fish refused to be scared and refused to strike. We were—and please bear in mind that this is not a fish story, but a truthful recountal—fooling with that fish for almost half an hour, and it never left the spot or struck a fly.

A fish looks larger in the air than it does in the water. When this old fellow turned a little on one side, now and then, he looked as deep as one's two hands laid together, edge to edge, and he was as thick through the shoulders as one's doubled fists. We knew he was over thirty inches long, and perhaps thirty-six. There, in fact, was the rainbow we needed for our series. We didn't get him. He is there yet. So would I be there yet, trying for him, had it not been for my friend, who expostulated at being out so late.

"Well, we've got part of our series," said my rancher friend after a time. "I am mighty sorry we haven't got better ones; but you know how fishing is."

He seemed mournful. I myself was not mournful, because at the time we had the skins of five splendid fish spread out on boards; and not one of them weighed less than three pounds, while others weighed close to the edge of five.

"We have got to get a Lochleven next," said my friend sadly. "I reckon the Madison is the best place for that."

So, on the following day, he and Old Bill Bowers and myself again mounted our trusty car and headed for the Cañon of the Madison.

A good road has been built by the Government up the Madison Cañon, passing through as beautiful a mountain region as you could ask. So presently we came to one of the most wonderful and most gruesome angling localities I have ever seen—what is known as the Big Dam of the Madison, a ninety-foot concrete structure built by a big power company; a dam that absolutely cuts off all the fish in that splendid stream from their old spawning grounds in the upper waters.

There is no fishway in the big dam across the Madison and I question whether one can be put there. That sheer gray ghastly wall rises up almost a hundred feet above the level of the water, reaching from side to side between two narrow shoulders of the cañon walls. Through the sluice comes a torrent of raging white horses of water—how many hundred thousands of horse power I do not know. This spreads over a concrete apron—say, a hundred feet square or so.

Below this and inside of it, on the right, as one looked downstream, were trout—more trout perhaps than you can find anywhere else in America. It was a grand sight or a sad one, as you like to look at these things. To me and my friends it was sad.

### Old Bill Bowers Converted

It is not very sporting to fish in surroundings such as these, and we did not fish with any eagerness. I was there for a specimen of the Lochleven trout, and that was all. At last I raised my trout close to the edge of the apron and just under the dam. As the white-water current swept aside now and then, I had seen the bottom, black with giant trout—I presume they came up along the edge of the apron when they were tired out from jumping at its lower end. Time and again we could see the trout land on the apron and work their way, hardly covered by the shallow water, close to the foot of the sluice—only to be swept back again; there were dozens of trout in the air all the time.

Here, under the edge of the concrete work, was a sort of resting place, and my old Lochleven came up out of that—gaunt and hungry and lean, and very weak, but still lively enough to snap at a salmon fly. I hustled him out very quickly, having him at a great disadvantage, as I stood some fifteen feet above him. My friend slipped the landing net under him, looked at him sadly as he lay on the rocks, and said "Well, let's go home!" I question whether either of us is apt to fish in that place again.

So now, in practical American fashion, we had my series of six trout, and good ones. My Lochleven, if in good order, would have weighed over five pounds, and was well marked. My friends stopped long enough to take three grayling out of a pool of the stream; and these we concluded to cook when we had reached a good spot at the mouth of the creek, some miles down the cañon. This we proceeded to do, as had been our practice on the Madison and on the widow's preserve, after what the Indians of the Arctics call the old way of cooking fish. We split our grayling along the back, skewered them out flat with willow twigs, and hung them flesh to the fire.

"That's a fine way to spoil a good fish!" said Old Bill Bowers. "We orter had a frying pan."

And as the white flesh began to curl up, he snorted still more contemptuously. When one of the fish fell into the fire and got covered with ashes—of course a mere detail—he said:

"Well, some fellows may be able to eat that kind of stuff; but not me. Too bad we ain't got some sardines along!"

We made no comment, because we had tried this sort of thing before. Presently we had the three broiled grayling, flesh side up, flat on the sandy grass before us, with no plates under them except the skin. We passed the salt and pepper to Bill; and, with much protest, he took a bite.

"Well, I'll be danged!" said he, looking up, with grayling exuding from the corners of his mouth. "That's the best fish I ever did eat in my whole life! Say, ain't it fine?"

Thus, with many pleasant wanderings—little motor strolls of twenty, thirty or forty miles, here and there—we projected round for three or four weeks in what seemed to me a land of wonderful discoveries. I hope it may long remain undiscovered, or at least unruined. The motorcar, however, is doing its worst, even in this remote region.

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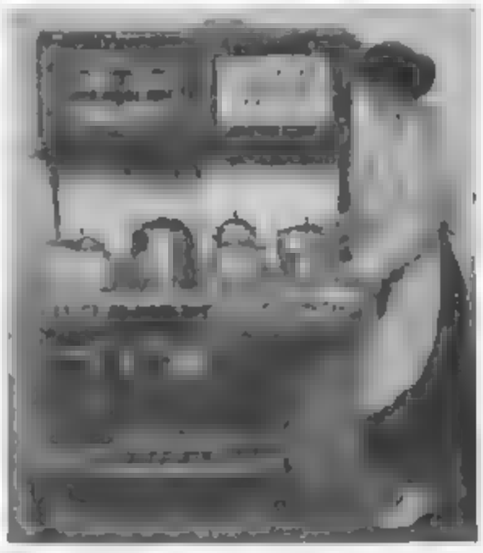

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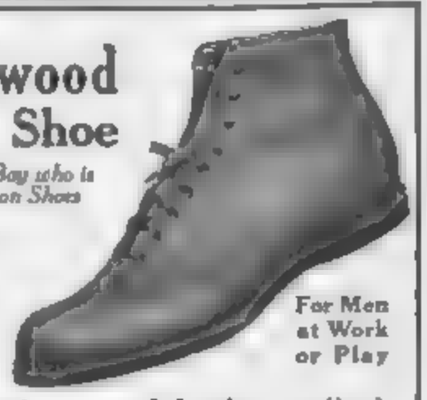

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# THE ALTAR OF FREEDOM

(Continued from Page 6)

and myself if we wanted him to be a quitter. I came to my senses then, and the necessary permission to enlist was signed and sent. Then I sat down and wrote to him, and said we would stand squarely behind him in whatever he did.

Easy? It was the hardest thing I have ever done. But I am glad now. I should never have forgiven him, I think, had he failed his country. But I nearly failed him.

I am finding some things to cheer me. There is, for instance, the knowledge that the scandals of the Southern camps during the Spanish war will not be repeated. There we lost ten boys from disease to every one killed in battle. Think of it! We learned nothing from that war, but we have learned greatly from the war in Europe. There will, we hope, be no cruel and useless waste of life from disease. On the Mexican border there was practically no sickness, although the natural conditions were in favor of it. We have sanitarians now, and water supplies will be watched. The inoculation against typhoid, too, has eliminated the disease, both in the European armies and here.

It is waste that we fear. We are trying to feel, we women, that no cost is too great, when it is needful to preserve our country. But we shall never be reconciled to waste of life through negligence.

I have been to war, and I know this—that men living in fearful surroundings may be kept healthy by proper care. This care is what we demand, those of us who cannot fight but who are bearing our own burdens nevertheless.

One or two things have helped to make our decision hard for us. Perhaps the most important is this: There is no great hatred of the enemy, however much we abominate the things the German government has driven an acquiescent people into doing. We all know Germans here whom we like and respect. We see them, family folk, sober and industrious and God-fearing, all about us. They are not Huns or Vandals. And all the knowledge we have of a nation gone mad to order hardly counteracts the effect of the friendly human contacts of our daily lives with the Germans we know.

We forget that the German we know has come here to escape the very thing that has wrecked the Old World, that in coming to this Land of the Free he has followed an ideal as steadily as back in the fatherland his kindred are following after the false gods of Hate and War. He is German, but he is not Prussian, although he may be Prussian-born.

### *What Women Must Learn*

Then, too, women know too much now of war to enable them to make the sacrifice easily. War has become more than a word. It is become reality, and only its horrors live for them. And so far, but little emphasis has been laid on the great things for which we will fight. We talk in numbers. We stress the fine points of international law. We think of bond issues and submarines and guns—and the women sit and roll bandages and brood, and care little for all these things. Why not something of the real reason for this war, of the hatred for ruthless cruelty, the contempt for our rights, the scorn of the little nations, and of the privilege of helping to bring back to a world that is destroying itself the priceless boon of peace?

How afraid we are of airing our love of our country! How shamefacedly we rise to the national anthem! How many excuses a man will give for going to war, except the fundamental one that he loves his country and is going to stick by her though the heavens fall.

Little boys, these men of ours, hiding their deepest feelings with a jibe!

Some things we women must learn, and now is the time to learn them. Sacrifice is an old story to women. They have always known it. But not sacrifice to an abstract ideal. Sacrifice to an ideal, then. And personal service.

And this personal service, mothers of America, is not rolling bandages for the other woman's son.

That hurts, but it is true. This is no time for evasion. And it is not because I have made my sacrifice that I say it. It is because, unless we all give, unless our army is large enough, those who have failed in their duty are sending the best youth of the country to death. It will be murder.

In return for what we give, we women of America have the right to demand certain things. First of all, we can and must demand time that our boys may be trained. We have taken a long time to go into this war, and because the country would not believe that we must eventually be involved we have lost precious years.

When, almost two years ago, I came back from the war in Europe, I brought with me two convictions. First, that the German government had thrown aside its mask of law and order, and was following war along lines so atrocious that it must be checked or civilization would die. Second, after conferring with men high in the Allied governments, that sooner or later we should inevitably find ourselves involved. It was but a matter of time.

I came home terrified. I tried to talk about it. It seemed to me that we could not sit back unarmed, with only our brave little army, less than a single day's losses in battle over there, and do nothing.

But I was a voice crying in the wilderness. I was not alone, of course, in my wilderness. There were many, but the country heard us not. It listened to Belgium and sent aid. It helped the pathetic little French orphans. It shook its head over the Roll of Honor in the Illustrated London News, and it went to church on Sundays and thanked God we were out of it.

### *No Time for Politics*

An obstructive Legislature, instructed from its constituencies, refused to listen to talk of preparation. The Army tried to get a hearing and the Navy tried, but both failed. It is not the fault of the Democratic Party that we are to-day as we are, although inasmuch as our President is head of the Army and of the Navy it is the Democratic Party which will control the war.

It was, indeed, the staunch old Democrat, Thomas Jefferson, who said:

"We must train and classify the whole of our male citizens and make military instruction a regular part of collegiate education. We can never be safe until this is done."

Later on he went still further:

"I think the truth must be obvious that we cannot be defended but by making every citizen a soldier."

It is the fault of a great people who have forgotten or who have never learned that the world is only one-tenth as large as it was when this Republic was founded. And that, instead of being isolated from this war, the conflict is and has been from its beginning but over the edge of the horizon.

What else must we demand, now that the war beast is creeping closer, when his head is reared above the skyline? What else have we a right to ask, we women who cannot sit in the seats of the mighty but to whom the nation must turn for its soldiers now and in future generations?

We can ask this: This country of ours has been hagridden by politics. We have the right now to demand that party lines be forgotten, and that the nation act as a whole, politically. That the best man serve, regardless of his party.

We must not have a party war. If any man put his party before his country, that man is a traitor. We are no longer Republican or Democrat. We are Americans.

Not until universal service had removed the war in England from party lines was there anything adequate done. Then, and only then, did England begin to put forth her best efforts.

And this again we can ask: We must not have a bureaucrat's war. Civil administration in the field has always failed. War is a highly specialized business, the most highly specialized business in the world. And we who give our best have the right to demand the best. We can have no bungling.

The English Field Marshal, Wolseley, writing of our Civil War as a military expert, said: "The Northern prospects did not begin to brighten until Mr. Lincoln, in March, 1864, with that unselfish intelligence which distinguished him, abdicated his military functions in favor of General Grant."

War is not a thing for amateurs in high places. If our own history means anything to us, if the tragic experience of England has taught us anything, it is that the army in the field should not be a Washington-controlled army, beyond the supplying of men, arms and equipment.


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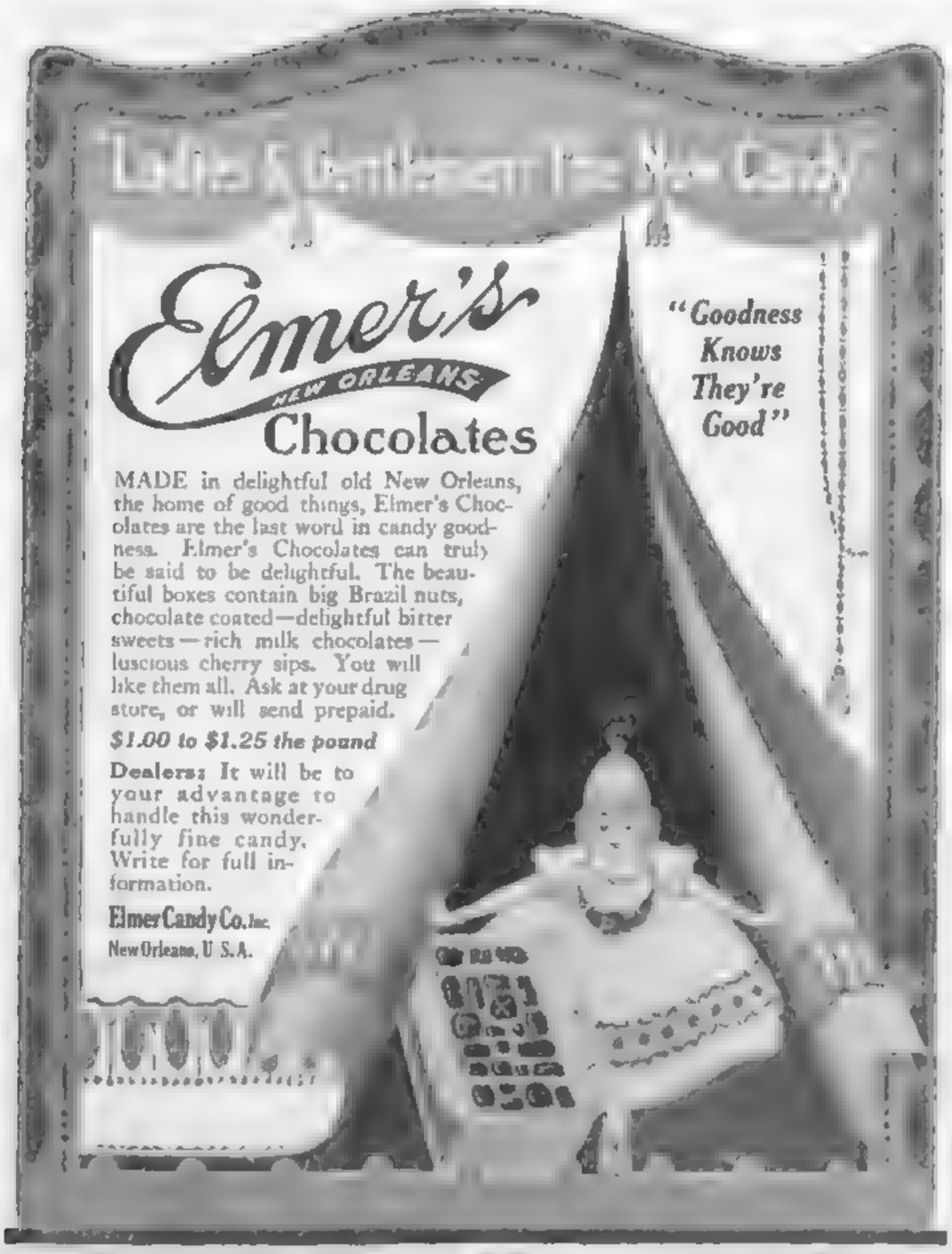

Elmer's
NEW ORLEANS
Chocolates
"Goodness Knows They're Good"
MADE in delightful old New Orleans, the home of good things, Elmer's Chocolates are the last word in candy goodness. Elmer's Chocolates can truly be said to be delightful. The beautiful boxes contain big Brazil nuts, chocolate coated—delightful bitter sweets—rich milk chocolates—luscious cherry sips. You will like them all. Ask at your drug store, or will send prepaid.
$1.00 to $1.25 the pound
Dealers: It will be to your advantage to handle this wonderfully fine candy. Write for full information.
Elmer Candy Co. Inc.
New Orleans, U. S. A.

WINGFOOT

## LAWN HOSE

Over the rose hedge into the pansy bed tumbles the cool, refreshing spray.

Splendid for the flowers—but what for the frock whose dainty white is spattered by lawn hose leaks? And what for the gardening joys to be when summer's sunshine demands a watering daily?

Then is it comforting to have Goodyear Wingfoot Lawn Hose, with never a fretting or soaking. Then does garden freshening and lawn sprinkling indeed become a pleasure.

For never a leak or dribble or kink has Wingfoot Lawn Hose. Active rubber and braided cotton are welded into one seamless unit that will not become hard and crack, yet does not soften and crush.

So well made is Goodyear Wingfoot Lawn Hose that every foot of it is guaranteed against bursting for two whole lawn hose seasons.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON


Do you know what a company commander must do in the day's work? He must enroll and recruit his company to a strength of one hundred and fifty men. He must get them clothed, equipped and fed, and he must keep them clothed, equipped, fed, doctored, sanitated, cheerful and amused. Any woman who has tried to do all of these things for one stirring lad may multiply these by a hundred and fifty, and no maternal instinct to help out, and see that the company commander has a full day even in peacetimes.

Then he has to drill his men, and in war he has to lead them. He must give them every chance for life, if he can. He must die with them if it be necessary. But he must do with them the thing he has been assigned to do.

Is that work for the amateur?

In the Mexican and Civil wars our professional fighters were Indian fighters and frontiersmen, splendid and hardy men accustomed to hardships. But they were not conversant with modern military methods. The result was civilian officers, taken from shops and offices, and the further result, in the Civil War, that a struggle which might have ended in a year took four. But we did not learn anything from that lesson. For we are about to commit again the same folly, from the same necessity.

Then again, we have the right to demand enough time. Because we have wasted two years is no reason for hurry now, when haste means sending our boys untrained against a highly trained enemy.

All this means but one thing to me, a mother. It means time to train our boys and properly equip them. And it means professional military leaders.

### *The Plattsburg Idea*

And this is pertinent now, because what we have done before we may do again. In the Civil War each state was called on for a certain number of regiments. Prominent men then raised these regiments, and they were officered by local civilians. That was not such a hardship then, because our boys were to face other regiments recruited and officered in the same fashion.

But surely we will not do this now. I protest. I want the best, not only for my son but for all the sons who are so valiantly offering themselves. I cannot stand back silent, with the memories I have of what war is, with the death and misery and wanton destruction of Flanders before me, with the scar of the iron heel of Germany on my heart. I protest!

The Plattsburg idea has borne abundant fruit. It has shown three things: First—That individual training cannot be had in less than several months of field service. Second—That organization cannot be had even in a few months. Third—That professional leadership is necessary, as opposed to officers appointed from civil life at the outbreak of hostilities.

You who considered prayerfully the best doctor for your child when he was ill are you going now to place his life in unskilled hands?

This morning I stopped at one of the recruiting stations and talked to the clear-eyed young soldier on duty. They are a fine lot, this little regular army of ours. I like to talk to them. They look me in the eye. Do you remember teaching your little boys to face the world, head up?

He had been seven years in the army. He had one more year, and unless there was a war he was going to quit then. He liked it, but he had done his bit. No, there were not many men applying. Yes, he guessed we would need all we could get.

The American boy is coming in his thousands and tens of thousands. Nothing can hold him back—not danger, not inadequate preparation, not anything under the blue sky where once he sailed his kites and sent up his Fourth of July rockets. Not even the mother he loves.

What are we going to do then, we mothers, when the tumult and the shouting have died and the long wait comes?

We will pray—the churches of France are full of kneeling women—and we will work.

There is no spectacular work for mothers in a war. They cannot drive ambulances, or guide aëroplanes, although they are capable of doing both. There will be no need of the wigwagging that some women are so painfully learning! But they will work for the Red Cross, and they will make up such little packets as only mothers can make—toothbrushes and chocolates and fresh socks and gingerbread, and a Bible and playing cards and cigarettes.

And in between times they will wait, in that quiet that is not peace. That is what millions of women are doing just now, while you are reading this.

There are two wars being waged to-day. One is the war of hate, and one is the war of love. And this last is the bitter war, because it is being fought in women's hearts, between their fears and their patriotism. I know.

And because fear is evil, it will go down to defeat. Women are brave, and mothers are the bravest of all women, for they have faced the Gethsemane of child-bearing. They will not weaken now.

### *Mr. Lincoln's Famous Letter*

Napoleon said "Give me the mothers of France, and I will make France."

So this is how I see the situation to-day, as it affects me and others like me. If I believe in my country, as God knows I do, if I love it, and that too he knows, I must do my little part, my bit.

This the country must know—that women are ready to do their part. Else we are not free women, but slaves. And this the country must know, too—that the women demand that it do its part. The best of preparation, of skill, of guidance, of every sort of provision is what we require and will have.

We will not fail America. Let her not fail us.

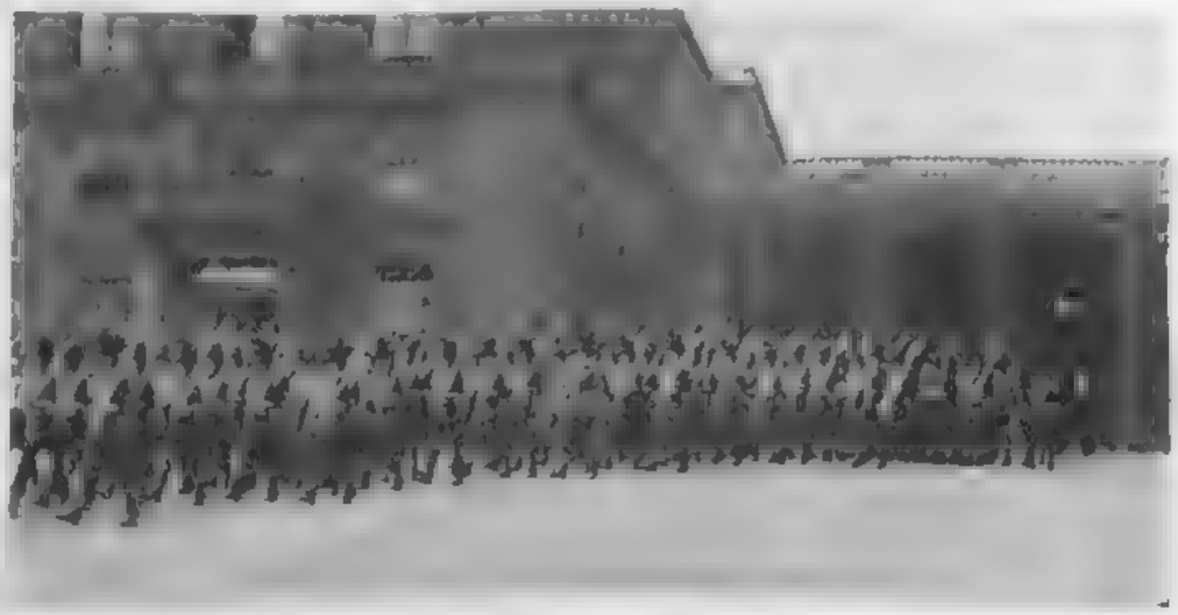
. . . . . .

More than fifty-two years ago an American woman received this letter. It was written to one mother, but it belongs to all mothers, everywhere in the world, who have seen their sons go forth to war and leave behind them those empty places in the heart that are never filled.

EXECUTIVE MANSION
November 21, 1864.

*Dear Madam:* I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,
(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



# *Square dealing and extra miles*

Back of these windows you'll find square dealing and extra miles.

Square dealing, proved by the 30 years' reputation of the Empire Rubber and Tire Co. of Trenton, N. J.

Extra miles, proved on the road by thousands of motorists

The Peerless Red Tube, first made by Empire ten years ago, has never been beaten for long life. Some car owners say you can't wear it out.

The success of the Peerless Tube led Empire to make the first red casing ever built—the famous Empire Red—the tire you see on the finest cars.

No wonder the Empire Tire of today is a thoroughbred.

The same long-tested materials and workmanship, the same individual care and integrity, go into every Empire tire product.

Besides their ability to put extra miles into rubber, the Empire Company have now shown that they can put *extra miles into fabric.*

*Their new exclusive "equal-tension" process gets rid of those weak spots that cause 53% of the blow-outs.*

Come to the Empire Store and let us tell you about it. Let us put one Empire on your car, and soon you'll want Empires on all four wheels—and on the spare.

# The Empire Tire Dealer

# In GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

AT GLACIER NATIONAL PARK refined hotel comforts contrast with Nature's wildest, most tremendous sights.

Come to Glacier for a vacation of big experiences—new sensations.

Its fame is established among tourists who know. Last year thousands more than any previous year scaled its Alpine heights—breathed its wonderful mountain air—fished its tumbling streams—rode by launch on its azure lakes—motored through its pine-laden valleys. Its glaciers are worth a "'cross the continent" trip to see. Modern hotels-in-the-forest and picturesque chalet groups. Tepee camps. Vacations $1 to $5 per day.

Glacier Park is on the main trans-continental line of the Great Northern Railway. An ideal vacation trip is to visit Glacier National Park, the Spokane Country, and the wonderful Lake Chelan Region directly en route to the Pacific Northwest.

## LAKE CHELAN

—in the heart of the Cascade Mountains—is 60 miles long, 2,000 feet deep, surrounded by mountains reaching over 7,000 feet above the lake. A camping tour 'long the shores of this wonder-lake is a great experience. Visit this newly-discovered fishermen's and hunters' paradise. Then go on to Seattle, Tacoma, Puget Sound, Portland, Astoria, Vancouver, Victoria—each with a delightful resort-country of its own—and Alaska.

The twin Palaces of the Pacific—S. S. "Great Northern" and S. S. "Northern Pacific"—three times weekly between Portland, Astoria and San Francisco. Folder on request.

Special round-trip fares to Glacier National Park, to the Pacific Northwest, Puget Sound and Alaska.

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*Recounting the Day's Thrills*

# CIRCUMVENTING WILHELM

Continued from Page 17.

punch! I can't think, Gus; I can't act promptly. I'm out of touch with my times. I remind myself of nothing so much as the old rooster that suddenly discovered he had been elected to furnish the dinner the following Sunday. His hens cackled and called to him that they had found some worms, but he wouldn't pay any attention to them; just leaned up against the wire netting in the poultry yard and said to himself: 'Oh, hell! What's the use? To-day an egg—to-morrow a feather duster!'"

"Don't be pessimistic, Cappy. Don't! It doesn't become you, and I don't believe a word you're telling me. You're still the old he-fox of the world; and I've come to you for help on a deal that's going to mean a whole lot of money to both of us if we can only put it through."

"I'm sorry, Gus, but I'm not interested. As a matter of fact, I've retired."

"Nonsense! Nonsense! I know where there's a beautiful ten-thousand-ton, net register, steel steamer to be bought for three hundred thousand dollars——"

Cappy Ricks threw out an arm and pressed his hand against Redell's mouth.

"Sh-h-h!" he warned. "Sh-h-h! Hush!"

With the agility of a man half his age Cappy ran to the door, bolted it on the inside and returned to his desk. He was rubbing his hands and his eyes were aglow with interest.

"What are you ah-h-h-ing about?" Redell demanded.

"Matt Peasley and that cowardly Skinner. Not a word of this to them, Gus! Not—s—whisper!" And he winked one eye and twisted up the corner of his mouth knowingly. Mr. Redell nodded his promise and Cappy went on: "Now Gus, my dear young friend, start in at the beginning and tell me everything. I assume, of course, that this is real business and not another of your jokes on the old man. Word of honor, Gus?"

"Word of honor, Cappy."

"All right; blaze away! Come, come! What have you got to offer?"

"I have a condition and I offer you a half interest in it if you can suggest a plan to circumvent His Royal Highness, Kaiser Wilhelm——"

"Hum-m-m! Enough!" Cappy interrupted, and turned to the British consul: "This is an international affair, eh? See if I don't state the proposition in a nutshell—if I may be pardoned the bromide. This steamer is a German, and the proposition is to get her under the American flag so firmly that she'll stay there; then, I suppose, we're to charter her to the British Government, or one of Britain's allies—Russia, for instance."

J. Augustus Redell and the British consul exchanged admiring winks.

"What did I tell you, Mister Consul?" Redell declared triumphantly. "Mr. Ricks knows the story before we have told it. And yet he's complaining about the loss of his punch!"

Cappy looked slightly self-conscious; it was plain the compliment pleased him.

"Well, Gus, my boy," he answered, "I have lost my punch, though at that I'm not exactly a pork-and-beaner. Hum-m-m! Ahem! Harumph-h-h! This must be a hard order to fill, Mister Consul, when Gus Redell has to come to me for help. That son of a gun can move faster and go through more obstacles than quicksilver. Gus, what's gone wrong with you? Have you lost your punch too? And at your age?"

"Looks like it, Cappy. I've thought and thought until I'm desperate, and not an idea worth while has presented itself. That's why I've come to you."

"Well, I don't guarantee a cure, my boy. But I'll say this much: If you and I can't put this thing over, then it just isn't putoverable. Fire away, Gus!"

"Have you ever heard of the Steamer Bavarian?"

"Of course! She belongs to Adolph Koenitz and flies the German flag. Since the war started she's been interned down in Mission Bay."

Redell nodded.

"Adolph Koenitz never became an American citizen, despite the fact that he has lived in San Francisco twenty years and operated three steamers out of this port. He was a reserve officer in the German Navy; and when the war broke out he interned his ships, placed his entire estate in his wife's name and reported for duty. He perished in the Battle of Jutland, both his boys were killed at Verdun, and now his widow would like to sell the Bavarian and get some cash. She had a large income from an estate in Germany, but the war has cut that off.

"Also, it appears that Koenitz was rather heavily involved, and the expense of maintaining those interned steamers, with their German crews aboard, has his widow badly worried; in fact, she has reached the point where she finds it necessary to sell one of the steamers in order to hang on to the other two. She has tried to raise a mortgage on the Bavarian, but nobody cares to loan money on an interned German steamer."

"Naturally," Cappy replied sarcastically. "And I'm amazed that you should consider me boob enough to consider seriously buying the same steamer outright! Gus, I'd have about as much use for that steamer as I would have for a tail. Even if I should buy her now, and not use her until the war is over, I should be risking my money; for the German Government, if you remember, issued an order in 1915 forbidding its subjects to sell their interned ships without the consent of the said government. And, even if Mrs. Koenitz can procure the Kaiser's consent, I fail to see the wisdom of tying up three hundred thousand dollars in an idle investment."

"Ah, but under those circumstances she wouldn't be an idle investment."

"Yes, she would, my boy. Great Britain issued an Order in Council in 1914 notifying all neutral nations that she would not sanction the transfer of registry of any German vessel. A few daring devils took a chance—and what happened? The British Navy overhauled the ships at sea and took them into a British port where a British prize court confiscated them. There is the case of the Mazatlan, for instance. She was German owned and flew the German flag; her owner put her under the Mexican flag, and subsequently she was sold at a bargain to one of our neighbors, who put her under American registry. Do you know where the Mazatlan is now? Well, I'll tell you: She's freighting war munitions for Johnny Bull—and our optimistic neighbor isn't collecting the freight money either."

"Quite true, Mr. Ricks; quite true—in ordinary cases," the consul told him smilingly.

"By the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet! I smell a mouse. Hum-m-m! That simplifies matters. We-l-l! If you are in position, Mister Consul, to give me your word of honor as a gentleman and an officer of your king that the British Navy will turn its blind side to the Bavarian when she puts to sea, I'll buy the Bavarian so fast it'll make your head swim. In return for this favor, of course, I am to charter the ship at the going rates to——"

"Our ally, the Russian Government, Mr. Ricks. And you have my word of honor, which is all I can give you; for a deal like this, as you know, cannot be made in writing. I have had the matter up with the Admiralty, however, and permission has been granted me to give the verbal assurance of my government."

"I'll make a finger bet with your government, Mister Consul. As for Kaiser Bill's consent to the transfer—*heraus mit 'em!* We'll get along without that. Wilhelm doesn't cut much ice with me these days and I'm willing to wager the price of the Bavarian that such ice as he does cut will blame' soon melt. Gus, you say Mrs. Koenitz wants to sell?"

"Yes."

"And she doesn't care who buys?"

"Not a particle! She's sore on the Kaiser; it's been thumbs down on Wilhelm ever since Adolph and the boys lost the number of their mess. She says to me: 'Herr Riddle, dot Kaiser orders war like I order beer!' However, there's an 'if' to the transfer. While we know the British Navy will not bother us should we buy the steamer, still enthusiastic Britishers all over the world will have their eyes on the Bavarian and clamor for her capture. Great Britain cannot publicly—or, at least, obviously—make any exceptions to her Order in Council, and we'll have to mess up that steamer's title and nativity to save John Bull's social standing. We must make a bluff at deceiving him. If we can show some sort of legal transfer to another flag J. B. can play blindman's buff with dignity and honor; otherwise nix!"

Cappy Ricks' eyes sought the ceiling.

"Taste The Taste"

"This Will Make A *Gorgeous* 'Spread'!"

MAKE them all jealous! And make them all *delighted*, too! Delighted with the "taste tantalizing"—the taste of Underwood Deviled Ham—none of these easily prepared dishes.

"SPREAD" No. 1
Deviled Ham "College" Sandwiches
Creamed Oysters — Stuffed Olives
Nut Cake — Chocolate
*"College" Sandwiches:* Spread thin slices of freshly made toast with *Underwood Deviled Ham*. Make into sandwiches and top with layer of mayonnaise spread with chopped whites of hard-boiled eggs. Decorate with gherkins cut into little fans.

"SPREAD" No. 2
Deviled Ham Rarebit
Peanut Butter Sandwiches
Little Cakes — Tea — Sweet Pickles
*Deviled Ham Rarebit:* Melt in double boiler grated cheese in chafing dish; add [illegible] beaten; small can *Underwood Deviled Ham*; salt to taste, small cayenne pepper. Stir chicken and serve on toast.

"SPREAD" No. 3
Deviled Ham "Club" Sandwiches
Celery Stuffed with Cheese
Fruit Cake — Coffee — Salted Peanuts
[illegible] Spread thin slices of *Underwood Deviled Ham*. Lay on [illegible] lettuce leaves and a little chopped onion.

A BOOK of IDEAS "GOOD TASTES FOR GOOD TIMES"

Send for it. It's free. Contains the famous Little Red Devil Recipes and new suggestions for parties, picnics, "spreads" and everyday meals—new salads, sandwiches, scallops, omelets, etc. Or send 20c for can of Underwood Deviled Ham to try. Makes 12 to 24 sandwiches. Please remember to mention your grocer's name when you write and, if possible, say whether he sells Underwood—most grocers do. Ask your grocer today.

WILLIAM UNDERWOOD COMPANY
52 Fulton Street — Boston, Mass.

*Makers of Underwood Deviled Chicken, Tongue, Turkey and*
UNDERWOOD
Deviled Ham
*"Branded with the Devil but Fit for the Gods"*

20 years from now

Will the roof you are putting on today still be giving satisfaction in 1937?

Will you be ready then to say: *"This roof has never cost me one cent for repairs"?*

It's worth money to you to know the answer!

Many RU-BER-OID roofs laid previous to 1896 are still giving good service and have never needed repairs.

Genuine RU-BER-OID contains no sand, tar, paper, wood fibre, or any other substance that will crack, run, rot, warp, rust or leak.

Made in Slate Gray, Tile Red and Copper Green. Your dealer will show you samples and quote prices.

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568 Woolworth Building, New York
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Also makers of Ru-ber-oid Shingles and Impervite Waterproofing for Concrete
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[illegible]
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Building a Poultry House
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Building Your Own Garage
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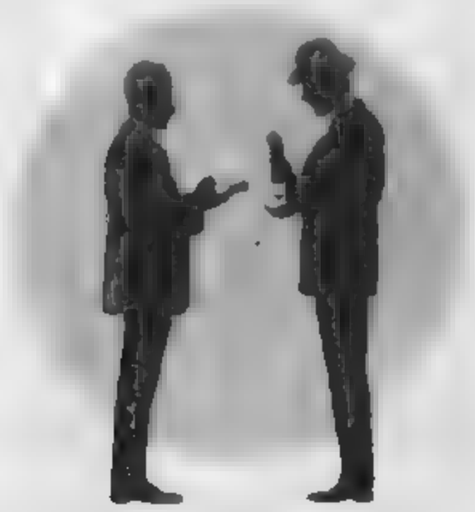
Saving Roofs
Waterproof Cellars and Stucco

Pronounced "RU" as in RUBY
RU-BER-OID
ROOFING
COSTS MORE—WEARS LONGER
THE STANDARD PAINT COMPANY

Look for the "Ru-ber-oid Man" on every roll of genuine Ru-ber-oid



It takes more than good intentions to build *real worth* into moderate-priced clothes. The Clothcraft Shops specialize in this one grade of clothing.

Methods have been perfected, speed increased, cost cut down until now Clothcraft Clothes—scientifically tailored, and ready-to-wear—yield the utmost in fit, looks and wear that can be given men and young men at moderate prices.

CLOTHCRAFT
Clothes $12 to $25

SERGE SPECIALS
"5130" Blue, $16.50
"6130" Gray, $16.50
"4130" Blue, $20.00
"3130" Gray, $20.00

Made by
The Joseph & Feiss Co
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THE CLOTHCRAFT STORE
IN YOUR TOWN

PURE as its whiteness suggests — refreshing in its cleansing qualities — there is more than ordinary satisfaction in the use of

FAIRY SOAP
*for toilet and bath*

Skillfully made of the choicest materials, Fairy Soap offers — for 5 cents a cake — *quality* which cannot be excelled at any price.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

"What have I done to deserve this?" he demanded of an invisible Presence. "Why am I afflicted thus? Job had his boils; but you and I, Augustus, are covered with a financial rash, bleeding at every pore, and with no relief in sight."

"I told you this was a tough one, Cappy. I've pondered the situation until my brain is addled like a last year's nest egg, and finally I've come to you as a last resort. If you can't cook up an airtight scheme, then there is no help; and I'm going to forget the Bavarian and attend to some business more profitable and less debilitating."

"There must be an out, Gus. It's too good a thing to abandon. Suppose you and the consul go away and give me time to concentrate my thoughts on this problem. It's a holy terror; but—— Well, I've seen dogs almost as sick as this one cured."

"God bless you!" Mr. Redell murmured fervently. "Consul, let us depart and leave Mr. Ricks to himself. Call me up, Cappy, when you see a ray of light. Two heads are better than one, you know, though mine isn't much good just now."

When his visitors had gone Cappy Ricks gave orders that he was not to be disturbed on any pretext whatever. Then he locked himself in, swung his legs to the top of his desk, slid low in his chair until he rested on his spine, bowed his head on his breast and closed his eyes. The battle was on.

One hour later J. Augustus Redell entered breathlessly in response to a telephonic invitation from Cappy.

"Gus," the latter began, "am I right in assuming that you possess a reasonable amount of influence with that hair-trigger partner of yours, Live Wire Luiz?" Redell nodded. "And is Luiz absolutely trustworthy? Will he stay put and keep his mouth closed?"

"He is my partner, Cappy. He's mercurial, but a gentleman. I'd trust him with my life, and I always trust him with my bank roll. He requires no watching."

"Good! Gus, send Live Wire Luiz down to Guaymas and have him incorporate the North and South American Steamship Company there, under the extremely flexible and evershifting laws of the Republic of Mexico. Luiz is a Peruvian and speaks Spanish, and knows the Mexican temperament. He can easily procure three Mexicans to act as a dummy board of directors; his own name, of course, for obvious reasons, must never appear in connection with this company. A thousand dollars ought to cover this Mexican expense."

"Consider that point attended to, Cappy."

"Fine! Now then, when this corporate vehicle is in running order and has opened an office in Guaymas, Live Wire Luiz will write your company, The West Coast Trading Company, saying that his company has been referred to you by some mutual friends in Guaymas. Of course Luiz doesn't sign this letter. It is signed by the North and South American Steamship Company, per the dummy secretary or president. The letter goes on to say that the latter company is in the market for a steamer, the general specifications of which, singularly enough, fit the Bavarian. The vessel is to be used for transporting troops up and down the west coast of Mexico and for freighting munitions from Japan; and in a delicate way it might be hinted that the de facto Mexican Government is the real buyer. A commission of five per cent is offered you for buying the vessel for them, said commission to be split fifty-fifty with the North and South American Steamship Company; this being the Mexican way of doing business, as you know."

"Consider that matter attended to also. I'll write the letter myself before Luiz starts for Guaymas, so I'll be certain the job will be done exactly right."

"As soon as you receive this letter you get busy and wire the North and South American Steamship Company that you have just the vessel they want, price three hundred thousand dollars. Live Wire Luiz will then cause a reply to that telegram to be sent, advising you that his clients would not balk at paying half a million! That, of course, is hint enough for you. Right away you see the old Mexican graft sticking out, and you say to yourself 'Why not?' And you do! You reply to that telegram, saying you erred when naming the price in your first telegram; that it is five hundred thousand instead of three. Then you come down to me and I hand you three hundred thousand dollars in gold or currency; for in such a transaction as this, checks, with their indorsements, provide a trail that may prove embarrassing. You take that money and deposit it in escrow in any local bank against a bill of sale of the Bavarian from Mrs. Koenitz to the North and South American Steamship Company, of Guaymas, Mexico. Before doing so, however, have Mrs. Koenitz place the vessel under Mexican registry. She can do that through the Mexican consul for the de facto government; and when the bill of sale is turned over to you, record it promptly with the Mexican consul. Later you will record it in Mexico.

"The vessel is now the property of the North and South American Steamship Company, and the North and South American Steamship Company is the property of Cappy Ricks and the West Coast Trading Company, per Señor Felipe Luiz Almeida. But we must never admit this. To have the North and South American Steamship Company transfer the vessel to us would be very coarse work indeed; so we must avoid that."

"How?"

"I'll get to that presently. The steamer is now in our possession, and you will already have notified her German skipper and crew to hunt a new residence. You will then put an American skipper in charge and ship American engineers and a crew of parrakeets; and on the very day the sale is consummated, just before the customhouse closes, have the skipper clear the vessel for Guaymas and put to sea that night. Since she carries no cargo the collector of the port will not stop you; the risk of going to sea is all our own—if we care to take it.

"The next day the newspaper boys will be hot on the trail. An interned German merchantman has suddenly transferred to Mexican registry and put to sea! Now! Inquiry at the customhouse and at the Mexican consulate shows that the vessel has been sold, and the trail leads straight to the office of the West Coast Trading Company. You are interviewed—and say nothing; and that day, when I appear on 'Change, these baffled journalists drive me into a corner and ask me what I think about it. And I'll tell them it's just another case of the lowly Mexican peon being hornswoggled by the foxy Americano. The Mexicans wanted a ship and asked the American to buy one for them. He did—only he forgot to tell them she was a German. She was such a good buy they snapped her up without asking questions, though in all probability the poor devils had no knowledge of Kaiser Wilhelm's edict that no German ships shall be sold without the consent of the German Government. I will say that it looks to me as if the ancient rule of *caveat emptor* applied, and that the Mexicans are stung and have no comeback. Then, again, it may be a shrewd German trick to put something over.

"Well, they make a snorting story out of what I give them: the frau's friends read it and think she's done something smart. Nobody feels sorry for a Mexican. Next morning you come out with a blast of righteous indignation and admit that you cannot or will not deny that the vessel was sold to parties representing the de facto Mexican Government. You deny, however, that you sold them a pig in a poke; and the papers print a copy of your letter to the North and South American Steamship Company specifically advising them that the vessel was a German and liable to prove an embarrassment. This, of course, clears you, and the blame for the graft is placed where it belongs—on the shoulders of the North and South American Steamship Company, which has deliberately stung the de facto government!"

"Cappy," said J. Augustus Redell admiringly, "you're immense!"

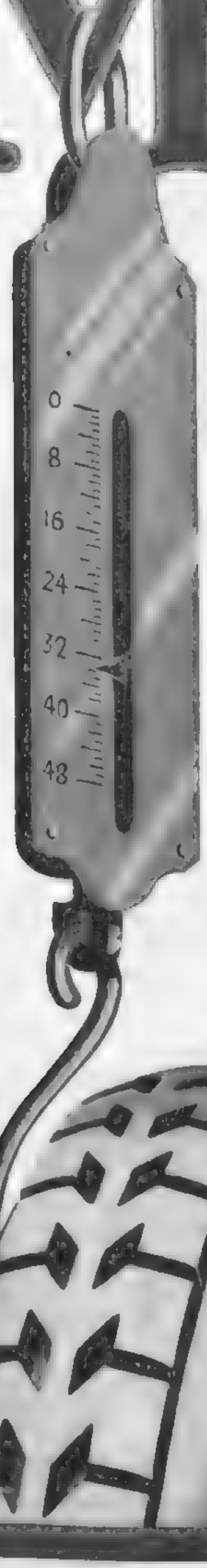
"I accept the nomination. Upon her arrival in Guaymas the Bavarian's name is changed to La Golondrina, or Sobre las Olas, or Mañana, or Poco Tiempo—whatever's right. I think we may safely gamble that she will arrive in Guaymas in the light of what the British consul told us; and, in view of her departure unannounced, no British warship on the West Coast can get so far north as Guaymas in time to intercept her.

"Well, having changed her name, she picks up a general cargo and comes back to San Francisco, where she goes on dry dock and is cleaned and painted, has her boilers scaled and some new tubes put in, has her gear overhauled, fills up with fuel oil and stores, and —— But that's enough. Now comes the blow-off.

"Strange to relate, you haven't received a cent of that five-per-cent commission due

(Continued on Page 45)

# MICHELIN

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Why? you ask. Simply because these unequalled tires contain *more* quality rubber and fabric than other makes.

You can prove this for yourself by having your dealer weigh a Michelin Universal Tread in comparison with other non-skids. You will find the Michelin weighs from 12 to 15% heavier than the average.

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# Ask Your Dealer to Demonstrate This Remarkable Range

You women who like to be known for your *good cooking*—and you men who enjoy an appetizing, home-cooked meal should at once investigate this really remarkable 3-fuel range—the Universal *Combination*—

—A range that offers you every *convenience* of the best *gas* stove and in addition the incomparable baking qualities of the finest *coal* range.

*Automatic Fuel Control. A Twist of the Wrist Changes from Gas to Coal and Vice Versa*

# Universal Combination Range

Saves space—saves steps, time, labor and inconvenience—preserves your temper—helps to make the things you cook or bake come out *right*—does away with chilly kitchens in winter—and hot ones in summer—and gives you every cooking facility.

Two ranges in *one*—a gas range and a coal and wood range—all at the *price* of *one*—yet the simplest combination range ever put on the market.

### No Parts to Change When Changing Fuels!

A simple twist of the wrist on the patented fuel-control key (see illustration) instantaneously makes the oven ready for gas. A reverse turn again prepares it for coal fuel. No other operation necessary!

And you can use coal (or wood) and gas *both* at the *same time* whenever desired. Unparalleled simplicity—remarkable convenience—and most economical. Saves fuel as well as labor.

*Compact, complete.* Has four coal lids and four gas burners all on top, a full-size 18-inch oven with spring-balanced oven door, an oven thermometer and many other modern improvements, including porcelain enamel sanitary features. The crowning achievement of 50 years of leadership.

Durably made—superbly finished—resplendent in rust-proof silver-nickel—a range that will give years of service. Several styles. Furnished in Sanitary Blue or Black Porcelain Enamel, if desired. Easy to clean with soap and water—eliminates blackening.

Sold for cash or on easy payments by leading merchants everywhere—and fully guaranteed. See demonstration at your dealer's store. But first,

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fully illustrating and fully describing this range. A book of remarkable interest—one that every woman eager to lessen her kitchen labors, should READ. It's *free*. With book goes name of Cribben & Sexton dealer who'll give demonstration. Write *today*.

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UNIVERSAL STOVES AND FURNACES

**· UNIVERSAL ·**

**STOVES · RANGES · FURNACES**

*The Quality Line*

(Continued from Page 42)

you from the North and South American Steamship Company for buying the Bavarian for them. The issue is in dispute. They claim you are not entitled to any commission, because you stung them with a German vessel; and you claim you told them she was a German, but that they needed her so badly they would take a chance. Also, the fact that she went to sea that time in such a hurry, and forgot to pay for her fuel oil and stores, looks rather suspicious; so, when the vessel comes off dry dock, with about ten thousand dollars' worth of bills against her, you decide to protect your claim for the commission—and, by the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet, Gus, you libel her! The news breaks into the papers, and next day every creditor of the ship files a libel on her, also, to protect his claim. Gus, she'll have so many plasters on her she'll look like a German coming home from the war."

J. Augustus Redell leaped from his chair and picked little Cappy Ricks up in his arms and hugged him.

"Oh, Cappy! Cappy!" he yelled. "You're a rock in a weary land a cup of cool water in the suburbs of hell!"

"Are you hep?" Cappy gurgled.

"Does a cat eat liver? Cappy, you've solved the problem! Naturally the North and South American Steamship Company does not directly, or indirectly, make any attempt to lift these libels and get the vessel to sea. Why? I'll tell you—or, rather, I'll tell the newspaper boys and they'll tell everybody. It will appear that as soon as the Mexican consul here got an inkling of the apparent plan of the North and South American Steamship Company, of Guaymas, to sting Don Venustiano Carranza by slipping him a steamer with a clouded title, he must have wired Don Venustiano to round up the directors of the said company and give them the *ley fuga*. Fortunately for these culprits, however, they got next in time to get out from under. Mounting swift steeds, the entire board of directors fled north and east, never pausing until they had joined Pancho Villa; and we learn from some Border gossips that all three subsequently were killed in action. But, before leaving Guaymas, they left their tangled steamship affairs in the hands of their attorney ——"

"Nothing doing, Gus! They left their tangled steamship affairs in the hands of my attorney, and they gave him an absolute, ironclad, airtight power of attorney to sell the ship, receive and receipt for all money due the company, and so on, and so on, ad libitum, ad infinitum; said power of attorney being nonrevocable for five years."

"Great stuff! In due course the libelants sue in the United States District Court; your attorney appears for the defendants and confesses judgment, but pleads for a ten-day stay of execution until he can raise a mortgage on the vessel. But, strange to relate, the ten-day stay expires and the judgments against the steamer are not paid; so the judge of the United States District Court orders the steamer sold at public auction on the floor of the Merchants' Exchange to the highest bidder, to satisfy the claims of the creditors. Thirty days later the United States Marshal conducts the sale, and Monsieur le Capitaine Ricks buys her in. The United States Marshal gives the said Ricks a bill of sale for her, which the said Ricks thereupon records in the United States Customhouse, and ——"

"*Und Hoch der Kaiser! Und Hoch der* John J. Bull! We've finally got that clear American title we're looking for. Savvy the burro, Gus? It makes no difference what the nationality of a vessel is; the minute she enters the territorial waters of the United States of America she is amenable to the laws of the United States of America, one of which reads thusly: 'Thou shalt pay thy bills; and if thou dost not, then *poco tiempo* thou shalt be made to pay them, even unto the seizure and sale of thy ship.' And with the purchase of that ship, under an order of sale issued by the United States District Court, she becomes a United States ship; we register her as such; and the United States simply has to stand back of the bill of sale it gave us. Germany knows that; England knows it; Austria knows it; and from the jackstaff of the late Bavarian, now renamed the Alden M. Peasley, in honor of my first grandson, there floats ——"

J. Augustus Redell raised his index finger, enjoining silence:

"Now then! One, two, three! Down, left, up!

*"O-ho, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,*
*What so-ho pro-houdly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?"*

Cappy Ricks sprang to attention. Presently, through the partition, his cracked old voice reached Mr. Skinner:

*"Then conquer we must, when our cause is so just;*
*And this be our motto: 'May we nev-er go bust!'"*

"What's doing here?" Mr. Skinner demanded, banging at the door, which was locked.

"Go way back and sit down!" Cappy shrilled. "I'll show you and Matt Peasley where to head in, yet—see if I don't!"

III

CAPPY RICKS and J. Augustus Redell arrived at the Merchants' Exchange promptly at one o'clock on the date of the sale of the S. S. General Carranza, as the Bavarian was now called. Just inside the door they paused and looked at each other.

"Whe-e-e-ew!" murmured Cappy Ricks. "All the shipping men in the world are here to bid on our property, Gus."

Mr. Redell whistled softly. "This," he said, "will be some auction!"

Cappy chuckled.

"There is only one thing that a shipping man in this country has more respect for than an Order in Council—and that is an Order in the United States District Court!"

"Naturally. It's backed up by our army and navy."

"By the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet, somebody's sporting blood is going to be tested to-day; and something tells me, Augustus, my dear young friend, that it's going to be Matt Peasley's."

"What makes you think so, Cappy?"

Again Cappy chuckled.

"Having used German methods to bring about this auction sale," he confessed. "I concluded to steal a little more of this Teutonic stuff; so I established a system of espionage in Skinner's office and another in Matt Peasley's. Gus, I got a lot of low-down information on those two young pups; they're trying to slip something over on the old dog."

"Well, they'll never teach him any new tricks, Cappy."

"You know it! I observe that, as usual, Jim Searles will conduct the auction. He's climbing up on the block now, and, by the Toenails of Moses, Matt Peasley is on the job! Look, Gus! You can see his black head sticking up out of the heart of the riot."

As Cappy and Redell joined the crowd Jim Searles, by acclamation the auctioneer of the Port of San Francisco, rapped smartly with his little gavel, and a tense silence settled over the crowd.

"This," Mr. Searles announced, "will be a fight to a finish, winner take all. In accordance with an order of the United States District Court I am about to sell, at public auction, to the highest bidder, the Mexican Steamship General Carranza, ex-German Steamship Bavarian, to satisfy the following judgments: Mr. J. Augustus Redell ——"

"Cut it out!" roared Matt Peasley. "We've all read the list of creditors, and you're only gumming up the game. Come down to business, Jim."

"Good boy, Peasley! Sure! Cut it out, Jim! Get busy!" A dozen voices seconded Captain Matt Peasley's motion and Jim Searles rapped for order.

"How much am I offered?" he cried.

"One million dollars!" roared Matt Peasley.

On the fringe of the eager crowd Cappy Ricks leaned up against his friend Redell and commenced to laugh.

"The young scoundrel!" he chortled. "He never said a word to me about this auction; he was afraid I'd butt in and block his purchase; so, for his impudence, I'll teach him a lesson he'll never forget. Bid, Gus! Bet 'em as high as a hound's back."

"Captain Matt Peasley, representing the Blue Star Navigation Company, bids one million dollars. Chicken feed! Won't some real sport please tilt the ante?" Jim Searles pleaded. "Don't waste my time, gentlemen. It's valuable. Let's get this thing over and go back to our offices."

"One million five hundred thousand!" called J. Augustus Redell.

"I called for a sport and drew a piker," Jim Searles retorted. "Mr. J. Augustus


Purity Cross Welsh Rarebit

*Mr. "Rabbit" of Sportland is Here!*

*Purity Cross Welsh Rarebit!* A true "Rabbit," a ready "Rabbit," a pure "Rabbit," a *sure* "Rabbit,"—always smooth in texture and saucy in flavor.

It is ready to heat and serve in every detail of its smooth golden perfection, without any additions whatsoever.

*Purity Cross Welsh Rarebit* is made by the same master Chef who prepares PURITY CROSS CREAMED CHICKEN À LA KING, and in the same snow-white kitchen. It contains the finest of materials known in the making of a Welsh Rarebit.

Keep a supply on hand, you will appreciate the convenience. Your nearest good grocer has it for you this very day.

**20c and 35c**
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Or send us $1.15 or $2.00 per half dozen respectively sizes (in Canada $1.45 or $2.85) delivery prepaid if you mention your best grocer's name.

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Frantz Premier ELECTRIC CLEANER

HAVE one sent home to your wife. Surprise her! It will be a good stroke of *thoughtfulness* that she'll remember for long. A quarter million housewives enjoy the daily help of the Frantz Premier. Compare it with other cleaners for lightness.

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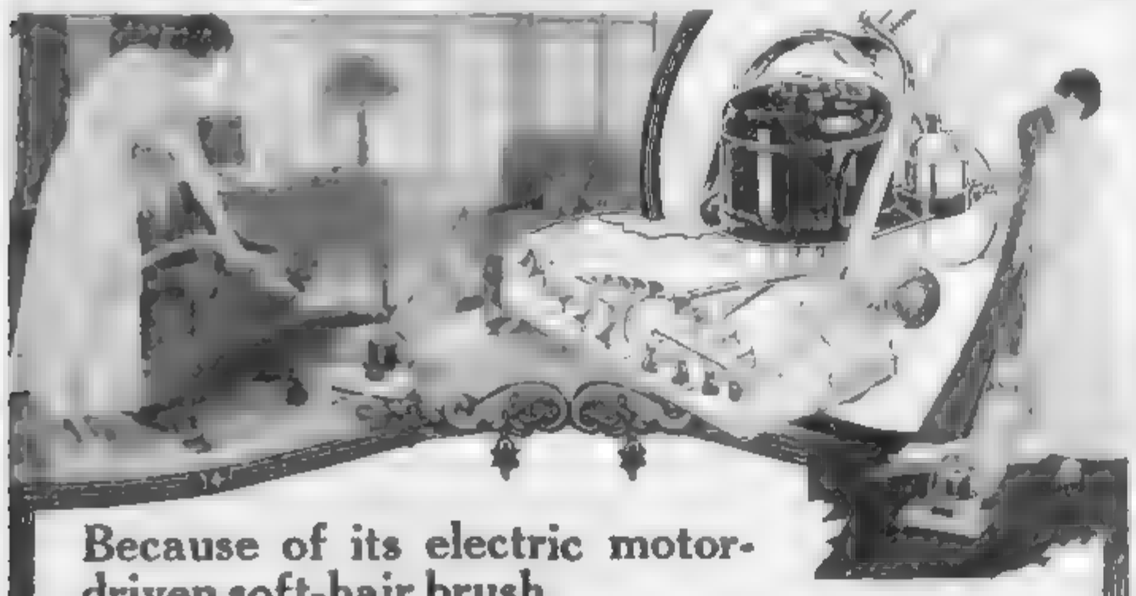

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(1) Pick up and remove ALL threads, lint, hairs, etc., no matter how *stubbornly* they cling to the nap.

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Write for **"How to Choose a Vacuum Cleaner."** Only the HOOVER has the [illegible] hair. Hence the Hoover [illegible] ALL THE DIRT [illegible] DIFFERENCES between the Hoover [illegible] Read it before [illegible] name of nearest Hoover dealer. Use

**The Hoover Suction Sweeper Co., Box 22, New Berlin, Ohio**

THE HOOVER *electric* SUCTION SWEEPER

Redell, of the West Coast Trading Company, bids a million and a half."

Young Dalton Mann, representing the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, raised his hand and snapped his fingers at the auctioneer.

"And a hundred thousand!" he shouted.

"And a hundred thousand!" Matt Peasley retorted.

"And fifty thousand!" Mann flung back at him.

Matt Peasley eyed his antagonist belligerently.

"That's doing very well for a young fellow," Searles complimented the last bidder. "Skipper Peasley, are you going to let this landlubber outgame you? He has bid a million and three-quarters. Think of the present high freight rates and speak up, or remain forever silent."

The bidding had so suddenly and by such prodigious bounds reached the elimination point that every piker present was afraid to open his mouth in the presence of these plungers. Matt Peasley licked his lips and glanced round rather helplessly. He knew he had about reached the limit of his bidding, but he suspected that Mann had reached his also.

"And ten thousand!" he shouted desperately.

"Cheap stuff! Cheap stuff!" the crowd jeered good-naturedly.

Cappy Ricks nudged J. Augustus Redell as Mann waved his hand in token of surrender. "One million seven hundred and sixty thousand I am offered," the auctioneer intoned. "Any further bids?" He waited a full minute; then resorted to three minutes of cajolery, but in vain. There were no more bids.

Jim Searles raised his hammer.

"Going—once!" he called—and waited. "Going—twice!" Another pause. "Going ——"

"Two million dollars!" cried J. Augustus Redell; and a sigh went up from the excited onlookers.

"Ah! Mr. Redell is a sport, after all! Two million, flat!" Searles looked down on Matt Peasley. "Die, dog, or eat the meat ax!" he warned that unhappy young man.

"Let him have her," Matt growled; and, very red of face, he commenced to shoulder his way through the crowd.

"Beat it, Cappy; he's coming!" Redell warned the president emeritus.

Cappy Ricks, dodging round the flank of the crowd, fled through the side entrance of the Merchants' Exchange; and he was tranquilly smoking a cigar in his private office when Matt Peasley dropped in on him an hour later. Cappy eyed him coldly.

"Is Skinner back from luncheon?" he demanded. Matt nodded. "Tell him to come in here. I want to see him," Cappy continued ominously. "And you might stick round yourself."

Mr. Skinner made his appearance.

"Close the door," Cappy commanded.

Mr. Skinner looked a little startled and surprised, but promptly closed the door.

"You wanted to see me, Mr. Ricks?" he queried.

Cappy Ricks edged forward until he was seated on the extreme edge of his chair Then he rested a hand on each knee, bent his head, and glared at the unhappy Skinner over the rims of his glasses. After thirty seconds of this scrutiny he turned to his son-in-law.

"Well," he said, "I hear you've been attending an auction sale and making a star-spangled monkey of yourself bidding a million seven hundred and sixty thousand dollars on that Mexican steamer. Matt, have you taken leave of your senses?"

"No, sir—not quite; but Gus Redell has. He bought her in for two million dollars. Of course he was acting for somebody else, because every cent he has is working overtime in the West Coast Trading Company."

"Oh!" Cappy murmured. "Then you didn't get her, after all?"

"No, sir! So perhaps you'd better not holler until you're hit." Matt sighed. "By Neptune," he declared, "I'd give a cooky to know the name of the crazy man who paid two million dollars for that steamer!"

"Behold the lunatic, Matt! Grandpa Ricks, in his second childhood! Gus Redell was bidding for me, sonny."

Matt Peasley sat down rather limply and stared at the president emeritus.

"Cappy," he said presently, "you sent a boy to do a man's work. I had the boat bought for a million seven hundred and sixty thousand! For heaven's sake, why didn't you tell me you wanted her? And I would have laid off. For the love of heaven, why did you go bidding against me?"

"Why didn't you tell me you wanted her, you big simp?" Cappy retorted. "You never said a word to me; and naturally Redell thought you were acting for somebody else. He had orders from me to get her and damn the cost—and he fulfilled his orders."

"A comedy of errors, truly!" Mr. Skinner observed witheringly.

Matt Peasley raised his huge arms and clenched his great fists in agony.

"Oh, Cappy! Cappy!" he pleaded. "Won't you please retire? You're just raising hell with the organization!"

"All right, Matt; I'll retire. But, before I do, I'm going to give Skinner a piece of my mind. Skinner, what the devil do you mean by going up to the Marine National Bank and borrowing a million dollars on the credit of the Ricks Lumber and Logging Company? I admit I have given you entire charge of the lumber end, and you were quite within your rights when you negotiated the loan and signed the note as president; but how did it happen that you didn't consult with the old man, if only as a matter of common courtesy?"

"I—I—that is, I—well, I didn't mean to be discourteous, Mr. Ricks. Oh, I wouldn't have you think, sir ——"

"No; you'd have me be a dummy if you could. Why, you almost put the skids under me; because, when I went up to the Marine National to make a little personal loan in a spirit of preparedness, I discovered that the loan you had been given on my assets had jazzed my personal credit all to glory! I used to be able to borrow a million dollars on my bare note; but I'll be shot if they didn't make me dig up a lot of collateral this time! Skinner, I wouldn't have thought that of you. After trusting you as I have done for a quarter of a century, to find you giving me the double-cross just about breaks my heart. Great Godfrey, Skinner, how could you be so false to me? I expect that sort of thing from Matt—those one loves the best always swat one; but from you —— Skinner, I don't know what prevents me from demanding your resignation here and now, unless it be because of your previous splendid character and loyal service."

"Oh, Mr. Ricks, Mr. Ricks!" Poor Skinner held up his hands appealingly and commenced to weep. "Please do not think ill of me. I swear ——"

"You loaned the Ricks Lumber and Logging Company's million dollars to Matt Peasley to help buy that steamer for the Blue Star Navigation Company; and he, the son of a pirate, went to work and borrowed it from you, well knowing he had no business to do so. What are you paying the Marine National for that money?"

"Five per cent," Skinner sniffled, for his heart was broken.

"What are you soaking the Blue Star Navigation Company for it?"

"Six," Skinner confessed miserably.

"That's all right, Skinner, my boy. Cheer up! I forgive you. That little profit of one per cent saves your bacon, boy. I guess there's some good left in you still; and I'm happy to have this evidence that, though I own both companies, you have not forgotten you are responsible for the profit-and-loss account of one of them, and Matt Peasley for the other. You did quite right to claim that one per cent jerk from Matt. Business is business!"

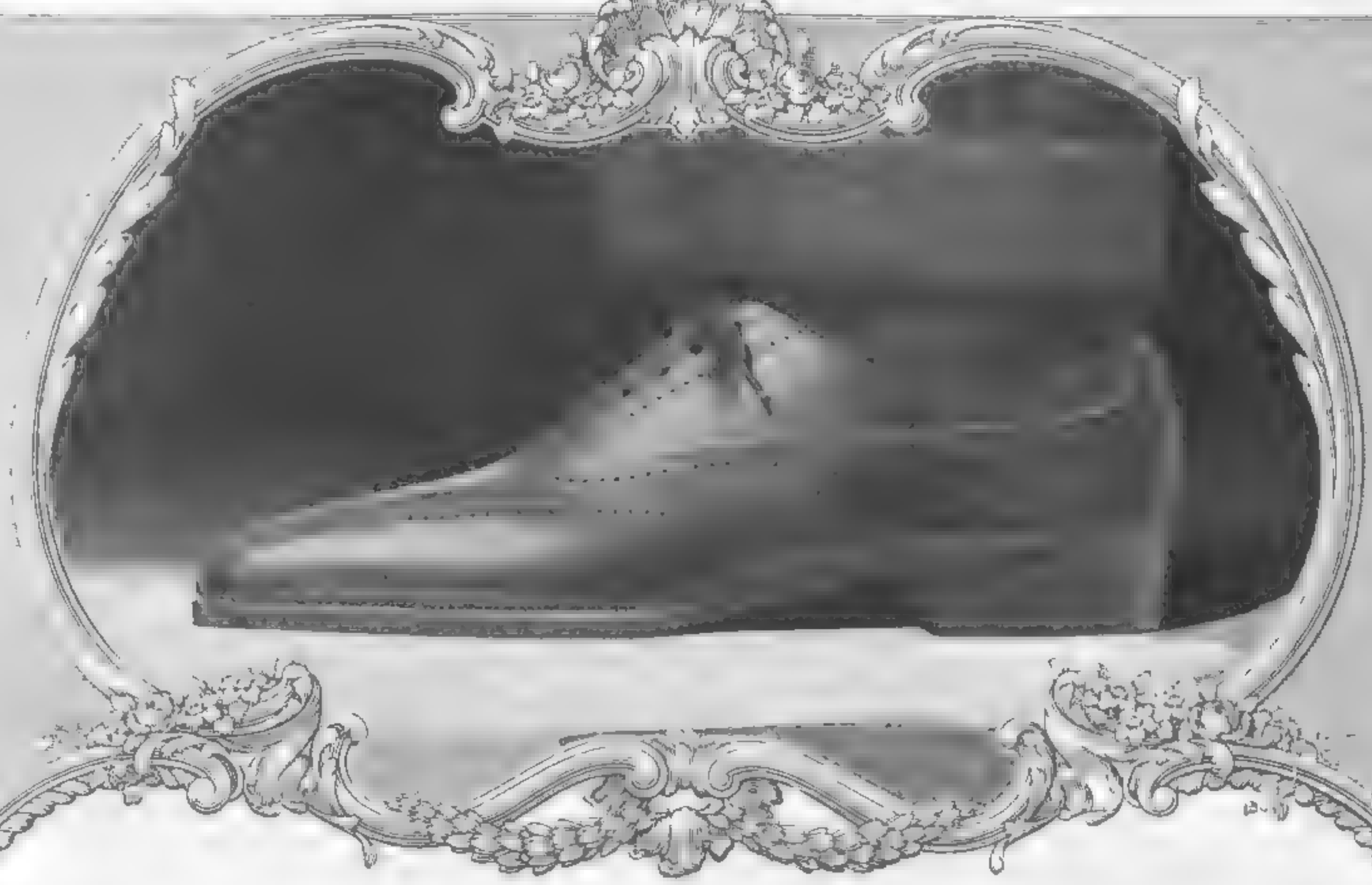
"Yes, you bet it is!" Matt Peasley struck in. "And I want you to lay off on Skinner, because what he did was done in fear and trembling, and under duress. We were both afraid you'd block the purchase; so we agreed to keep our plans secret from you, because —— Well, somehow I did want that bully big boat the very worst way."

"And that's exactly the way you set about getting her, Matthew. However, you're young—you don't know any better; so I forgive you. Of course I realized you wanted that steamer, boy. I knew your heart was set on seeing our house flag floating from her maintruck; so I —— Well, I just thought I'd get her for you, to sort of square myself for those two bonehead plays I pulled earlier in the year."

"Oh, but you shouldn't have paid two millions for her, Cappy! Business is one thing and sentiment is another."

"Why, I didn't pay any such price for her! Originally I bought her, as a German, for three hundred thousand dollars; in addition to that I've spent about ten thousand dollars improving her, and maybe five

(Concluded on Page 69)



# What Can You Know Looking in a Window or Taking a Shoe in Your Hand

YOU like to see a good-looking shoe—a well-dressed foot. You like the feel of good leather—firm, pliant, glovey—a leather that tones with wear and with proper shoemaking keeps its shape.

Some leathers are dry and brittle; others too soft and spongy. But these inside conditions are hidden under the finish of the shoe.

Many of these things the experienced Shoe Dealer cannot tell. What can you know, looking in a window or taking a shoe in your hand?

What is he to do? You go on "looks"; he buys in order to sell.

Take the ordinary dry-pickled hides—hard as a board. No amount of working or pounding, of oiling and dressing, will put life back in that leather.

Many a split cow-hide, filled and coated with wax and finish, is masquerading as fine leather. You see it in the windows and the bargain ads of the sort of store that "saves you money" by "maintaining the old prices."

Good leather has doubled in price. But, unfortunately, paying double price does not insure your getting good leather.

What you really get depends on the Maker of the shoe.

These are difficult times for the manufacturer in any line who feels his responsibility to the public. Far from taking advantage of conditions, he is trying to meet conditions and giving up some of his profit to do it.

He has spent years in building up a reputation for value and service. Other days are coming. He must not lose the confidence and good will of his customers.

The Regal business started in one little store in Summer Street, Boston.

Boston knows shoes, like Minnesota knows wheat, or Texas knows cotton.

The Regal idea combined shoe style with shoe comfort; sound leather and good shoemaking. It meant shoe value and shoe service. It was a success from the start and spread all over the country.

There are now four great Regal factories, fifty stores in the Metropolitan Centers. And about one thousand dealers, special Regal representatives, in other towns and cities—all giving you the Regal values.

All Regal leathers are of special tannage—fresh, selected hides and skins.

You want style and good looks, you want a last that gives comfort on the foot, you want honest, live leather, pliable but tough.

Not less than $5.00 nor more than $10—that's the Regal range.

Our advice is to do some thinking before you go to the shoe store. Look for a known make, a responsible maker, an institution back of the shoe—and get Regal shoes if you can.

REGAL SHOE COMPANY
268 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON

*If you can't get Regal Shoes in your town write for our Style Book and foot-measuring chart. We can serve you by mail.*

REGAL SHOES

# The City That Hid Its Light

THROUGHOUT the years Milwaukee has striven hopefully patiently and faithfully for a high place in the front rank of manufacturing cities. Milwaukee has labored in silence—but the world has beaten a broad path to her door.

In Milwaukee today, the hum of industry rises from more than 3,600 foundries, factories and mills.

Lake, rail and ocean bear her products to the cities of the nation and the nations of the world; her trademarks are demanded by the shrewdest buyers of the peoples of the seven seas.

Why?

Milwaukee answers in one word—quality.

And if you add the word—service—the story is complete.

A Milwaukee trademark on anything you buy to eat or use guarantees you your money's worth.

In the following list you will probably recognize several names which you have found upon products of exceptional worth—they are the names of only a few of Milwaukee's leading manufacturers.

**Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Co.,**
All kinds of power and industrial machinery

**David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.,**
Makers of Collegian Clothes

**The Cutler-Hammer Mfg. Co.,**
Largest producers of electrical controlling devices

**Eagle Lye Works,**
Largest exclusive lye manufacturers in U. S.

**Evinrude Motor Company,**
Detachable rowboat and canoe motors—60,000 sold

**The Federal Rubber Co.,**
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## Rotary Club-Milwaukee

(Concluded from Page 46)

thousand more fussing up the trail of my operations so no smart secret-service operative could come round and hang something on me." He reached into his coat pocket and drew forth the United States Marshal's bill of sale. "Here, sonny," he announced, "is your Uncle Sam's certificate of title. Hustle up to the customhouse and get it recorded; then make out a bill of sale for a one-third interest to the West Coast Trading Company and record that also. Then change her name to Alden M. Peasley, in honor of your first-born, and put her under these two flags."

He jerked open a drawer in his desk and brought forth a bright new edition of Old Glory, followed by the familiar white muslin burgee with the blue star.

"Skinner!"

"Yes, Mr. Ricks."

"The United States Marshal has paid all the debts of the Alden M. Peasley, and this afternoon he'll send his check for the proceeds of the sale still remaining in his hands to my lawyer, who holds a most ungodly power of attorney from that dummy Guaymas corporation Live Wire Luiz organized to buy the ship for us. Our attorney will cash that check and send the cash down to you. Please bank it to my credit and take up that note I gave the Marine National; then get the securities I hocked and tuck them back in my safe-deposit vault. As for the interest at five per cent, which the Ricks Lumber and Logging Company will have to pay on that million you borrowed to help Matt Peasley hornswoggle father, you just charge that to your personal account as a penance for your sins. As for the six per cent you pay the Ricks Lumber and Logging Company for the money loaned your Blue Star Navigation Company, Matt Peasley, just charge that to your personal account as a penance for your sins."

Both culprits nodded dazedly.

"Now," Cappy continued, "I'll tell you something else: The Alden M. Peasley belongs to the West Coast Trading Company and Alden P. Ricks; they own one-third for bringing the deal to my attention and furnishing some labor, and I own two-thirds, or the lion's share, for doing the lion's work—to wit, putting up the cash and promoting the deal to a clean title. Consequently, though you two boys own a nice little block of stock in the Blue Star Navigation Company, you don't own a red cent in the Alden M. Peasley, because she doesn't belong to the Blue Star Navigation Company, but to the president emeritus thereof. However, as I am about to retire for keeps this time, I'll tell you what I purpose doing with my two-thirds of the Alden M. Ricks: Skinner, my dear boy, I kidded you into tears. Bless you, boy, it broke your heart when you thought your old boss figured you'd quit being Faithful Fido, didn't it? Skinner, loyalty like yours is very, very precious; and your affection is—er—— Skinner, you human icicle, you can't bluff me! I'm on to you, young feller! Matt, you prepare a deed of gift for one-half of my two-thirds interest to Skinner, and take the other half for yourself; and when the Alden M. Peasley has earned what I put into her, credit my account with it. After that, you and Skinner and Gus Redell and Live Wire Luiz can collect the dividends."

"Oh, Mr. Ricks! This is too much," Skinner began.

"Tut, tut, sir! Not a peep out of you, sir! How dare you argue with me? Now just one word more before you fellers go: The next time you boys go bidding on a ship at auction take a leaf out of Cappy Ricks' book and bid against yourself! You can always scare the other fellows off that way; the sky is the limit—and you're bound to get your money back. So you should *Ish ka bibble*.

"Now you two young freshies go back to your desks and try to learn humility. Thus endeth the first lesson, my children."

Matt Peasley came close to Cappy and put his big arm round the little old man.

"Cappy," he whispered, "please don't retire!"

"All right, son," Cappy whispered; "but get that infernal cry-baby, Skinner, out of my office. He's breaking my heart."

# THE STUNT MAN

(Continued from Page 22)

Gabby's eyes narrowed to a critical squint.

"No-o," said he, with a slow shake of his head. "No, not good enough for a fly audience. Much as it pains me to say it, Davy, you're not getting over. You don't register. Your stuff rings a little bit flat. As Denton would put it, your work—ahem—lacks conviction and—ah—sincerity. Yes, sincerity is the word. Looking like a tramp, eh? Oh, Davy! And you with a whole closet full of perfectly good clothes that you'll never live to wear out!" Gabby leaped to his feet and began to stride up and down the room; his mood changed to one of indignation. "Why, you fat little stiff!" he cried. "You may be able to kid yourself, but I'll be damned if you can kid me! I know you too well!"

"Humph! Seems to me you're taking a whole lot for granted!"

"Don't splutter like that; it isn't pretty. Wrong, am I? Have you got the nerve to look me in the eye and tell me that?"

It was a direct challenge, but MacWade saw fit to ignore it. Gabby opened the window and looked down into the moonlit road. David rolled a cigarette. The operation was an unusually long one.

"After all," said the director, puffing a smoke cloud to the ceiling, "it's my party, isn't it?"

Gabby was staring out of the window. He did not reply.

"It's my party," repeated David stubbornly.

"Yes," said the other, "I'm afraid it is. Come here, I want to show you something."

A boy and a girl were slowly pacing up and down under the trees. The low murmur of conversation came to the watchers. No words were distinguishable, but there could be no misinterpreting the attentive droop of the youngster's broad shoulders or the earnest sidewise turn of his head.

"See"—and the camera man's voice was almost gentle—"didn't I tell you she liked Jerry?"

"And they'll both have colds in the morning!"

It was the first thought which entered MacWade's mind. Gabby turned and stared at him, and the clicking noise which he made with his tongue expressed pity, amazement, incredulity.

"And you're the man"—the words fell slowly and with deadly emphasis—"you're the man who got sore because I called you old! I compared you with the late Mr. Pharaoh. I apologize, Davy—to the mummy. Why, you fat fossil, you're so old that you can't even remember what a full moon means to young people! Don't you know that a night like this is made to order for kids, that colds don't count, nothing counts ——"

Up from below floated a discordant note, loud and sneering:

"Oh, you're here, are you? Well, if it's all the same to everybody, I'll just horn in. Always take a little stroll before I hit the hay—keeps me fit. Even in Stockholm, with the thermometer ——"

Gabby muttered profanely under his breath, but David MacWade smiled. There is safety in numbers. Marco had made it a threesome.

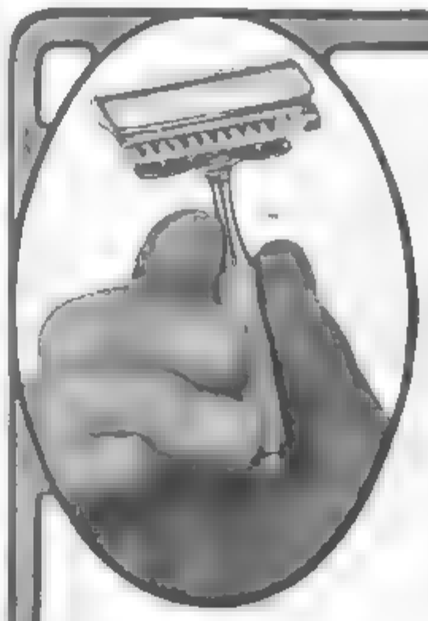
V

ON EITHER side rose the steep walls of the cañon. A narrow path twisted and doubled through the snowbanks at the bottom of the gorge, and along this path came a young and pretty girl, half leading, half supporting a tall pale youth whose left arm dangled limply at his side. The boy's right arm was about the girl's neck; his head rocked drunkenly on his shoulders; he staggered and would have fallen but for the girl's help.

From the stiff fingers of his left hand there dripped a sluggish crimson stream, writing the record of catastrophe in the snow.

The girl was Jean Campbell, temporarily an angel of mercy in sombrero, divided skirt and riding boots, and the wounded youth was Jerry Fairfax, in the rough garb of a prospector, featuring the broken arm which he was yet to suffer in his fall from the big rock.

And the crimson trail? Ah, that was nothing more or less than an inspiration on MacWade's part. A small bottle of tomato catchup, upside down in the sleeve, is an excellent substitute for half-congealed blood.

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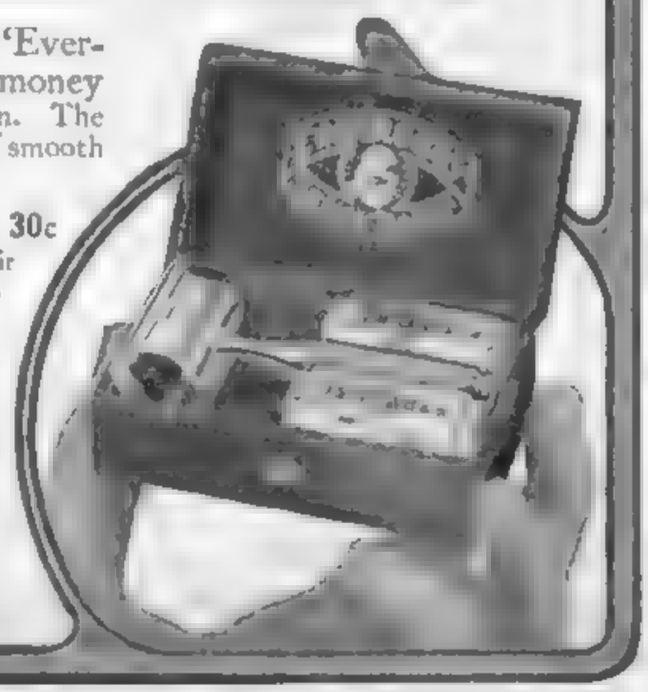

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"That's bully, Jean!" shouted MacWade, from his position beside the camera. "Oh, great! Come on with him! Lean on her more, Jerry! You're weak—you're all in—you're bleeding to death. What's the matter with that confounded bottle? Shake it up a little! That's better!"

Marco Marks, the wicked one, sat in the lee of a manzanita bush and registered silent but colossal contempt. In his expert opinion Jerry's legs did not bend sufficiently, the broken arm was not being handled in a convincing manner, and there were other faults, both major and minor. Lastly, this fellow Jerry Fairfax was only a half-baked dude anyway, and, in Marco's elegant phraseology, "he couldn't act hard enough to get up a good sweat!"

"And that's the end of the rescue series," announced the director, after examining his script. "Now for the fight on the rock. As you were, Jerry, in the early stuff before the fall!"

"Yes, chief," said the leading man, already busy with his make-up.

"We'll do the struggles first," said MacWade, "and wind up with the fall."

Marco Marks stood up, threw back his shoulders and struck a gladiatorial pose.

"This is one fight that the poor villain wins!" he exclaimed with a smile at Jean. "Here's once where the heavy gets hunk with the pretty hero!"

"Go to it!" growled Jerry. "But remember that I get you in the last reel! We still have the fight in the hut, you know."

"Yes," sneered Marco, "you get me in the last reel—with the help of the author and the director! You'd never get me any other way!"

"Oh, I don't know. That invitation to put on the gloves with me is still open."

"I'm no scientific boxer," said Marco with dignity. "I'm an athlete—and a fighter."

"And that ain't all," murmured Sam, carefully in the background. "That ain't all you are, Mr. Marks, but there's a lady present!"

"What's the shot, Davy?"

The camera man asked the question, while adjusting the legs of his tripod to accommodate a slope of forty-five degrees. Before them loomed an immense bowlder of decomposed granite, jutting out from the side of the ravine. On the highest point of rock was a flat space not more than five feet square. This shelved away on the right to a sheer drop of fifty feet into shale, sand and Spanish bayonets. On the side nearest the camera was a drop of twenty feet, the ravine pitching away abruptly into a thicket of manzanita.

"What's the shot?" repeated Gabby.

"Get the top of the rock and the skyline in the distance," ordered MacWade. "About six or seven feet of the fall will be enough. I want the struggles right against the sky. It'll give the impression of great height."

"Keno! Where does Jerry come over?"

"Straight toward us. Marco hits him, knocks him groggy, and then heaves him out into the air. I did want him to throw Jerry off backward, but it might break the kid's neck. As it is, he won't fall more than twenty feet, and he's got soft sand to light in."

"That'll be easy," said Gabby, "provided he comes down on his feet. Don't forget to keep your eye on Marco."

"You bet! Now then, boys! Ready for the struggle stuff. I want you out on that peak."

The two gladiators crept gingerly into the picture, found the flat space and faced the camera. Jerry peered over the edge at the Spanish bayonets and the shale.

"Not much footing up here, Davy," said he. "This stuff crumbles like chalk!"

"And you with spikes on your boots!" laughed Marco. "Look at me! I ain't got no spikes—don't need 'em. Moccasins is good enough for me. Why, I wouldn't be afraid to stand on my hands—right on the edge there!" And he suited the action to the word.

"Marco!" called MacWade. "Quit that monkey business! If you want to break your neck, wait till I get these scenes! Then you can go as far as you like!"

The other members of the company were gathered above the rock, on the slope of the ravine. Sam was sitting beside Jean.

"Don't that gallery stuff make you sick, Miss Campbell?" asked the swarthy one. "Why, it's just as easy for that stiff to stand on his hands as it is for me to stand on my feet. All them kinkers can do it. I used to could do it myself—on a horse. That was before I got so heavy," he added as an afterthought.

"Now, boys," called MacWade, "I want some good rough-and-tumble fighting, as near the edge as you can get. Put some pep into it—make it look like the real thing. We won't rehearse. Ready? Then let's go—let's GO!"

It did look remarkably like the real thing, especially Marco's half of the battle. Sam watched the initial encounter with a practiced eye.

"Look at that, Miss Campbell! See what Marco's doin'? He's grindin' Jerry's face into the rock—tryin' to make him squeal. Well, he can't do it. That kid is game; I've seen him—look! See him hold Jerry's face away from the camera! Can you beat that?"

"Cut!" yelled David, and the gladiators disentangled themselves and rose, breathing heavily. Jerry's face was scratched and bleeding a trifle. Marco's knuckles were skinned.

"What's the big idea?" demanded Gabby. "You want to fix Jerry so he can't finish the picture?"

"I forgot about that gravel and stuff," said Marco. "When I got him down I——"

"No apology necessary," said Jerry shortly. "What's next, Davy?"

"I want one more struggle. This time you'd better be on top, Jerry. Make it snappy!"

"Can't make it snappy unless the other guy goes kind of fifty-fifty with you," scowled Marco as he dropped to his hands and knees. "Pile on, angel-face!"

"Let's go—let's GO!"

The camera began to click, and Jerry fell upon his adversary. It was in his heart to repay Marco with interest, but before he could grind the thrice-broken nose into the gravel the acrobat secured a wrestler's hold and heaved Jerry over his head, heaved him so far that two-thirds of his body hung over the edge of the fifty-foot drop. It was then that Jean Campbell screamed.

"Haul him back!" yelled David. "All right—cut! Say, Marks, what are you trying to do—kill somebody?"

"I wasn't going to let go of him, Davy," answered the stunt man sullenly. "You said you wanted it to look snappy, and——"

"And I'll bet it did." It was Jerry speaking. He was on his feet once more, smiling a bit unsteadily. He waved his hand at Jean.

"Ain't that kid immense?" crowed Sam. "Marks can't make him show any streak because there ain't any streak there! Jerry's all right, you bet!"

"This next will be the fall," said David. "You are both on your feet, fighting. You swing round toward the camera, Jerry. Marco hits you on the jaw. You stagger—you're hurt, groggy, almost knocked out. He picks you up and throws you straight out toward the camera. That's all there is to it."

"Except this," supplemented Gabby, wagging a forefinger at Marks: "You better be dam' careful that you throw him so he'll light on his feet. Get me?"

"You can't tell me my business," retorted Marco. "I was being featured in stunt stuff before you knew what end of a camera to load. Turn your crank, Trozier, that's what you're paid for."

"Tut-tut!" said David. "No rehearsal—do it once and do it right. I want that jaw punch to register good and strong—let your head rock with it, Jerry. All ready? Let's make it!"

The two men reeled across the skyline, striking blindly at each other. Jerry dropped his left arm, and like a flash Marco's right fist caught him squarely on the point of the chin. Jerry's knees sagged, his hands fell at his sides, and even as he tottered on the brink of the fall, Marco seized him about the waist and with a quick and powerful swing launched him into space.

Half a moment later Jerry opened his eyes. His legs were in the manzanita thicket, he discovered, but his head was in Jean Campbell's lap. David and Gabby were bending over him.

"You're all right," said MacWade. "The fall just stunned you a little, that's all."

"And some fall!" cried Gabby enthusiastically. "Anybody would have thought that the punch really put you out! Nice faking, son, nice faking!"

"Faking!" groaned Jerry, lifting his head and turning it from side to side.

(Concluded on Page 53)

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(Concluded from Page 50)

"That wasn't faking—it did put me out! He hit me too hard."

"I knew it!" cried Jean Campbell. "I felt certain of it! The—the beast!"

"Wait a second!" ordered MacWade in a whisper. "Not so loud. Now, Jerry, do you mean to tell me that he walloped you hard enough to stun you?"

"I guess so, Davy. I don't remember a thing that happened after he hit me."

"No wonder you fell like a sack of flour!" Gabby turned his eyes upward for an instant. Marco was still on the rock. He was lighting a cigarette. "No wonder!" Gabby repeated. "Why, the murdering hound! I'm going up there and clean him myself!"

"There's a better way," said MacWade. "You're not hurt anywhere, are you, Jerry? Arms and legs all right?"

The young man sat up, shrugged his shoulders, felt of his ribs, extended first one arm, then the other, and continued his examination as far as the feet and ankles.

"No harm done, I guess," said he. "Just a little dizzy. I'll be all right in a minute."

"Then listen," whispered the director, and the four heads drew close together. They remained close together until Marco Marks, becoming anxious, clambered down from his lofty pinnacle and thrust himself into the group.

"Still stalling, eh?" said he. "Had to have a little sympathy, didn't you? Why, you ain't hurt a bit!"

"No," said Jerry, "not a bit."

"I'll bet we got a great scene out of it," said Marco.

Gabby Trozier lifted a face as blank and expressionless as ever grew on a human creature.

"Tough luck, Marco," said he. "There'll be a retake on that fall."

"A retake!"

"Yes," said Jean sweetly, "didn't you know? The film got tangled or something. Isn't it a shame?"

"Camera buckled," said David briefly.

"Well," said Marco with a conscious smirk, "you know me, lady! I can heave 'em off the cliff all day long! That's the best thing I do!"

Once more the gladiators crouched against the sky line.

"This time," said David, "I think we ought to have more give and take. Marco, you let Jerry come over with his right and then you get back at him. Not as hard as you did the last time. Fake it more."

"You said you wanted it to look good," grumbled the stunt man.

"But not too good," said the director. "All ready? Let's go—let's GO!"

For a few seconds the men scuffled back and forth on their precarious perch. Marco could hear the purring click of the camera; it was a sound which never failed to spur him on to mighty deeds of valor. Jerry worked his way to the left, sparring cautiously and blocking Marco's clumsy swings with his shoulders or forearms.

"Other side!" growled the stunt man, between his teeth. "Other side! You want to fall toward the camera, don't you?"

"Oh, I don't know!" grunted Jerry, and as he spoke his right arm flashed upward from the hip. It was a very pretty uppercut, as uppercuts go, timed to the fraction of a second and executed with marvelous precision. Not for nothing was Jerry's right hand feared and respected by the boxing members of the Athletic Club.

Marco, taken unawares, did not have time to lift a finger. It was his complete helplessness, as well as a decent impulse, which caused Jerry to "pull" that uppercut a trifle. Thus it happened that Marco was not knocked out, but he was knocked off the rock as neatly and completely as if by a sixteen-inch shell. He turned over once in the air, and alighted upon the sand, spread-eagled in a most undignified manner—as amazed and outraged a motion-picture actor as ever faced a camera. Even the breath was jarred out of his lungs.

"That'll be about all for the day," said MacWade, tucking the script into his pocket.

"All!" screeched Marco, struggling to his feet and staggering toward the camera. "All! Why—it was me done the fall! Me! The scene went wrong! It's another retake, and—and I bet Jerry soaked me a-purpose!"

"He did," answered Gabby calmly, "and it was a pippin, right on the point! Pity he didn't knock you as cold as you knocked him!"

Then Jean Campbell began to laugh, and Sam joined in. They made so much noise that the very hills woke up and answered them.

"Say," demanded Marco, "what was this, a frame-up? What was you shooting for?"

"Shooting for a fish," said Gabby. "A sucker fish, Mr. Marks. If you look real close you'll see that the cap is on the lens. It's been on there ever since the first fall."

Marco looked, and it was even so. In the midst of his wrath and humiliation there came one comforting thought—the principal witness of his discomfiture had been a blind one. There would be no laughs in the projecting room. Before Marco could find his tongue, a heavy body thudded in the sand behind him and an arm went round his shoulder.

"Well, old horse," said Jerry, "suppose we call it square?"

Slowly Marco's expression changed; the anger faded from his eyes and a twinkle came into them. He grasped Jerry's hand and wrung it.

"You're all right, kid!" said he. "You're the real thing! And when we do that fight in the hut—look out for my teeth, will you?"

The members of Mr. MacWade's company toiled downward through the manzanita. The director and the camera man brought up the rear. Marco and Sam were far in advance, chatting amiably. In the middle distance Jerry Fairfax was assisting Jean down a precipitous slope.

"Oh, Davy!" panted Trozier, as he shifted his camera from one shoulder to the other.

"Well?"

"Did you notice how quick she got down that hill when she thought Jerry was hurt?"

David grunted, but did not reply.

"I'd have taken that fall myself," continued the persistent Gabby, "for just half as much fuss made over me. There was a look in her eyes ——"

"Oh, get a move on you!" interrupted David wrathfully. "I want to get back to the studio to-night."

"No more soul than a rabbit," sighed Gabby. "That's why the love interest in your pictures falls down so hard. You never had a romance in your life, you fat hermit—you never will. Now me, I ——"

There was a rattling of shale, a crashing among the manzanita, and Gabby was alone.

"Poor old pal!" said he, as he watched MacWade go plunging down the slope. "You won't listen, so I suppose you'll have to take your bumps when they come!"

And, sighing again, Mr. Trozier followed his chief.

Editor's Note—This is the second in a series of stories by Mr. Van Loan. The third will appear in an early number.

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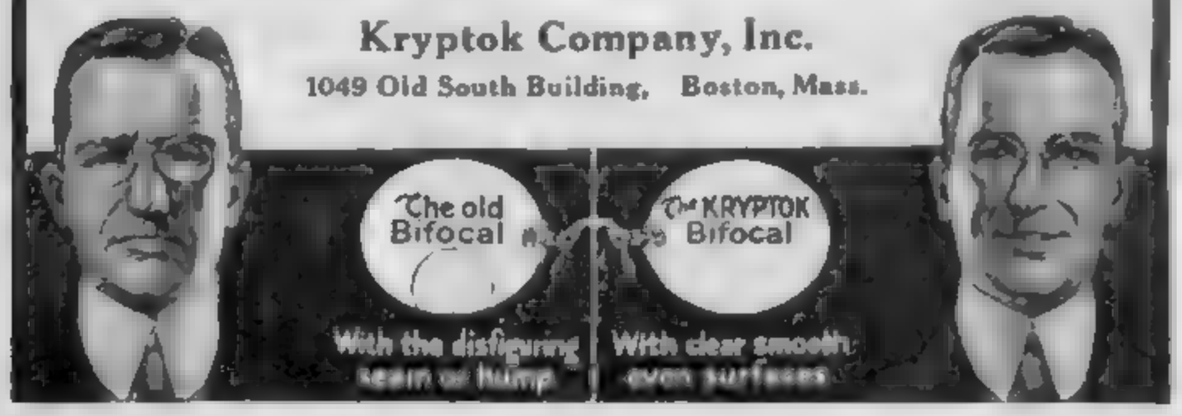




# THE TOWN MOUSE

(Continued from Page 10)

"It isn't a joke. Remember: 'By-by, dearie!' and 'By-by, dolly!' always ends in 'Buy this!' and 'Buy that!' Now do you believe me? Just because we had a pleasant yesterday is no reason you should not pay me for your nephew's jellyfish couplets. A new version of Camille—Camille disillusions Armand's uncle instead of Armand! Jolly, isn't it?"

She tilted her head defiantly. In the morning light the lilac shadows were prominent and telltale lines crept about her mouth. Dressed in a smart smoking suit of gold lace, with a coral velvet jacket, edged with fitch, she seemed no longer an elfish sprite, but a tiny portrait, an artist's stray whim daringly executed.

"So you want to be bought off?" Telfain said slowly. "Then it is never safe to play with anyone much past nine!"

The Mouse trembled, though she thought she had fortified herself against any rough, masculine contempt.

"I'll release Jumbo's young post office for a consideration," she repeated, her hands playing with the edge of her jacket unsteadily.

A curious smile crossed his weather-beaten face as he pointed to the violets.

"What a gullible savant you must think me! We were to 'play' to-day!" Then he put his hand into an inner pocket and drew out a roll of bills. "There—that is all you win; and quite enough. They gave it to me; but I would have sworn yesterday that it was a sacrilege. Will you please burn the things here? I don't want my car cluttered with the junk."

She felt like a menial asked to complete a neglected task. Obediently she began lugging down the letters, which Telfain threw into the open fire, murmuring "Puppy!" and laughing a trifle bitterly. When the last leaf curled in surrender he tossed in the violets.

"Don't burn flowers!"

She darted toward them; but they lay, a withered speck, Telfain's tribute to the Mouse's clay toes.

A moment later the pumpkin-shaped motor car sped away, and the Mouse felt suddenly inclined toward tears and the instant need of peach brandy. The summer wind died into a dispirited calm. Without warning, the world went stale! As to children, life was of two patterns—in white or in black. The Mouse knew no middle, saner plane of neutral gray. Life was either like the sun spangling up the hill to kiss blooming apple trees as white as a bride's dresses, while a golden robin sang at the tiptop of the whitest tree; or life was a moonless midnight, brooding over marshlands, with crows cawing in mockery.

The prospect of being Town Mouse with top-wave popularity until the end of her days, with a dozen Jumbos—a dozen of everything—could not give back the trust of a black-haired savant, who would say again "You are a real little girl, with big, dove eyes!"

And she couldn't explain! The Mouse's childish heart rebelled at the thought. It was such a thin but such an irrevocable wall between explanation and misinterpretation. . . . He would go back to his musty hobby and his heart would shrivel to a thin, rusted key. That hurt! The Mouse dug her nails into the pink palms until they left miniature half moons. She wouldn't have it—it stifled her! She would rather chance coming back to haunt him in violet dreams, living out their playday! There could never be another such giant savant, who burned up violets rather than let her touch them. The Mouse struggled in her own trap—about to give away the bait.

Later she found Blessing flanked on all sides with cobwebby mending.

"Here's a royal flush, Blessing—you were a duck never to blow about it. If you've enough for your ticket, don't open the roll until you're home. There is a little extra to buy pink ice-cream cones with. I want you to get Alf a mooley cow—and grab some ticklers and go after the pioneers. Oh, Blessing, if it weren't for the new play, I'd bounce off with you!"

The money lay untouched in the snowy lap.

"I'll be back Monday. Can you remember about wearing your mules and to brush your hair? Fifty strokes for each side, and then rub in the orris and violet. Will you tell the truth if you've dropped down to a midget-pickle-and-chocolate-éclair diet?"

The Mouse raised her right hand.

"You know I'm honest about everything in the world except umbrellas."

At dusk Blessing's straight figure stalked through the street, followed by a village boy weighted down with old-style telescopes.

"Good-by, Mouse!" she had said. "You'll be all right for the main bout, but you're liable to go shy on the preliminaries. Remember—the hair-brushing, the cough medicine—two eggs in the morning and malted milk at night. If you want to ruin an old woman's holiday, just cheat."

For a long time after Blessing left, the Mouse wandered from room to room, as her tiny namesake scuttles in the trap. Finally she sat at the red lacquer desk to write hurriedly:

*"Blessing-blindie:* It was providence you went away. I'd have come a cropper sure if you had stayed. It's no go, Blessing, duck! I'd like to stick along until I was a dove of an old lady, with silk-sprigged frocks and muslin caps—like withered Queen Anne's lace—with grand-cherubs playing round my chair. But that's as silly for a Town Mouse to dream of as for you to lead the Faust ballet. And I couldn't marry Jumbo. Not any more than Whistler could have done the portrait of a string bean. Thanks, old dear, for suggesting it—it strengthened me morally."

She broke off to give a jerky little laugh, as if one of the harp strings snapped in the midst of the strumming. She wondered whether those "imps of angels" appreciated Telfain Tobin; wondered how he looked holding them in his arms and letting them hunt for barley sugar. . . . Then she went on:

"You see, Blessing, I'm jolly broke—on the downright! The play is postponed, and the creditors have composed a cantata, with my name for the title! I could have pulled out by marrying Jumbo—but I'd have fed him sugar of lead on the honeymoon. And I don't want to drag you into court. It was Jumbo's uncle who came yesterday—he upset me, Blessing. He made me want all the things I've dreamed of—until he came I was quite content to let them stay as dreams. All the nice, respectable things in 'vellum,' not valentine tinsel lace; things where someone loves you, not just laughs at you! All at once it hurt in a queer lump over my heartums. So, you see, it was serious.

"Alf may be a darling, but you must watch sharp for yourself, Blessing; and it wasn't square to stall with you like I have. So I sold off Jumbo's messy alphabets to the nice Uncle-man, who despised me for it. The aunties had packed him with money for me; but he hadn't thought I'd take it, because—it's too long to explain. It hurt him for half a jiff! But he'll go digging, and forget. That's why I paid you up—don't throw the rest of the wolves a copper. You know my supply of ethics always goes short halfway across the bay. I'm a sure-'nuff devil-baby.

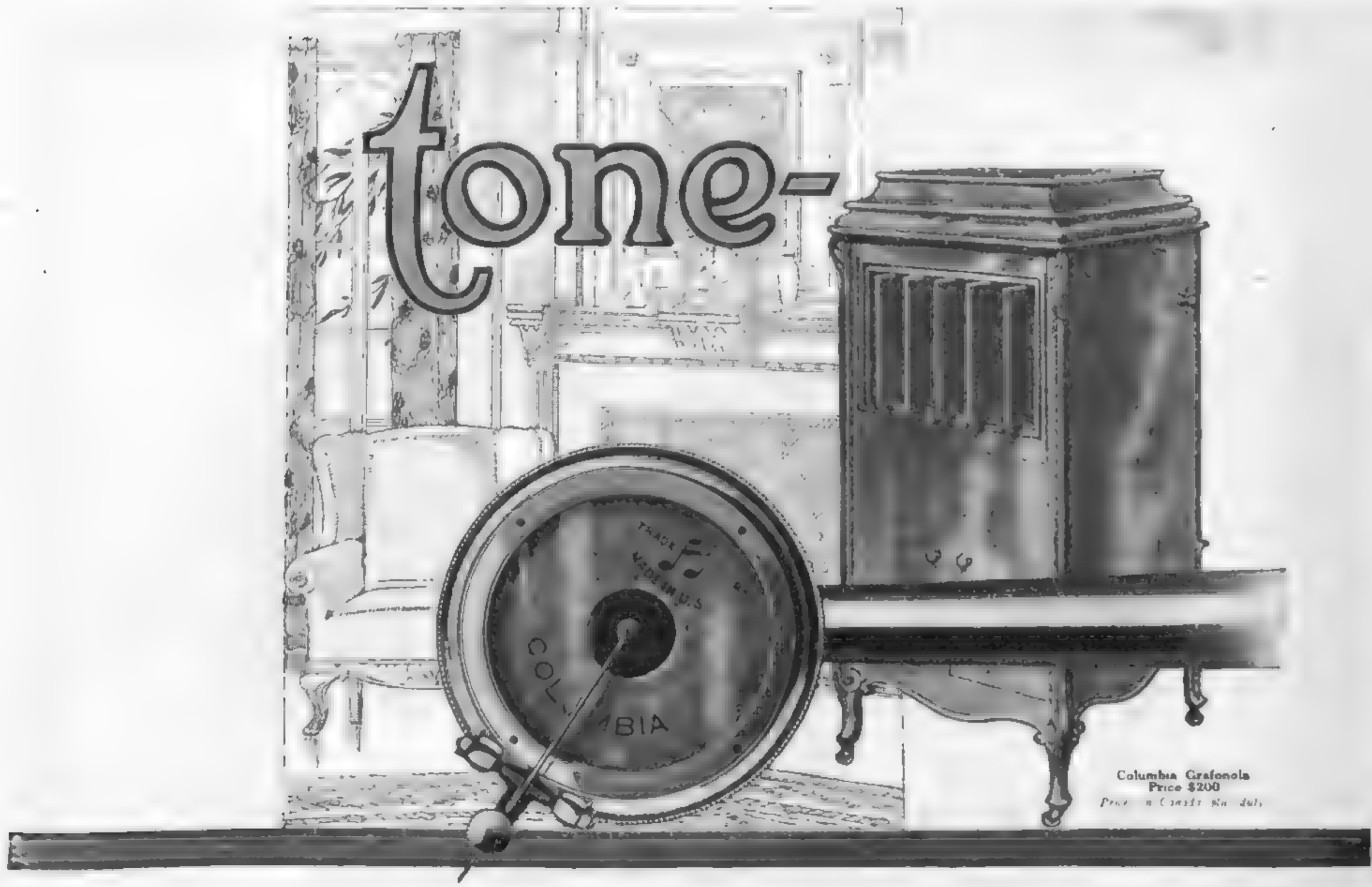
"Blessing, you know how I ramble; so be patient, or get Alf to read it. Then come and get the little love birds. Mouse is going sleepy-by. That's all it is. Don't get to thinking anything else. Do you know where I'll be? On the rosebush right beside the Ali-Baba bench Alf made this summer—you know; he sent the picture. I'll be the biggest, fattest red rose, with a fragrance that will make the village linger at your gate. That will be Mouse—and every year I'll bloom as red and saucily thorned as ever. Don't pick me—only you and I will share the secret.

"I can't go on stalling. The Town Mouse is trapped. The Uncle-man, Jumbo, the debts, the lonesomeness—it frightens me! And I'm only a Mouse, even if the aunts called me a lady leopard. It's going to be chloral, Blessing—easy and cowardly. Come for the birdies, and remember the roses—I'll slip out to post it, not leave it for some enterprising young reporter to print. I hope your pageant has happened before it comes—I'm sorry to upset things so. Oh-ho, my fingers are all blots—dearie-dear, watch for me next rosetime.

"MOUSE."

She laid down the pen and looked at her anklet watch. It was twelve. Gruesome shadows and strange creaks, happening only

(Concluded on Page 57)

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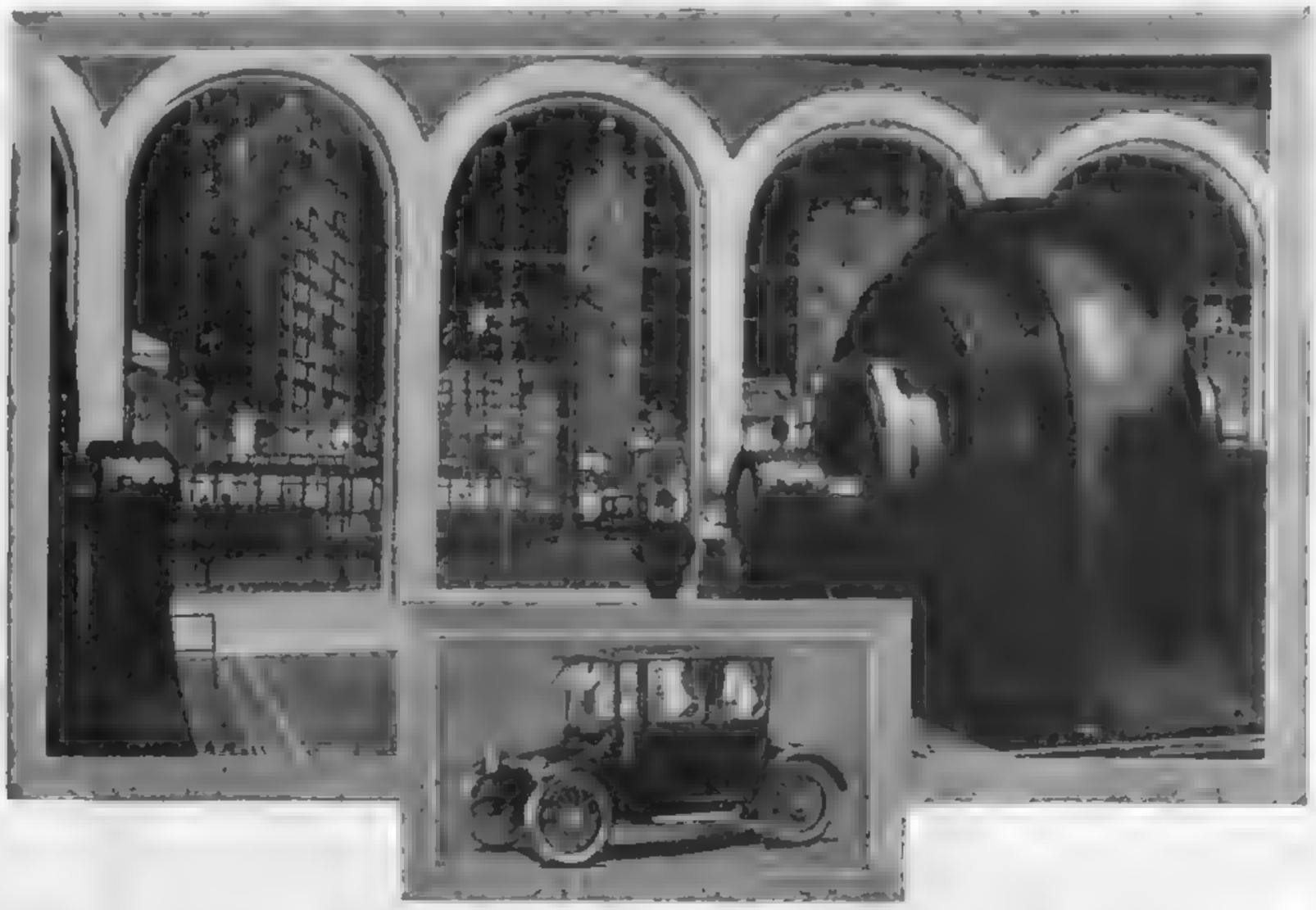

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(Concluded from Page 54)

during solitude in a rickety cottage, were incessant. The yellow love birds, with tucked in heads, seemed inanimate. Outside a wind whistled warnings. Moonless midnight existed both in the Mouse's mind and in reality.

Someone knocked at the door. At first she hesitated; then she ran, calling out:

"You may have everything but the love birds ——"

"It's Telfain Tobin ——"

The Mouse laughed; the blood rushing back into her finger tips; she was glad, strangely enough, as she flung open the door with a trembly "Honk-honk!"

Muffled in motor togs he seemed a warrior giant, following her into the drawing-room to say impersonally:

"Pardon the hour. But they've done a very cheap trick, and I think you ought to know. I hurried back before it was too late. Those bills, you may have noticed, were unusually crisp and new. They are marked. When you tried to spend them you would have gotten into trouble. Regardless of your own actions, I think it was a rotten plan. You've really earned the money. Your bothering with Jumbo is like a bluegrass filly harnessed to a government mule. I'll give you a personal check, in exchange ——"

"So—the trap was baited!" she said slowly.

"I'm not used to this sort of thing, or I might have known. They wanted ——"

"To do the usual thing—blackmail newspapers—ostracism—all of it! I have seen it a thousand times—well, thank you for coming, even if you do despise me. But it's too late. The money is gone."

"We will stop it," he said simply.

"I gave it to Blessing. She's gone to her home-town centennial. Oh, Blessing mustn't come a cropper!" She took hold of his arm in her excitement. "I did it for Blessing—isn't that f-funny? There; the truth is out—I did it because I owed for everything. Even these clothes are unpaid-for stage gowns; the furniture is from my failure of a play—see?" She wheeled the chairs about; they were marked "Right U. E." and "Left U. E." "I was owing Blessing for months—isn't that cheap? But what else could I do but be a Town Mouse? No one would take me seriously. I sold Jumbo's letters to pay up Blessing and let her go on her holiday like a newborn innocent—do you hate me quite as much ——"

"What are you doing up alone?"

"Writing to Blessing"—then she flung out her little hands in despair—"because—it was to be an end of Mouse!"

"Then suppose I'm Blessing 'in disguise,'" he answered, taking the pages from the desk and stooping down to the light to read.

When he finished he said simply:

"Mouse, would you have—really?"

"I don't know," she answered honestly; "probably not—it might have been just a mood. I've had similar ones! I might have grown sleepy and snored in quite commonplace fashion, waking to find myself glad I was still in a fleshy envelope. Only I'm glad you came back; and I'm glad I let you read the letter, for you wouldn't have believed it unless I had written it in good faith, never dreaming that you would come back ——" Her small self shook with sobs.

He tore the letter into bits. Then he took her in his arms. She seemed the sexless, elfish sprite not to be judged by ordinary statutes.

"What a silly hash you nearly made of it! Like a child left to housekeep, getting into unlabeled bottles! That's all—it isn't worth a harsh scene, dearest. God meant you for a locksmith, with your smiles and songs, and your—limbs, if you want to tuck that in, in very small script! And he meant me to protect you. Locksmiths can't protect themselves; their keys are at everyone's service. Just—suppose—I—hadn't—come back—and you—hadn't grown—sleepy! Well, there I go, bolting into the harsh scene! I did come back. And I'll take you away. Kiss me! Why, you said kisses didn't mean much to your sort—kiss me—no? Then; do I mean much to you? Shall I let you go? Say when!"

She did not struggle. She hid her face in his rough fur coat.

"I hate myself—I hate Jumbo—I—hate you!"

She kissed a knobby fur button exactly opposite her lips.

Telfain pressed his lips against the daffodil hair.

"Put on the clothes you own. I'm going to marry you. We can come back here to talk later. Then we'll plan for finding the white marble villa."

"But Blessing—she was going to buy Alf a mooley cow and ticklers ——"

"If the Aunts' Protective League sues my wife the family tree will be struck by lightning."

He kissed her full on the lips.

Like the summer breeze she flew upstairs and back again, wrapped in a loose cape, with a fur-trimmed hood. She carried a tiny bag.

"This is all I own in the world," she said shyly.

"Mouse, don't you know that nearly all the people worth while loving are poor? You've put up the most splendid defense in the world for your sister artists! I shall publicly never attack a splinter. But you haven't been quite square about something—something that happens once in a blue moon, when a shabby bear like myself tumbles undeservedly on an opal among soap bubbles! That's you, Mouse—the opal, with due respect to all the others!"

She blew him a rapid kiss and began scribbling a wire.

"We must send this to Jumbo," she said, reading out loud: "'Take the rest of the day for yourself. Your Auntie Mouse!'"

Like guilty children they stole to the car, Mouse, safe in the tonneau, her heart, like the sun, spangling up toward bridal-dressed trees, called out softly:

"What will the Aunts' Protective League think?"

"The same as cold-storage squabs, en route for casseroles, discovering their grandchildren to be properly established on squares of toast," called back the man of science. "Honk-honk! Town Mouse!"

"Honk-honk! Float Bridge!"

The pumpkin-shaped motor car wound in and out through the muddy hills.

## Miladi Lorelei

*A MISTRESS of the Siren Mode*
*And ton is she from hat to hose.*
*Her finest art she has bestowed*
*On things that hide but to expose.*
*In every line and look and pose*
*She is a challenge to the eye—*
*In soft alluring furbelows*
*Is dressed Miladi Lorelei.*

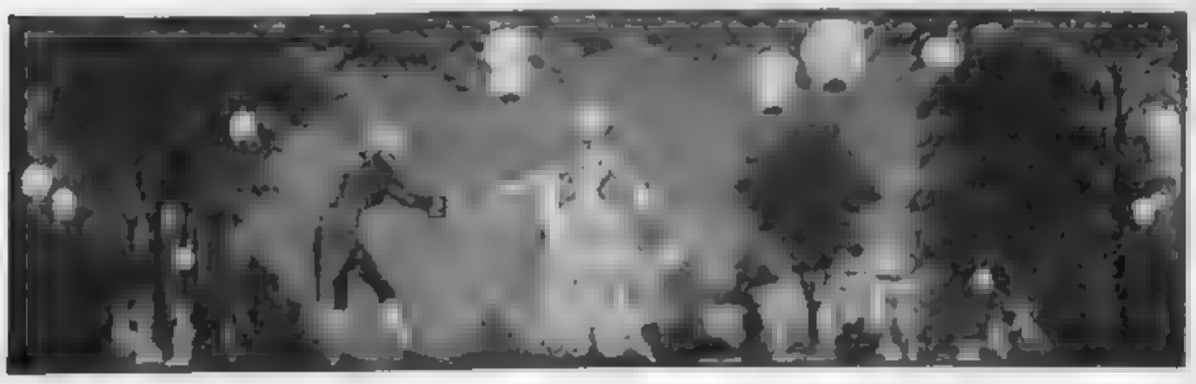
*Her favorite lines are underscored*
*So that their full perfection shows.*
*Her dainty flesh has overflowed*
*Its narrow bounds in pink and rose.*
*How much her art to Nature owes*
*The neophyte may well espy—*
*So eloquent, where'er she goes,*
*Is dressed Miladi Lorelei.*

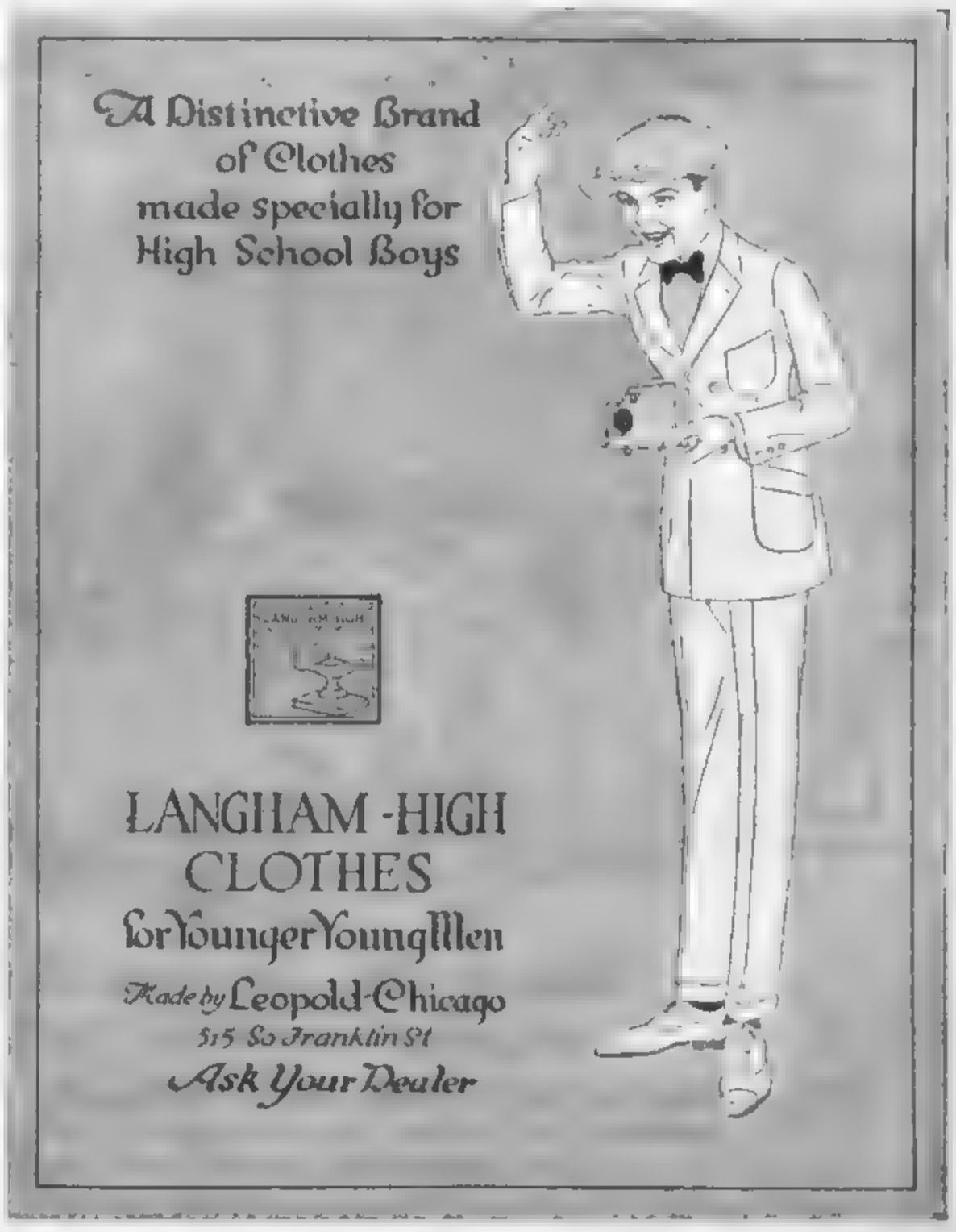
*As ardent as a Sapphic ode*
*Her published beauty gleams and glows*
*For all who pass upon the road.*
*Impartial as the wind that blows,*
*Her lurement no distinction knows.*
*And maybe that's the reason why,*
*In scorn of all sartorial prose,*
*Is dressed Miladi Lorelei.*

*L'Envoi*

*Prince, do you think 'tis just for those*
*Looks that we give her, you and I,*
*In things so high-low, short-and-close*
*Is dressed Miladi Lorelei?*

*—Thomas Lonax Hunter.*



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COLORS OLD AND NEW STRAW HATS

***Nothing Just as Good***

ANY ONE CAN USE IT

You can make your old straw hat fresh and as dainty as new with Colorite in any popular color or you can color your hat just the shade to match a new dress without trouble.

Over two million women last year made new hats out of old ones by the use of Colorite. Colorite is a liquid, sold in a bottle with a brush for applying. It is waterproof and durable. Easily applied by anyone and it dries in 30 minutes.

There are fourteen colors: Jet Black, Dull Black, Cardinal Red, Yellow, Navy Blue, Cadet Blue, Sage Green, Cerise, Burnt Straw, Brown, Violet, Lavender, Old Rose and Natural.

Directions on every package for mixing to get most any desired shade.

Colorite is also fine for coloring Satin, Silk and Canvas Slippers and Basketry.

Sold by drug and department stores throughout the U. S. and Canada. Ask your dealer. See special offer below.

If he cannot supply you, we will send a bottle of Colorite (any color) postpaid upon receipt of 25c. For 40c we will send Colorite and Mr. Wallick's book, "The Attractive Home."

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***The New Permanent Finish***

**Made in High Gloss and No Gloss**

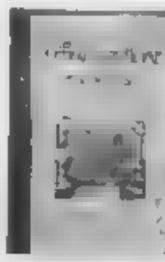
ANY ONE CAN USE IT

For years every paint and varnish manufacturer in the country has been endeavoring to produce a white finish that would give complete satisfaction. It remained for our chemist to secure the desired result and now we offer you a white finish worthy of the Carpenter-Morton iron-clad guarantee of satisfaction or money back.

Campbell's Virgin White is a beautiful, pure, white finish—made by a new process that makes it wonderfully elastic, durable and washable. Can be used equally well on metal, plaster, wood or any surface, interior or exterior. Cannot crack, chip or peel off.

Easily applied, withstands the hardest cleaning and keeps virgin white under all conditions.

Don't accept just a white enamel. Insist upon Campbell's Virgin White and be sure of satisfaction.



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If you are interested in improving the appearance of your home and you welcome ideas from a national authority on how to select and arrange furniture, rugs, curtains and decorations—this offer of Ex-n Wallick's famous book "The Attractive Home" will specially appeal to you.

"The Attractive Home" is a thoroughly practical book, for the family of moderate income. It is superbly illustrated in six colors. Attractively bound in gray boards, it is a book fit to grace your library table and well worth the price of one dollar.

Go to your nearest dealer. He will give you one of Mr. Wallick's books "The Attractive Home" and a ½ pint can of Campbell's Varnish Stain, any color, for 45c, or a 25c bottle of Colorite for 40c. You will be buying $1.30 worth for 45c.

If your dealer cannot supply you we will send you, postpaid, Mr. Wallick's book and the ½ pint can of Campbell's Varnish Stain, any color, for 45c, or the 25c bottle of Colorite upon receipt of 40c, or the book and ½ pint can of Virgin White for 60c.

## CARPENTER-MORTON COMPANY

*Canadian Distributors: A. RAMSAY & SON CO., Montreal, Can.* ESTABLISHED 1840 77 SUDBURY STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

# COURTIN' CALAMITY

By
**William Dudley Pelley**

ILLUSTRATED BY
ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

*"I'm Going to Have That Woman Tamed and Eating Out of My Hand Before This Time To-Morrow Night!"*

CALAMITY JUNE first entered my scheme of things the afternoon I opened with Charley Carstock's Wild West in Eastern Pennsylvania. It was August and hot. At a table in a cool, moist saloon corner Square-Deal Mac was giving me the dope on the performance.

The swinging half doors banged open and a woman entered. She jangled across in all her arena accouterments and raised a booted foot on the rail.

"Gimme a whisky!" said she.

I turned in my chair and saw a stout, stubby girl dressed in khaki and buckskin. A big, slouchy sombrero was pinned down hard on the back of her head, from which a heavy cable of hair fell in a braid to her waist. At each temple was a huge carmine rosette. A well-filled cartridge belt, on which two worn holsters showed the handles of six-guns against the hips of her split skirt, sagged at her waist. Her face was striking in a strange, hard, leathery way—hardly a face, however, that a stranger would approach with any such greeting as "Hello, little one!" and go round feeling well in all departments of his personality afterward. A perfect lady, understand, but a lady of rawhide and iron.

Mac let the program explanation sag for the moment.

"That's the great Calamity June," says he. "In the history o' North America, sonny, there's been but one other like her. That was Calamity Jane, o' Wyoming. There's the difference of a letter in the last name; but, believe me, sonny, the odd letter makes no difference!"

"Calamity Jane?" I asked.

"Calamity the original," says Mac, "run a ranch out in God's Country at a time when the white women west o' the Mississip' could be reckoned on the cartridges o' your gun. She broke horses, heads and female traditions. She could skin cattle, card sharps and fresh guys till the last two could only crawl weakly over the border, consistin' o' little more than a name and the recollection that sometime, somewhere, they'd been regular human bein's, endowed with a reasonable amount o' life, breath, animation and discretion. She could ride more miles, hit more bull's-eyes, rope more cattle and consume more whisky than anything that ever wandered out into the frontier country lookin' for trouble and gettin' it!"

"And this girl is related to her?" says I.

"In every way," says Mac, "exceptin' ties o' blood. I'm told she was born in Montana in the wild days o' the unfenced range. In his lifetime her father took several guys apart to see where the sound came from, until finally he struck a hammered-down little runt afflicted with symptoms o' retaliation. Illegal complications was started, which turned out fatal. This left June, at nineteen, with a ranch to manage. And did she manage it, boy? Take my word for it—she did! One poor nut who suggested matrimony had such a time explainin' his intentions had been honorable that he come East to a specialist. The doctor refused to work his X-ray on the nut's bent and broken constitution because it was a valuable machine.

"Once four Mexicans wandered way up to Montana and decided that her ranch would be a peach of an Eden to spend the rest o' life. They was perfectly correct. The trouble was, they spent the rest o' life unconscious, so couldn't appreciate its beauties. Her punchers cut and run in that scrape and left June to carve her own destiny. Believe me, sonny, she sure did carve it, all right! She sliced up considerable destiny, includin' them Mexicans. But she had no use for anything in pants thereafter. I'm told to believe her contempt for the male sex grew so sizable that it withered her grazin' lands and she had to sign in the Wild West business or starve. Anyhow, at age thirty-one, we have her here. She's the best 'twister' or bad-horse breaker in the business, and I've seen her take more chances in bulldoggin' a steer in thirty seconds than the average man takes in thirty years. She sure is a holy terror, son. Bated breath was coined for special use when describin' folks watchin' her on a toot. Don't cross her, my boy. She's the only wild woman in captivity!"

Whereupon Mac resumed his explanation of how my roping act was to come in on the program.

As we worked west toward Ohio I heard other stories about Calamity June. Some I took with a pinch of salt and others with a whole sackful; but one week with the Carstock outfit was sufficient education for me to believe that with two Irish helpers and a carload of bricks she'd clean up Europe. I even found that the boys had a slang phrase, "Courtin' Calamity," which they applied as simile and metaphor when desiring to describe foolhardy chances or nonsensical bravado bordering on suicide.

Clarence Elliott Butts came on to the ground and into the story the afternoon we opened in Pittsburgh. A gentleman resembling a bunch of Pennsylvania Railroad bonds, dressed in a bald head and white flannels, penetrated the regions behind the arena. This gentleman had C. Elliott Butts in tow. He insisted on interviewing Charley Carstock himself. Charley, however, was in the city looking after supplies; so Square-Deal Mac did the honors instead.

The boys gave one look at C. Elliott Butts and decided that someone had taken advantage of his young and tender years to lead him round Europe in little velvet pants. The census man would have written him down as twenty-three. Like his Fond Papa, he was dressed in immaculate flannels; but, unlike Jonathan Oswald Butts, the offspring kept his dinky little hat raised from his head by a contrary shock of straw-colored hair, and his future in the show business seemed still further jeopardized by a pair of thick-lensed spectacles helping out the sight of two perplexed eyes.

"My name, sir," says Fond Papa, "is Jonathan Oswald Butts. Iron and steel is my business, sir. And this"—indicating C. Elliott—"is my son."

Tall, long, lank, lean, hungry-looking Mac, in all his picturesque arena regalia, acknowledged the introduction with a nod. A far-away look deepened in his blue eyes.

"My son here, sir, is possessed of a most delicate constitution," went on J. O. Butts. "Despite the great expense he has been since he was a child, he is still pale, anæmic and sickly. At times we have despaired of raising him, sir. We have despaired!

"We have discussed the case at great length and expense with our various physicians," continued Butts Senior, "and they have advised us to send C. Elliott to a Western ranch. Driving our high-power cars, though exhilarating to a certain degree, does not provide the rugged recreation that is his only hope of health. But sending C. Elliott West is impossible. His mother and myself could not bear to have him so far away from us in his tender years. Therefore, we have hit on a happy expedient; in fact, it was C. Elliott himself who

(Continued on Page 81)

# Dizzy?

Ever feel this way after a smoke? You'd better switch to Girards. That's the way to take the whirl out of your wits, straighten out your thinker, and bring back the clear-headed efficiency that you need in business life today.

The Girard Cigar
*Never gets on your nerves*

The Girard Cigar is empty of harm and empty of regret—but it's chock full of pungent pleasure, brimming with the friendly flavor of real Havana mellowed by age and blended with care.

A heavy cigar smoker told us the other day that his doctor said to him: "Yes, you can smoke—smoke all you want within reason—*but stick to Girards!*" And that's only one case out of many. Doctors not only recommend the Girard—they smoke it themselves.

The "Broker" actual size, 10c

Why don't *you* try a Girard today? A few puffs will tell you more than we can tell you in a column.

Girards are sold from coast to coast. Try your own dealer. If he hasn't them he can easily get them for you.

**Shade-grown, real Havana**
**14 sizes 10c and up**

*Make your next smoke a Girard!*

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If you are not handling the Girard, there is *a big business waiting for you* in this remarkable cigar. Drop us a line today.

**Antonio Roig & Langsdorf**
*Established 1871*
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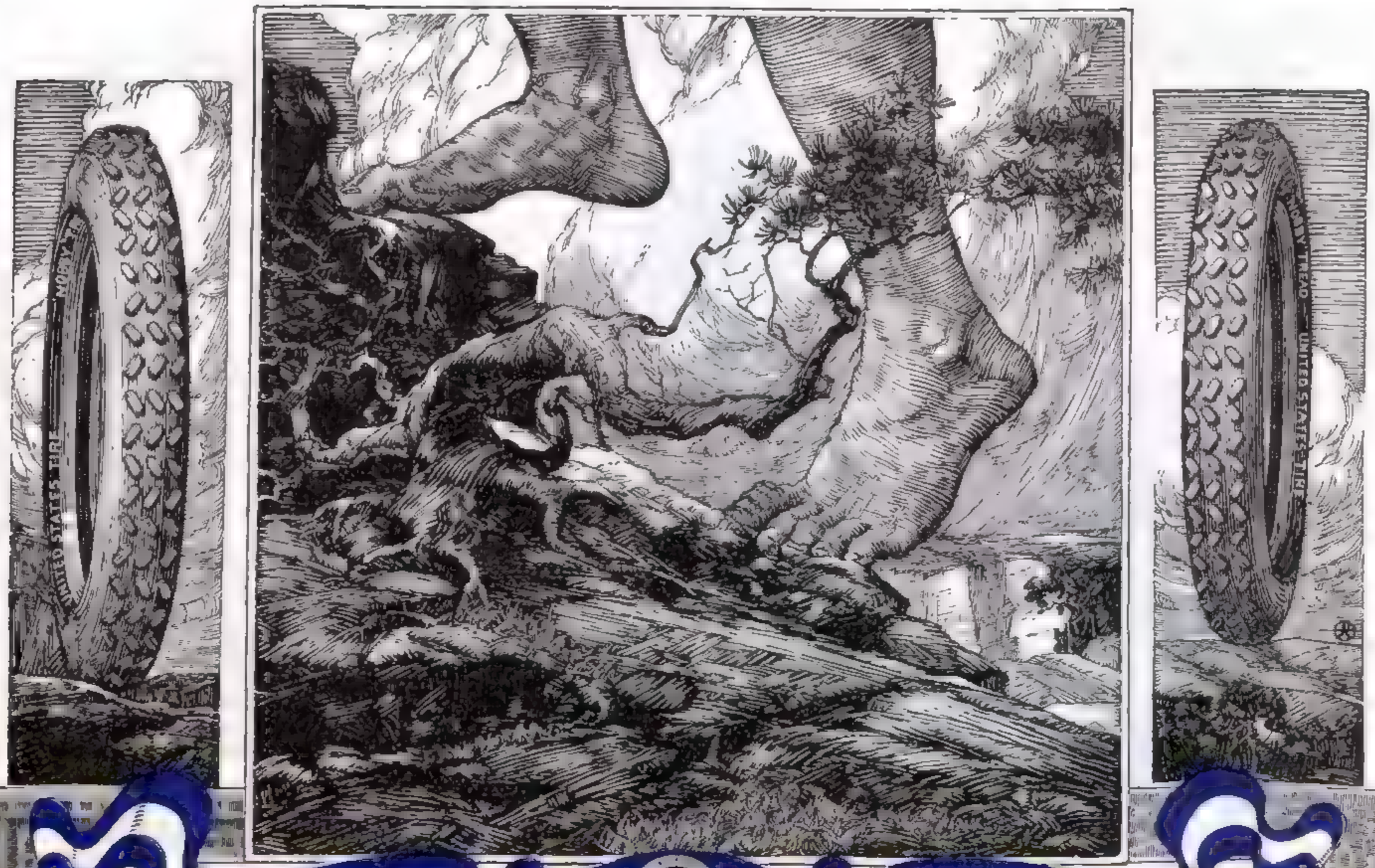


# Tire Toes

Nature makes no mistakes in her "inventions."

Among the million or so things she "invented," were feet for our Adamite ancestors to walk on—and toes to make walking sure.

Then she calloused and hardened those toes into durable, tough "nobs" which gave primal man a good, tenacious grip on the ground.

* * *

Since Nature makes no mistakes, we made no mistake when we copied her and invented the *'Nobby' Tread.*

Tough, resilient callouses that grip the ground with all the tenacity of Adamite toes.

Into these "nobs" we have put rubber packed with quality, crowded with endurance, and surcharged with persistency.

Examine the design of the *'Nobby.'*

Note how the "toes" are placed—not all in one direction, but so zig-zagged that they grimly hold against forward or side slip.

Nothing more obvious than the utter superiority of the *'Nobby' Tread* as an anti-skid tire.

* * *

Moreover, beneath this tenacious anti-skid tread of "nobs" is a masterful casing, with all the merit that knowledge, skill, selection and purpose can put into a tire.

First, layer after layer of the hardiest kind of woven fabric impregnated with pure rubber.

And on top of that a thick, tough, resilient plain tread of rubber.

And still on top of that another layer of equally tough, resilient rubber which is molded into the nature-like "toes" or "nobs" of the tire.

* * *

All of which is why the *'Nobby' Tread Tire*—one of the five types of *United States Tires*—has shown such steady sales increases.

And such sales increases come only to sheer merit—nothing else.

*The five types*
*'Nobby' 'Chain'*
*'Royal Cord'*
*'Usco' 'Plain'*

## United States Tires Are Good Tires

*A Tire for Every Need of Price and Use*

(Continued from Page 59)

noted your posters about town and suggested that he be allowed a season with your Wild West Exhibition, learn to ride hard, shoot straight, spend his days in the open, and see something of the United States. I am prepared to pay a sizable sum, sir—say a thousand dollars cash—if you will take my son into your show for a few weeks and ascertain whether the mode of living will not better his anæmic condition."

"One thousand dollars cash!" exclaimed Mac. He scratched his chin with his lean thumb and the horizon came suddenly out of his eyes. "Say, I'd make a trick roper out o' Judas Iscariot for half of it! But you've got to sign a release for damages for what may happen to him while with this outfit. Livin', travelin' and ridin' with a Wild West outfit ain't umpirin' no domino game or feedin' the blue-blooded canaries!"

Bella Sullivan, who did the crack-shot trick and who was incidentally the best female in the outfit—or in the whole show business—ranged up beside me and gave C. Elliott the once-over. Then she turned to me and winked.

I knew she saw as well as I did that Fond Papa had been buffaloed or something. All C. Elliott needed was to get away from the parental apron strings for a time. As Bella said:

"He may have been raised in velvet pants and racin' automobiles, but somethin' in the set o' that kid's eyes and the hang o' his mouth tells me that, once on the road with this outfit, the poor little rich boy may surprise somebody. Did you see him ticklin' California Red's bad hawss to make him kick when Fond Papa forgot to keep hold o' his hand? Somethin' tells me that situations deadly and similar may happen to this outfit."

Bella and I watched them taking C. Elliott to Mac's tent for a rig-out. Then she got mighty serious and solemn.

"Calamity June's got plenty of dynamite, enough for any one show already, and somethin' jus' whispers to me that this fool kid is goin' to turn out some strange and new sort of fireworks. Puzzle: Find Charley Carstock's Wild West and Grand Aggregation o' Arizona Old-Timers by October. Billy, you and me's jus' got to take it upon ourselves to keep the fizz wheels away from that skirted gunpowder or somethin' informs me we'll all hit Kansas a leg at a time."

And then Gorilla Lawson, strong man in the side show, had to go and start something even before we were out of Pennsylvania.

Now get this and get it straight: The best bunch of fellows in the world are the ropers, riders and Indians who put on the modern Wild West Show. As a rule they bring with them from home all the large-hearted proclivities and God's-Country courtesy to be found anywhere west of Missouri. Most of the nonsense about shooting up the tenderfoot out West originates in the brains of authors who have never been west of Sixth Avenue. If here and there so-called "tenderfeet" have been shot up, you can be sure they have been snobs who deserved it. With a stranger your average puncher or Indian is quite a gentleman.

C. Elliott, therefore, soon discovered that the boys had no intention of making a human colander out of him, hanging him to the center post, or tying him to a wild horse to see what the horse would do. The very worst the outfit did in those first two weeks was to label him Powderpuff, because from the dinky new traveling outfit he brought with him the word got about that his trick in the show was to juggle powderpuffs.

Powderpuff didn't take kindly to the quiet tolerance with which he was regarded. The indifference of the boys really began to worry him. He tried to ingratiate himself into their fellowship one by one, but the boys were awkward and restrained. They did not know how to take him. He came from a sphere so foreign to their own they decided that their cue was quiet tolerance until C. Elliott himself should prove the manner of young man he was. And C. Elliott soon began to get rather lonesome.

He opened his soul on it to Gorilla one afternoon; and with no serious consideration for results, Gorilla replied:

"If you really want to make history for yourself with this outfit, why don't you go court Calamity?"

This was exactly what C. Elliott wanted. "All right," he says politely. "I will. Thank you."

Half an hour later he hunted up Gorilla again. Someone to whom he had repeated the suggestion had evidently tried to wise him. Even bets, it was Bella. Anyhow, he says to Big Lawson:

"But if I did that I might have to marry her!"

"Well," says Lawson, "and what of it?"

"But what would I do with her afterward?"

"Wring her neck!" says Gorilla savagely.

He was rather weary of Powderpuff, anyhow, and didn't propose to be wet nurse to any matrimonial tragedy. He softened somewhat, however, when he saw the pathetically determined look coming on behind C. Elliott's thick lenses.

"Don't let that part worry you, son," he went on. "After you've won Calamity jus' ask her what you shall do with her. She won't keep you long in the dark."

"Thank you," says he.

"You're much obliged," says Big Lawson.

The courtship of Calamity June commenced suddenly.

*She Dousted Him in the Water So Many Times the Brook Was All Tired Out*


"Jazz" Song Sensations!

"Hawaiian Butterfly"

**"Hawaiian Butterfly"** Touches the high spot of all Hawaiian songs. Hits the bull's-eye as song and "Jazz" Trot, and has the country plumb crazy. Hawaiian songs have been written by the bushel, but all now take a back seat in the tall timber, for "Hawaiian Butterfly" has captured the spotlight. Never before has novelty-hit carried a prettier wooing episode and a breezier, more fascinating "Jazz" syncopation than this. Get it! By Geo. A. Little, Billy Baskette and Joseph Santly.

**"HONG KONG!"** is a round-trip ticket to the lantern-lit Chinese gardens, where the beauty of the Geisha girls vies with the moon and the music to waft you to "Jazz" land by way of this wonderful inspiration. Join the "Jazzers" and live! Your dealer has it as a song and also as a "Jazz" one-step. If you have a Player Piano, be sure to get "Hong-Kong." It's the greatest "Jazz" dance roll ever produced! — do you get that?

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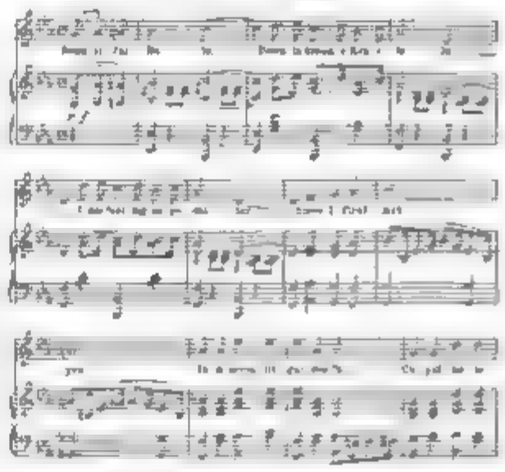
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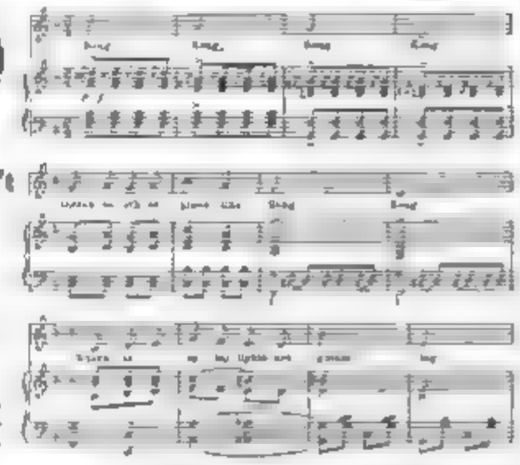
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"When the Roses Bloom in Loveland." A charming Love Ballad.
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The songs are printed in the new "Feist" easy-to-read style. Complete song at a glance—no leaves to turn.

SPECIAL No. 71—The very next time you go to a Cabaret, Dance Hall or other place where there's music, be sure to request the leader to play [illegible] Then watch the effect. Only [illegible] the most versatile audiences of the season will welcome this number. You want a "hit"—and at a "hunch" you'll [illegible]

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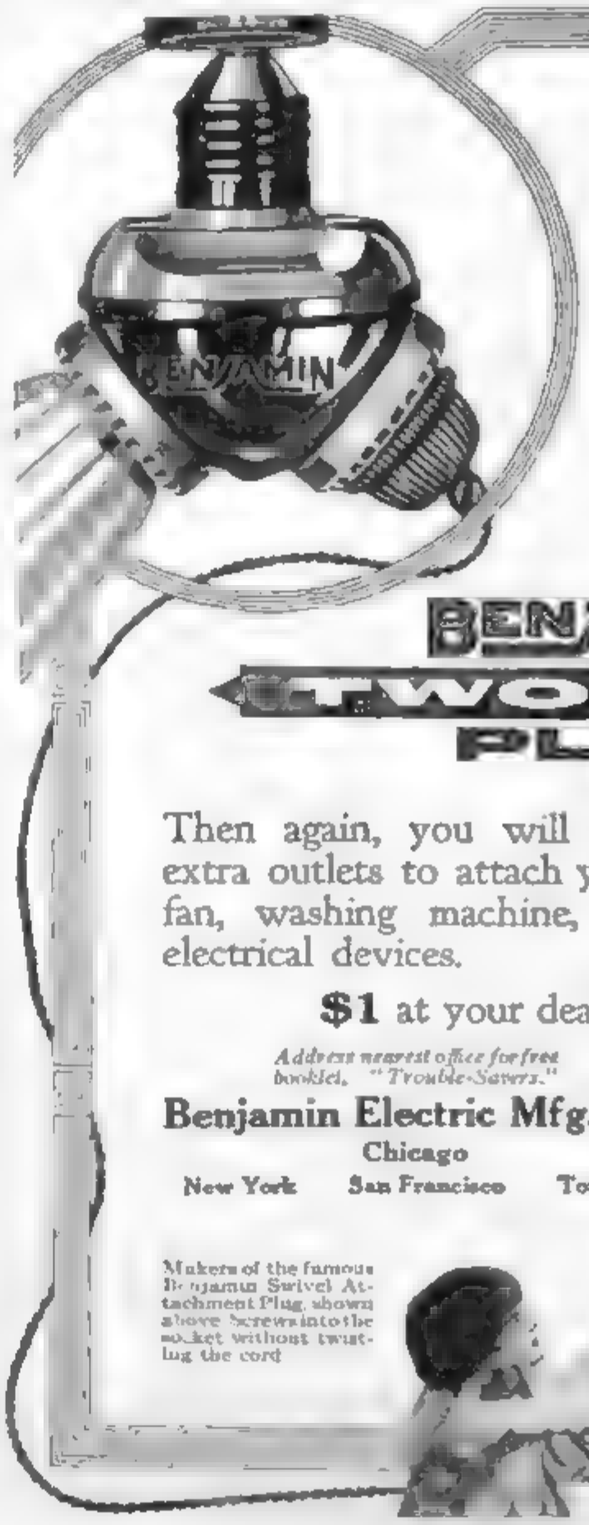


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Taking out a lamp to attach your electric iron. Other—always ready—outlets are furnished by simply fitting into any of your present sockets the

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Then again, you will need those extra outlets to attach your toaster, fan, washing machine, and other electrical devices.

**$1** at your dealer's.

*Address nearest office for free booklet, "Trouble-Savers."*

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Makers of the famous Benjamin Swivel Attachment Plug, shown above. Screws into the socket without twisting the cord

# "I Like the Light One"

GOOD judgment that, for a light colored paint always makes a house look more cheerful and a small house look larger; and if set among trees and shrubbery, this is doubly important. When in doubt choose the lighter tint.

One advantage in having a painter mix his paint on the premises with Carter pure White Lead and pure linseed oil is that you are not restricted in the choice of colors to a paint manufacturer's color card, or to what a dealer has in stock. You can see just how the color you think you want will look, right on your house, and you can have it changed again and again until it exactly suits you.

Another advantage in using Carter White Lead is that it can be mixed exactly to suit the condition of the old paint and the peculiarities of the lumber, and the last coat can be given a high gloss that will shed dirt and withstand the weather for years.

No expensive burning and scraping is necessary when it comes time to repaint. Pure white lead is elastic; it stretches and contracts with the lumber as the temperature changes without the paint film cracking, breaking or scaling.

True, it takes a painter who is skilled at his trade to mix his own colors and adapt his paint properly to every requirement; there is more to painting than wielding a brush. The difference in both appearance and durability, between a good job of painting, and a doubtful one, is great; the difference in cost is small. The way to economize on painting is to get the best painter available, have him use the best pure white lead —Carter—and pure linseed oil, and then leave it to him.

*Ask your painter to show you "The Paint Beautiful," a portfolio of the latest color schemes for city and suburban homes. Write for our free book, "Pure Paint," a text book on house painting, and "1917 Fashions in House Paint."*

**Carter White Lead Co.**
121st & So. Peoria Sts.
Chicago


I came into the cook tent one night for supper to find C. Elliott planked down next to the corner Calamity had appropriated for her own. Calamity came in and stood inventorying what she had to sit beside.

C. Elliott looked up at his intended spouse for a minute. Then his mouth opened and he grinned. Every one of his front teeth got an airing. You could see way down to where his heart was beating. Then he deliberately gave Calamity a wink. You could hear that wink clear to the end of the table. It was a rash thing for C. Elliott to do; but he was young and his daddy had paid for him to see life.

"Come out o' that, you young fly-gity!" says June. "Place them dinky little feet o' yourn one before the other in such manner an' direction as will move you away from me in th' shortest possible time, or all you'll be able to use air for is to gasp with! An' get me while th' gettin' is good!"

Still C. Elliott didn't move.

"Kid," says Calamity, fixing him with her eye, "I told you to move so you won't get spattered. You got four breaths to take th' hint in."

"Aw, siddown," says he, "and let's get acquainted."

C. Elliott patted the seat beside him. Maybe it would have been a good opening for some little jelly-bean flirtation in a Pittsburgh drawing-room, but it sure was wasted on Calamity June. No one knew just how it happened. No one ever knew just how anything Calamity started happened. Before any of us could interfere to save C. Elliott's regalia, Calamity's iron hand had become imbedded in C. Elliott's personality, and with a wild shriek the world turned a somersault.

"If you were a man I'd thrash you most soundly for that!" announced C. Elliott, picking himself up.

"What!" roared Calamity.

Instantly both her six-guns were out. Both exploded simultaneously. C. Elliott turned over twice, peppered mostly with blank-cartridge paper. But it's Gospel truth that Calamity would have done the same if the cylinders had been loaded with bullets. Mac jumped between them, however, and I grabbed C. Elliott and sat on his neck till the angular showman could pacify Calamity.

"After this," declared Mac, "you eat down the other end o' the table, beside me. And don't you go rilin' up Calamity under this food-top or I'll thrash you most horribly myself. Get it, kid?"

C. Elliott recognized the voice of authority and obeyed. But he won the first feather in his cap that night when Apache Joe, one of the Indian boys, twitted him with his defeat. To the amazement of the outfit Powderpuff Butts removed his thick lenses and thrashed Apache Joe within an inch of his red-skinned life. It took an hour and forty minutes to do it, and neither went into the opening or closing procession for several days. But he did it—that was the thing. Oh, he was some anæmic—that kid was! You betcher!

"See here, sonny," says Gorilla as soon as he saw how things was going: "I was only foolin' you the other day. Call this courtship stuff off! Your limbs appear to be in fairly good workin' order and your breath comes from your lungs regular. Don't monkey with Nature. Takin' German trenches is safer! I speak from the heart, sonny; I speak from the heart!"

"Huh!" says C. Elliott. "Think I can't win her now, don't you? Well, you've started something! And you just remember this: It isn't opportunity that makes the man; it's knowing how to grab it. My pop made a million dollars with that motto; and it's mine too."

A skinny little brook ran through the show grounds where we were working that week. As soon as Powderpuff could navigate after his scrap with Apache Joe he spotted Calamity on the bank doing her private wash. Straight down he went.

"Miss June," says he, his comical deadly seriousness sticking out all over him like pins, "I've got something to tell you. It's just this:

"Everybody says you're tough and wild, and will bite off the head of any man who looks at you. Well, before this show closes I'm going to marry you, Calamity June, and you can spend the intervening time acquiescing. Do you follow me?"

For a moment Calamity's brown countenance looked as though the universe had blown up and he'd told her she might come and look down the hole.

"What!" she gasped.

"I'm going to marry you! You shot a wad of blue paper into my leg last week and I'm liable to have blood poisoning. But so long as I'm alive I'm going to see to it that you apologize—and then you're going to marry me."

Calamity got to her feet.

"You little milk-faced shrimp!" says she.

For a moment she was too flabbergasted to say anything worse. She dug her fists into her hips and looked Clarence Elliott Butts over from the soles of his feet to his brand-new but somewhat crumpled sombrero.

"You little fly-in-the-butter-o'-human-happiness—you listen to me!" she finally said. "I got about as much use for a husband as the animals in the ark had for the two fleas. I'm wild and bloody, and hard to curry below the knees; I'm given to fits o' murder, and my way o' appreciatin' mankind is to slit 'em open and spend my Sundays scatterin' their sawdust! Marry you! Marry you! Mar —— Look here! You spend the next five minutes of your life diggin' your way through space in a direction in which I ain't! And do it frantically and with your eyeballs poppin'!"

"If you're all through," replied C. Elliott, "my answer is this!"

C. Elliott saw the crowd was watching. That's probably why he did it. Anyhow, he caught Calamity June round the waist and imprinted a smack on her unkissed lips that sounded like a giant cannon cracker dropped in a minister's cellar.

Calamity didn't have her guns on. C. Elliott would have been letting earth rest on him for quite a spell back if she had.

"That's your answer, is it?" she shrieks.

And she caught C. Elliott by the hair of his fearful and wonderful head and doused him in the water so many times the brook was all tired out. His hat floated downstream.

He shouted and sputtered and yelled and struggled. He kicked off both his boots in his somersaults. But he was in the iron clutch of an iron woman and was paying the price of his rashness.

Mac saw what was up, let out a yell, and made a move to interfere. But Mac was too wise. C. Elliott's papa had wanted a man made of him. Very good! C. Elliott had to be educated, and why was not Calamity as good an instructress as any? So no one interfered and Calamity did exactly what she had warned she would do: She thrashed C. Elliott within an inch of his hothouse life.

"When I want a husband," she finally announced, "I'll put my ad in the Chicago papers. Watch 'em!"

Saying which, she threw what remained of C. Elliott, soggy and wet, upon the bank. Then she turned sudden on the crowd, and I never saw a mob of seventeen people take thirty-four directions so swift and effective in my life.

Some time during the next hour a battered, bruised and half-drowned man came under the top of the horse tent with a look on his face as resolute as Emperor William had when the ex-President finished telling him that the German Army could whip the universe.

Gorilla was the only man in the outfit who felt equal to the I-told-you-so stuff.

"Hello, Opportunity!" he chafed. "How's your grabber?"

C. Elliott stopped coughing up water long enough to deliver himself of an ultimatum.

"Think I'm a sissy, don't you?" he roared. "Well, you can get this and get it straight: I'm going to have that woman tamed and eating out of my hand before this time to-morrow night! Then I'll marry her if I want to, and if I don't I won't!"

A few minutes later Gorilla followed him down to his dog tent, pitched along the right-hand side of the arena. The giant stuck his big head through the flaps. On to the cot where C. Elliott with great groans was changing his clothes, big Lawson dropped a little fat paper bag.

"What's in it?" demanded C. Elliott.

"Oats!" says Gorilla. "Oats for Calamity. We want to see her eat 'em from your mitt."

"Thanks," retorted C. Elliott. "I will keep them and apply them to just that purpose!"

He reached over to where his coat was hanging, burst open the bag and dumped the fodder in his pocket.

"Shades o' Sappho!" exclaimed Gorilla when he got back from presenting the oats.

(Continued on Page 65)

LOHENGRIN

*Metropolitan Opera House,* NEW YORK CITY

ELSA—*Mme.* RAPPOLD
LOHENGRIN—*Mr.* URLUS

An actual photograph of Marie Rappold and Jacques Urlus singing in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of their voices in a duet from Lohengrin.

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BRAKE LINING

# WILL WEAR

(Continued from Page 62)

"He reminds me o' three or four miles o' summer afternoon tryin' to mate up with a battleship!"

The next day dawned fair and cloudless, as the Seaside Library says. There was nothing to forecast what would happen before the hands of the clock reached five except that Calamity was walking round the lot with a thundercloud for a face and about as pleasant as a copperhead snake.

Also, it was the first time Fond Papa had visited C. Elliott since he joined with the show. The old man motored out to see sonny and found him pretty much resembling the map of the European hostilities—only a little more cut up and ghastly.

Now it happens that in every Wild West itinerary, whether it is a wagon show or a thirty-car outfit, there are always a certain number of rough-necked gentlemen who get a job on the canvas or tending the stock simply for their grub and transportation. They work for a few weeks—maybe a few days—and eventually turn up missing.

Such was the party known as Quid Jackson. He had been willing to do anything for his board, and only that morning Mac had taken him on. His advent and exodus with the Charley Carstock Show was abrupt, sudden and memorable. He was a long, lank, loose individual who wanted to make friends all right, but seemed to lack the faculty for doing it gracefully. He started calling us all by our outfit names right away—an unpardonable breach of show etiquette.

It was Mac's way when engaging any new man to take him aside and, in his blunt, gruff way, wise him to the idiosyncrasies of the outfit, and especially to those of Calamity June. But somehow Mac had not done it to Quid Jackson that morning; and, as he was only one of the rough-necks in the cook crew, neither did anyone else.

Now this might not have been so worse had the Jackson party only preserved his etiquette till he got his bearings; but trouble had started the moment he slapped Apache Joe on the shoulder, and the Indian lad—still sore from the beating C. Elliott had delivered to him—promptly resented the familiarities of another stranger. In just twenty seconds there was a scrap on in the cook tent that nearly upset the noon meal. Mac arrived in time to grab up a post marker and pry the two apart, and the Jackson party was discharged with neatness and dispatch.

Where he went none of us noted or cared. But it was only a few minutes when a wild shriek pierced the air, shivered it into a hundred pieces, and they fell in all their alarming fragments square on the roof of the cook tent. Simultaneously Jim Yellow Shirt, the Sioux, appeared in the doorway, as wild-eyed as an Indian can forget himself.

"Him throw Calamity in water barrel!" he announced. If a panther had sprung into the center of the table that tent wouldn't have emptied quicker. All we could see as we streaked into the arena was two booted legs furiously kicking holes in the air above North America, and we heard horrible sounds coming from the sloshy depths of the horse barrel.

"Sufferin' catfish!" bellows Mac. "It is Calamity!"

On receiving his discharge, it appears, Jackson had left the grounds by way of the arena and seen Calamity rinsing her face in the water barrel. It was too good a chance for the disgruntled Jackson to miss. He had sneaked up behind, grasped her firmly by the heels, and lifted. There was a wild shriek as she tottered for a moment. Then in she went, head downward.

"Haw! Haw! Haw!" roars Jackson, far across the arena.

Calamity was out in time to see and hear him. She made for her tent and came out with her two six-guns and a cartridge belt, which this time held something besides blanks. We knew what was coming and it was no joke. Quite a crowd had arrived early for the afternoon performance. Calamity would shoot to kill—somebody was certain to get hit; that might mean a fight on the lot and the wrecking of the outfit.

"There's three kinds o' fools," declared Mac—"plain fools, damned fools and practical jokers!"

And off he went after Calamity, who was already clean across the arena after Jackson. Jackson saw her coming and stood grinning. An explosion on the sultry noon air raised him suddenly two feet off the ground. The laugh went out of him like the man with the celluloid collar when someone hits it with a lighted match. He let forth an unearthly yowl and commenced revolving in circles. Another shot banged in his direction. Something told Jackson he'd taken too much for granted. He dived under the arena canvas. In his confusion, however, instead of taking to the road and putting Calamity and the show behind him, he headed straight for the horse tent.

Calamity followed through that horse tent like a murder crazy to happen to somebody. Everybody in range ducked for safety. Even the horses struggled to stampede as she kept after Jackson with all the tenacity of a perfectly healthy machine gun.

Quid circled the tent twice. Then he went under the canvas on the side, carrying half a section with him. He certainly could yell some when he wanted! Into and round the concession tents in front he darted, gunshots banging wildly after him, and the crazy Calamity growing more and more ferocious every time she missed.

C. Elliott's tent was the last on the eastern side of the arena. He was in the tent with Fond Papa. Quid Jackson gave a wild look behind him and saw Calamity still hot on his trail. He dived into C. Elliott's tent and squarely into C. Elliott's stomach, the said stomach being in its appropriate place on C. Elliott, who had risen and was coming out. Quid Jackson continued on under the canvas at the back of the tent. C. Elliott tried to catch one of Calamity's feet as she followed suit. He failed; and, with some unintelligible words to his father, he left his tent, crossed the arena and disappeared in the crowd.

The place was in an uproar. The bullets, which had struck neither Quid Jackson nor the floor of heaven, had lodged in sundry personalities in the crowd. This was serious. The crowd, as per custom, was quick to put the whole blame on the show and retaliate. A long, low, grumbling roar swept over it. Mac heard the noise and turned pale. It was the birth of a mob.

Finally another bullet struck an innocent bystander. The roar increased in volume. The crowd began to move—slowly at first; then it streaked off in a long, terrible wedge. It pointed for the entrance to the grounds, through which pursuer and pursued had disappeared. Not a man in that mob knew what he was going to do, but every man was determined to do something or know a pretty good reason why.

Calamity wasn't so crazy but that she sensed this new turn of events. Of such crowds are lynchings born and she had lived long enough in the West to know it. Yet if she ended her checkered career with stretching rope it was evident the Jackson party who started it was going with her. So Quid Jackson pursued life, liberty and happiness, Calamity pursued Jackson, and the mob pursued Calamity. Down the road they streaked in the early afternoon sunshine.

At last Quid was headed for the village. And run! Did the Jackson party run? I have seen several exhibitions of pedal locomotion in my time—a Chinaman chased by a grizzly; a summer boarder who has stepped into a yellow-jackets' nest; and a commuter trying to make the four-o'clock New Jersey train. They all resembled a small boy sitting on some pasture bars, merely dangling his legs, beside the great spaces of our planet marked off by Quid Jackson as he tried to get more out of life than there was in it. He went down that road one-eighth of the time on the ground and seven-eighths in the air. All he used the road for was to push himself along. Believe me! I was there and I saw him; and I'll stake my reputation that he was just two inches ahead of Calamity's bullets every foot of the way.

Calamity's riding boots hindered her speed somewhat. She had to slow down, too, to reload her guns. In one of these recesses Quid Jackson dived under a fence and disappeared in a cornfield, seemingly imbued with an almost human desire to seek shelter behind something. Up to that minute it had required all his brains to work his feet. Heading for a deserted house in the cornfield, he staggered up the steps and fell flat on the dusty floor inside.

Through that cornfield went Calamity. A shouting, hooting, blood-hot mob was close upon her. Quid heard her coming and terror seized him. He left by a rear window at the same time Calamity went through the doorway. And he was in motion long before he hit the ground.

Escape for Calamity, however, was an entirely different proposition. The crowd saw they had her at bay. So Calamity


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started to barricade herself in that deserted house and fight it to a finish. Like her notorious forebears, she would meet the end with her boots on. Meantime, realizing from several well-planted shots that they were facing a battle, the crowd stopped and eddied just out of the yard into a clearing to the north, debating how it would do the undecided thing it had sped half a mile to consummate.

Then happened the real tragedy—for Calamity: She ran out of cartridges! She had emptied her belt and her guns. Not another blessed shot had she left. Ignominious capture stared her in the face. Like a lioness of her own Montana mountains, she crouched on the floor, wild-eyed and panting—a canvas by Remington.

The crowd did not yet know she was out of bullets. They still waited a few hundred feet off, not even the sheriffs daring to attack and jeopardize their lives. So for a few minutes the situation was deadlocked.

Suddenly, on the side of the little house away from the crowd, came a crash of glass. Brushing aside her tears of excitement and rage, June staggered up and into the room to brain the first intruder with her gunbutt.

"You! You!" she shrieked at the figure that had crawled through the demolished sash.

"Shut up and come!" retorted the other. "That crowd out there is ready to lynch you! Do you know what hanging means? You've winged five or six people, and back on the grounds a crowd is already wrecking the show. Come along! I've got a way for you to escape."

"Get out!" she screamed. "Get out or I'll kill you!"

"No, you won't!" retorted C. Elliott. "You'll come with me."

His concentrated seriousness and intensity, his screwed forehead and popping eyes, again made him comic. But he was mighty efficient just then—was C. Elliott Butts; and the way he turned his gun round and grasped it by the barrel actually made Calamity bat an eyelid and retreat a step, with a sob and a gasp.

"Go! Go!" she pleaded. "This is my funeral, kid! Jus' gimme your gun and them cartridges. If they catch you in here they'll hoist you too."

"You're going with me and we haven't got time to argue."

"Why should I go with you?" she cried.

"Because I've taken a liking to you," he retorted. "You're a woman that's different, and—and ——"

Her white-hot anger, the excitement of the chase, the knowledge that the crowd was creeping closer and meant business—all these conspired to start a sudden reaction in June. After all, she was only a woman! And that was the wonder of it. For all his deadly seriousness, C. Elliott was as calm, cool, collected and deliberate as a glass of New England lemonade at two o'clock on a July afternoon. Calamity fell, utterly exhausted, on the floor.

"If you love me—if you want me to get out o' this—get me a horse!" she wailed. "I can't run a step farther!"

"Shut up and claw air!" commanded C. Elliott. "I've something that beats a horse to a frazzle."

And he had. On the far south side of the lot he had brought round a low-hung, pug-nosed racing car, which had brought Fond Papa to the grounds earlier in the day.

For the first time in her life Calamity allowed a man to take the lead. And after them came the crowd, starting a great shout and stringing in a far-flung line behind them.

"I never was in one o' them damned contraptions in my life!" protested the sobbing June. "You'll kill the both of us!"

"Will I, though?" asked C. Elliott grimly. He half punched, half lifted her into the seat and stepped over her into his own. "Kid, I was born in one of these machines. It was going sixty an hour at the time and they knocked my head on the radiator to get my eyes open. Hang on and say good-by to everything that isn't attached to you by Nature; for here, Miss June, is where you and I roll!"

The machine gave a bound that wrenched their necks. It was off in the get-away like greased lightning—only faster and given to more speed. Calamity emitted a yell and grabbed the sides in terror. C. Elliott slid lower and lower into the driver's seat. He seemed to give a delightful little sigh of satisfaction as he tested the gas and spark levers beneath the wheel.

As they rounded the first corner on two wheels he looked back. The crowd was outwitted. They blackened the roadway in a silhouetted line. But four other autos had appeared from nowhere, and C. Elliott saw that the men climbing into them were the business-looking sheriffs, determined on reputation for another election.

"They're after us!" he declared.

"What if we break down?" wailed June.

"We aren't going to break down," retorted her deliverer. "Little Clarence Elliott is at the throttle of this speed trap, Miss June; and—take it from me, lady—there's rock on the roadbed ahead that's due to have a rise in temperature! Maybe," he went on gleefully, "C. Elliott isn't much of a man because he can't ride a horse and isn't perpetually covered with gore; but—believe me!—he knows how to mangle the horizon with a gasoline space-cleaver!"

And he gave her seven notches!

"Let up! Let up!" screamed June.

But C. Elliott had no intention of letting up. The engine had begun to resemble the third day at Gettysburg. The tires sang on the macadam like a trolley car on a steep grade. The scenery started to blur and only one thing traveled faster, and that was the noise of the enraged siren, which shot the air ahead into holes so the sizzling racer could make its way through.

Fool chickens tried to cross the road and glued up the radiator front with feathers. A dog appeared in the regions ahead, with a crazy notion that he could stop the thing. He got the right mudguard in the locality where his tail was appended. Several horses saw the Juggernaut approaching and walked on their hind legs for a better view. Yet deeper and deeper in the seat C. Elliott seemed to sink, watching the road ahead with an eye as calm and cool as though he were on the grand stand at a ball park and waiting for the visiting team to arrive and start their differences of opinion. They leaped bridges and dodged culverts. They allowed only the thickness of a Sunday newspaper between the mudguard and several teams they plucked out of distance ahead and placed in the distance behind. On and on and on! Faster and faster and faster! And the gas lever was but halfway up the notches.

Someone had phoned ahead to stop the runaways. Far ahead appeared a man with a rope stretched across the road. At one end of the hemp was a maple tree. At the other was the man's hand. Wildly he gesticulated and greatly insisted that they should stop. C. Elliott put on two more notches of gas.

"Oh-h-h-h-h-h!" It was a gasp from June.

In an interval of six breaths and a half they had cleared the intervening space, hit the rope in the center, and eliminated the officer. It was a very adequate and picturesque elimination. The rope simply snapped him into the air—for in his excitement he forgot to drop it. And they shot on!

Up hills and down dales; across the bottom of peaceful sunlit valleys they tore—past fat and sociable old farmhouses that slept for a month and a day in the dust; through woods where the artillery of their engine echoed for miles in the stillness.

June dared not look back to learn if they were still pursued. All she could do was stare with popping eyes ahead.

"Please! Please slow down!" she gasped weakly.

For reply C. Elliott opened up two more notches. A mile a minute they were traveling! On a far stretch of open road the grim-faced young man leaned over against her.

"Miss June," said he, "the last time I told you I'd marry you, you hit me a bat that I'll feel for a week. If you hit me now you and me and the machine may leap the Atlantic coast states and sink a transatlantic liner in mid-ocean! I may not look it, Miss June, but I'm a holy terror when once I'm started. I may not know how to ride a horse, but—believe me!—I know how to drive a buzz buggy, and one's to the East what the other's to the West; so on that score the difference between us is banished.

"All this talk about you being a holy terror," he went on, "is nonsense and boeh! Look at you! You're as white as a busted flour barrel! Where's your nerve now? Where's all that bum bravado? Huh! Scared at a little speed; scared because you're standing still for a minute and letting the world spin past you!"

"You're goin' to kill the both of us!" wailed June. "Oh, why didn't I stay and be lynched?"

(Concluded on Page 69)

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HUDSON SUPER SIX

**HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN**

(Concluded from Page 66)

"Now then," went on C. Elliott, righting the machine as she took a hairpin turn on two wheels, "we've thrown off the officers, and all that's ahead of us is Pittsburgh and air. You've got your choice, Miss June. You'll do as I tell you, or ——"

"Wh-h-h-a-a-a-t-t-t?" chattered June.

"I'm going to open up the gas to the limit!"

There was a shrill squeal of terror from Calamity. C. Elliott opened up two more notches by way of persuasion.

"I'll do anything you want me to in the world," she cried, "if you'll only shut off and lemme out o' this alive!"

Holding the huge steering wheel with his right hand, C. Elliott thrust his left into his pocket and brought it out filled with oats.

"Eat 'em!" he commanded.

"I won't!" she screamed

"Eat 'em!" says C. Elliott.

Tears of mortification and rage flooded her eyes and were swept away by the wind before they could find her pasty-white face.

"Out of my hand!" says C. Elliott. "Eat 'em—and swallow 'em!"

And on another long, smooth stretch of road, traveling through space close to seventy miles an hour, Calamity June, the terror of the Wild West business, ate 'em.

"Well," says C. Elliott, "to begin with, I think I'll marry you."

"If I ever get out o' this ——" wailed June.

"Shut up!" says C. Elliott.

A town was coming into view ahead of them. Over the top of a distant hill a church spire shot into sight.

"Now," says C. Elliott, "make up your mind. Promise to love, honor and obey me, or I'll speed up a bit and we'll pass over the burg like a shell from a forty-two centimeter gun!"

"I—love—you!" gasped June.

"Say 'I'll marry you as soon as we stop, whenever and wherever you want!'"

"I'll marry you as soon as we stop, whenever and wherever you want," repeated June. She was clinging to the rolling, swaying, terrible car till her finger tips were oozing perspiration.

"Say 'I'll never show my cussedness any more. I'll swear to be a good, loving and faithful wife, who'll obey my husband in all things and do whatever he orders without a whimper.' Say it quick, or I'll open up this car through the town ahead; and if there is a heaven you and me will reach it in a shower of cogwheels!"

June said it. Every last word of it she said.

"Swear it!" persisted the cool and deadly serious youngster. "Swear it by everything that's swearable and binding in both East and West!"

"I swear it!" gasped June.

She was going to faint. She felt it coming on. Her face suddenly flooded purple with the terror of what might happen if she lost consciousness and couldn't hang on.

"And you won't go back on your promise the minute I shut off the power?"

"No-o-o-o-o!"

"Then put your arms round me!" commanded Powderpuff.

Frantically she protested. But one more notch of gas persuaded her.

"Kiss me!" ordered her lord and master.

There was really no need for this last order. June was witnessing an exhibition of nerve and skill that the wildest vagary of her imagination could never have conceived possible in mortal man. C. Elliott didn't know it, but that nerve and skill in driving the racer up to seventy miles an hour had been enough to eradicate forever the rancor toward mankind instigated by the cowardly punchers who had deserted her in Montana and left her to carve out her destiny along with four Mexicans. No; C. Elliott didn't know it then, but the strange Calamity June was henceforward his woman without the vows, broken, humbled and helpless; and she had been so for the last four notches of gasoline.

"You heard me!" repeated the youngster. "Put your arms round me and seal it with a kiss!"

Calamity put her arms about him in sheer terror that another notch of gas would send the machine out from beneath her and leave her suspended in the air. She gave him the first kiss she had ever planted on the lips of man. Simultaneously they gained the hilltop. Below them spread the little country village, its solitary white church and parsonage baking in the sunshine.

Neither Calamity nor her tamer was ever able to tell exactly how it happened. C. Elliott had shut off the power somewhat and was putting on the brakes when a lurch of the machine caused June to grab wildly for the seat. She missed her clutch, felt herself going, and grabbed for C. Elliott instead. Accidentally she hit the thick-lensed glasses. Probably she skewed them on his face and for an instant C. Elliott couldn't see where he was steering. Anyhow, a mix-up happened.

Came a frightful crash, a dull thud; the racer swerved to the right. It leaped the bank. Two figures endowed with human life left the machine. For an instant airy space enveloped them completely. Then there was a smash and a thud.

A gentleman in a clerical uniform entered his dining room to find it filled mostly with automobile parts.

"What, in Tophet," he roared, "is the meaning of this?"

"We've come to get married!" announced C. Elliott.

Then he fainted dead away, Calamity June having preceded him by about four seconds.

After all, she was only a woman!

I talked with Mrs. Clarence Elliott Butts about it the other day. It was down in New Jersey, where C. E. Butts was putting up his Greatest Wild West Show on Earth in winter quarters.

"Both his collar bones was broken," said she. "And I had my ribs stove in. It was two months before he made me run away with him down to Kentucky and splice up. And what do you suppose it was for? Because he considered I was the only living thing on earth that could wallop his father and keep him eternally loose from the parental apron strings!"

"And do you do it, Calamity?" said I.

"Passably," says she. "But I'd do it with a whole heap more joyfulness if I hadn't found out one day that Clarence Elliott had paid Quid Jackson one hundred dollars to duck me in that there horse barrel!"

Oh, C. Elliott was anæmic, all right!

## Gathering Society News

THE society news—the gossip and scandal of the so-called smart world—was furnished, when I was on a society paper, from without; and the bulk of it came from one contributor, whose real name was supposed not to be known to anyone save the publisher and editor.

I found this, however, to be an open secret. The Wasp paid him a moderate weekly stipend, which he used, the story ran, to eke out his dues at one or more of the fashionable clubs.

His copy began coming in on Monday afternoon of each week and continued all day Tuesday. It arrived by messenger in good-sized batches, written in a large and rather bad hand on big sheets of yellow manila paper. He made little or no effort at fine writing and certainly could not have been accused of padding. Each paragraph was a simple, straightforward statement either of what he knew or what he had heard, and for the most part it was interesting because of its savor of authority.

It must not be imagined, however, that this man was the only contributor to the society section. I recall a dapper but rotund amateur actor, who furnished something weekly. Then, too, there were the society editor of one of the foremost dailies, who kept us posted on coming events, and the self-expatriated son of a British diplomat, who supplied interesting and important forecasts of the foreign adventurers a week or so before they landed in search of American heiresses.

Aside from these regulars there were fully a dozen occasional contributors, most of them connected with the dailies, who were glad enough to sell us matter in our line which, for one reason or another, their own papers would not or could not use.

We had regular correspondence, too, from the larger American cities and occasional correspondence from abroad. Young as the Wasp was, it had an extremely wide circulation, though not a large one. There was scarcely a city or large town in the United States that did not number some subscribers in its population.

At one time our attention was attracted to a woman who wrote a fashion article weekly in which she described the gowns worn by society at the opera and other functions. She was well-born and had a wide social acquaintance.

I had the chief arrange with her to contribute, on an average, four bits of society gossip for each issue. Though she scrupled about writing these, she was prevailed on to furnish them orally, and they were put into paragraphic form by one of the members of the staff.

Out of one of these there developed a new and valuable source of information. A paragraph roused the indignation of a young society man who at that moment was perhaps the most conspicuous member of the younger set. In his fit of petulance he visited the chief and pleaded for justice. The chief was an admirable actor. He pretended to be deeply pained over what he termed the inadvertence. He assumed a fatherly air with the youth. He promised him there would be no repetition. He would go out of his way to guard against a recurrence. And in return for this care and protection he asked but one thing—to evidence his appreciation would not the young man give him from time to time a hint or two from the inner courts of Vanity Fair? The origin of these hints, he swore, should be held sacred.

In gratitude, the young man acceded. As an earnest of good faith, he let fall at the moment a titbit of ripe succulence. Five minutes later the chief, with his arm in paternal fashion about the youth's shoulders, passed my desk, escorting him to the elevator. On his way back he gave me the titbit. At the same time he informed me that hereafter Mr. —— was to be treated in our columns with the utmost respect and kindness.

There are still other ways in which news of value comes to the society weekly, aside from those I have mentioned. Chief of these is through the man or woman who is tempted to sell individual knowledge and who calls in person to drive a bargain. The Wasp in this manner secured a number of exclusive news stories during my term of office—stories that were afterward taken up by the dailies and wired from one end of the country to the other.

The backdoor as a source of information for society journals is not so often called into play as seems generally supposed.

I do not question that many of the anonymous letters received by the editor come from disgruntled servants; but only a very small percentage of such communications—and those are carefully verified—get into print.

A far greater menace to families with closeted skeletons—and few families are without one or two—are the young men or the young women who are asked occasionally to fill out at a dinner party.

What they hear goes in one ear, perhaps, but it does not go out of the other. As a rule, they are poorer friends or relations whom it is deemed a charity to invite. And many of them, for the sake of the few dollars there are in it, do not hesitate to dispose of the richer friends' table-talk—or even that of host and hostess for that matter—to the society paper that pays the best rates.

Indeed it is not so strange that these periodicals get so much inside information as the public seems to imagine

It is odd they do not get more. What with the high prices for finery and the high play at bridge, the market for gossip must be a perpetual temptation; and there is nothing in the world that exerts a more searing influence on the conscience than society, and all that the word implies—nothing, that is to say, except perhaps society journalism.

"Get Out!" She Screamed. "Get Out or I'll Kill You!"

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You may think that your floors, woodwork and furniture will never have to stand tests like these.

You may even think that they are too severe—too unusual for you to be concerned about.

But they are not, as experience has proved time and time again.

For furniture and woodwork are bound to have water and various liquids spilled upon them.

Windows will be left open and the rain beat in; pipes will leak; umbrellas will drip, and big accidents like that shown on the opposite page sometimes happen.

Surely it would be a relief to know that your woodwork and furniture *could* stand all these tests.

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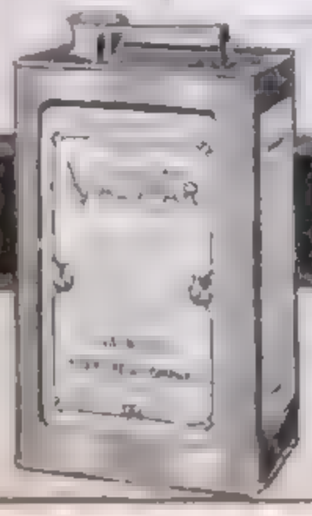
There is one sure way to prevent all varnish worry.

*Always use Valspar—the absolutely waterproof varnish that never turns white.*



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Automobile bodies differ in width, and instrument boards of fixed length are applicable to one type only. The J-M instrument board, supplied with the J-M Speedometer, provides for width variations by an ingenious adjustable end bracket.

The new J-M Speedometer is made up with black dial and large clear WHITE figures and pointer. Speed range, 0 to 60 miles. New 10,000-mile-total odometer with exceptionally large figures.

Instrument Board is of wood, finished in dull black, with J-M Speedometer flush mounted. The instrument board of wood makes easy the application of other accessories such as lighting and starting switches, clocks, carburetor controls, etc.

TO THE TRADE: Sold strictly on a jobber-dealer basis—generous discounts, uniform and rigidly maintained regardless of size of order. Ask the nearest J-M Branch for details of this sales policy designed for your protection.

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# The Seven Drums of Selling

### By ROBERT R. UPDEGRAFF

YOU remember the story of the Battle at Dol that Victor Hugo tells about in his captivating book, Ninety-Three. You remember how the Vendean Army, six thousand strong and the pick of Vendée, under Lantenac, was in possession of Dol; how suddenly on that mild July evening Gauvain's little army—the Blues—twelve hundred in all, suddenly appeared at the head of the street leading to the market in the center of the city, where Lantenac's forces were gathered, and boldly started to shell them with three pieces of artillery, in a daring effort to capture the city.

Lantenac's six thousand Vendeans were surprised; but they fell to and in short order gathered drays and tumbrels and casks, and heaped them high between the stone pillars of the market house until they had improvised a lofty barricade, with openings through which to discharge their muskets. Their artillery was for the present useless, because the artillery officers were off reconnoitering. But, in spite of their lack of artillery, their fusillade was murderous and the market house presented an impregnable front. Six thousand scrappy fighters thus well protected to stand off a meager twelve hundred men without cover!

Gauvain saw that his little army faced an almost impossible task. He got down from his horse and stood attentively studying the problem in the darkness, with arms folded. Silent, erect, he stood there. Suddenly a bright flash from the market; then a sound like a peal of thunder. A ball broke through a near-by house. The Vendeans had now manned their artillery!

The situation was dangerous. The battle bade fair to change from an attack to a retreat, and Gauvain's little army, retreating, could be pursued and quickly annihilated by the larger force. But Gauvain stood his ground. He knew the neighborhood. He knew that the market house was backed by a labyrinth of streets, narrow and crooked.

You remember how, in the face of defeat, he selected twelve troopers and seven of the nine drummers the little army boasted; how he ordered the troopers to wrap their muskets in twisted straw from a near-by forage wagon, so that they should make no noise in knocking together; how, in their stockinged feet, they started off single file and for twenty minutes made their stealthy way through the darkness, skirting out round the edge of the town until they reached the end of a lane that led into the broad street on the other side of the market house.

### *The Very Essence of Strategy*

Their tortuous march over, Gauvain drew up his men and directed them to remove the straw from their guns. The grenadiers posted themselves in a line behind the angle of the lane, and the seven drummers stood with drumsticks lifted. The artillery fire between the two armies had been going on intermittently. Gauvain waited for a pause between shots and then, waving his sword, cried, in a voice that rang out like a trumpet in the silence:

"Two hundred men to the right; two hundred men to the left; all the rest in the center!"

Twelve muskets cracked. Seven drums beat. The effect was prodigious! The seven drums sounded like seven thousand on the still night air; they told of a great army that had completely surrounded the town. You remember how the army of six thousand, the pick of Vendée, fled in consternation; and how Gauvain's little army took possession of the town. And it was all done inside of perhaps an hour.

Ever since reading that story, when a boy, those seven drums have always meant to me the very essence of strategy. The other day I read the story again and it suddenly came to me what a masterly stroke of salesmanship that was on Gauvain's part. With seven drums he "sold" fear, which was his "line," to six thousand husky men! The more I thought of it, the stronger it came to me that in the selling battle of modern business more and more bright generals are resorting to various forms of strategy in emergencies. Indeed, the story has impressed me so strongly that every time I hear of some particularly good piece of selling strategy I say to myself: "Another case of Seven Drums!"

Some day perhaps someone will write a book of Seven-Drum selling stories. It would be mighty interesting reading. Just to start the ball rolling, I am going to make my little donation toward the book right here and now by telling a few Seven-Drum stories I have met.

The sales manager for a big machinery house in Pennsylvania landed a big order some months ago by as keen a piece of strategy as I have heard of in a long time. It seems that a factory in New York State was going to double its equipment, meaning a pretty nice order for machinery for some firm. This sales manager sent his crack salesman up posthaste to get in touch and land the order. The salesman called at the factory, loaded with choice cigars and tuned right up for a big sale. He discovered several things the first day.

### *Cigars Not Always Trumps*

In the first place, the man who was going to do the buying of the machinery was the factory superintendent, and buying anything but castings or simple factory supplies was a new experience to him. Yes, he would see the salesman; and he would listen to what he had to say—that is, as attentively as he could with the constant interruptions of factory management. But he would have none of the salesman's high-priced cigars—nor would he accept his urgent invitation to have lunch with him; in fact, he was a good deal of a sphinx, and by the end of the first interview the salesman could not get the slightest clew as to how the superintendent felt about his machinery or his house, or about his competitors.

Moreover, at the hotel that night the crack salesman found that the salesmen of rival houses were in town, close upon his heels, and that they were his competitors' best men. By the end of the second day of his stay he learned, from looks and chance remarks, that the other fellows still had their high-priced cigars in their pockets, and that they were just as much up in the air as he was.

He thought it all over and came to the conclusion that, from all he could gather—which was practically nothing—his house stood about as good a chance as any of landing the order. That night he wrote to his chief.

The next morning when the sales manager opened the letter and read it he remarked to himself: "'As good a chance as any'—and no better. That's not the way I hold my job. We've got to get that order!" And so he took the train for New York State and arrived at the factory, well supplied with good cigars and good stories. He figured that, with a factory man such as his crack salesman had described, good stories would be just about the right formula for landing the order. He knew the type—clams until you get them loosened up over a good story; then a cigar, and they would open up their shells and come out. That was what he held his job for—to sell to all kinds of men. He got hold of his salesman and they went to the factory.

But when they came out of the plant, just before noon, after a two-hour call, the sales manager still had his choice cigars and all but one of his choicest stories—that one had fallen so flat that it was not worth scraping up! Also, after spending nearly an hour going into the merits of his machinery in the most earnest, salesmanlike way he knew, he was obliged to leave without the slightest idea of how his firm stood with the superintendent. Nor would the latter accept his invitation to lunch. Not only that; he, as sales manager, was discredited in the eyes of one of his salesmen.

They went back to the hotel; but instead of going to dinner, they went to the sales manager's room. The younger man sat in

deep thought, while his chief paced silently back and forth for half an hour. Suddenly he stopped short and addressed his understudy:

"There's too everlasting much salesmanship and not enough strategy in this deal, and ordinary common or garden-variety salesmanship will never sell that man in sixty-nine years. Why, he doesn't know how to be sold!"

Two hours later both were on their way back to their own factory. When they arrived the sales manager sent for the foreman of the machinery department, a rather rough, unpolished but nevertheless shrewd man, who knew the business upside down and backward.

"Russell," he said, "the superintendent at the Blank Factory, in ——, is going to buy some machinery, and wants to know something about our machines and about prospects for delivery, and prices, and all that. I wish you'd go up and see him, and tell him all about us and what sort of machinery we are making and how we make it, and about how soon we'd be able to deliver. Stick round as long as necessary; but, whatever you do, don't try to sell him—just tell him about us."

### *Overalls Did It*

The foreman went home and changed to the boiled shirt, stiff collar and detachable cuffs that he kept for weddings, funerals and other state occasions, and embarked. The next morning he walked into the Blank Factory and hunted up the superintendent. He found him out in the factory bawling out a man for spoiling a piece of work, and a rather expensive piece at that. If he had been a salesman he would have known that this, of all times, was not the time to approach the prospect, for he was so mad he could scarcely see straight, let alone think straight. But, not being a salesman, or having any idea he was selling, Russell waded right in. He helped the factory superintendent to feel mad over the man's blunder, because he knew well what it meant and could properly sympathize. Nothing put on about it, either; it came from the heart.

Inside of ten minutes Russell and the superintendent were sitting in the latter's office chatting like old friends about the stupidity of workmen in general. Presently Russell pulled out a couple of five-cent cigars and handed one to the superintendent. He took it; and they lighted up, tilted back their chairs and settled down to enjoy each other's company. Politics, material markets, the new addition to the factory, the machinery for it, these and a dozen other things were discussed. Noon came and the superintendent persuaded his new friend to go home to lunch with him.

That night Russell left for home, and the next afternoon he was back in his working clothes and on the job.

Three weeks later came a telegram to the Pennsylvania company—addressed to Mr. Russell—reading:

"Ready to place machinery order with you. Can you come up and go into specifications in detail?"

"Now what do you know about that!" chuckled the sales manager when he was handed the telegram, which Russell sent up to him. "Got through the lines with a pair of overalls! Even now, when he is ready to place the order, the old cuss ignores the sales department! But why worry? We got the order!"

A certain manufacturer of plated silverware—knives and forks, trays, pitchers, platter covers, and all such—was particularly anxious to land a big order for the silver service of a big club that was just refurnishing throughout. His silver was as good as that of other manufacturers, but probably no better. He could not make a better price than his competitors had quoted and still make a profit. He was rather at a disadvantage, because his firm was small and not very well known.

He called on the chairman of the house committee of the club, the man who had charge of the purchasing of the silver, and tried to interest him. He could see, however, that the man leaned toward some other company; and the best he could do was to get him to halfway promise to stop in and look over his line at the New York salesroom the next time he was in town.

The manufacturer went away feeling rather blue. The man was a hard prospect. He had not responded to the sales arguments that had landed several very good orders recently. He was not in the least artistic; so he could not appreciate beauty of design. He was shrewd enough not to buy the cheapest just because it was the cheapest, but trader enough to get the best possible price on what he did buy.

Mr. Silver Manufacturer thought it all over. Something startling, something convincing, would have to be done. That evening, as he sat at home thinking, it occurred to him that the house-committee chairman's fingers were short and stubby, and probably very strong. He would be a man who would hardly dare handle frail things, for fear of crushing them with those stubby fingers. Mr. Silver Manufacturer began to see the light. The next morning he wrote a letter to the house-committee chairman, saying that he would have a special display at his New York showroom on a certain day, and asking him whether he would be good enough to call if he happened to be in town that day.

The New York manager thought his employer had gone crazy when he received, the next morning, a letter from the factory saying that there was a special shipment of samples coming through, and when they arrived they were to be opened up and laid out on tables in the cellar of the building!

The day came, and so also did Mr. House Committee. Without apologies Mr. Silver Manufacturer escorted Mr. House Committee to the cellar and went over the line carefully with him, taking up the various pieces and patterns, and going into the sale with the utmost enthusiasm. Mr. House Committee listened rather half-heartedly, lifted a few of the pieces and gave them perfunctory flips with his fingers, and asked about prices.

Finally he was ready to go. It was evident that he was not especially impressed, or else that he had already made up his mind to buy elsewhere. Anyway, the light in the cellar was not very good and did not show up the silver to the best advantage. The New York manager was more convinced than ever that his boss had gone crazy. Why did he not show the line up in the bright, cheery sample room?

But, just when Mr. House Committee was about to leave, Mr. Silver Manufacturer opened up with his Seven Drums.

### *A Spectacular Silver Sale*

"Mr. House Committee," he said, "I believe you like my designs—particularly this plain one here. I know you are satisfied that we could handle the order all right, and I believe you have found our prices as low as those of any other reputable manufacturer. Those things are all important. But what is most important to you in buying this silver is this question: How is it going to stand up in actual service? You are looking ahead and trying to get silver that will stand the terrible banging it will get in the kitchen and pantry. You don't want the silver you buy to look so rocky in a year's time that everybody will begin to kick the house committee.

"I want to answer that question for you right now. Will this pitcher"—he grabbed a big, heavy water pitcher—"ever get any harder bang than this?"

And he banged it down with a crash on the concrete floor of the cellar. Then he kicked it over against the concrete wall. Then, as if crazy, he started in and threw cream pitchers, platter covers, knives, forks, spoons, teapots—everything—crashing on the concrete floor. He kicked them and stepped on them. The cellar was full of the din of it. Mr. House Committee and the New York manager stood and watched in open-mouthed astonishment.

Finally Mr. Silver Manufacturer, perspiring, began picking up the silverware and handing it, piece by piece, to Mr. House Committee.

"You will find a little dent here and there, perhaps; but can you beat that test in your club kitchen in a thousand years?" he asked quietly, after Mr. House Committee had examined twelve or fifteen pieces. "Will your help punish it any worse than I have here on this concrete floor?"

Interestedly Mr. House Committee inspected piece after piece. Finally he looked up.

"You win!" said he. "Come up to my office to-morrow and get the order."

And yet they do say that almost all hotel silver would have stood up quite as well under that banging. That is what it is built for—to stand hard knocks. But Mr. Silver Manufacturer was another Gauvain with his Seven Drums. He believed he

(Continued on Page 76)

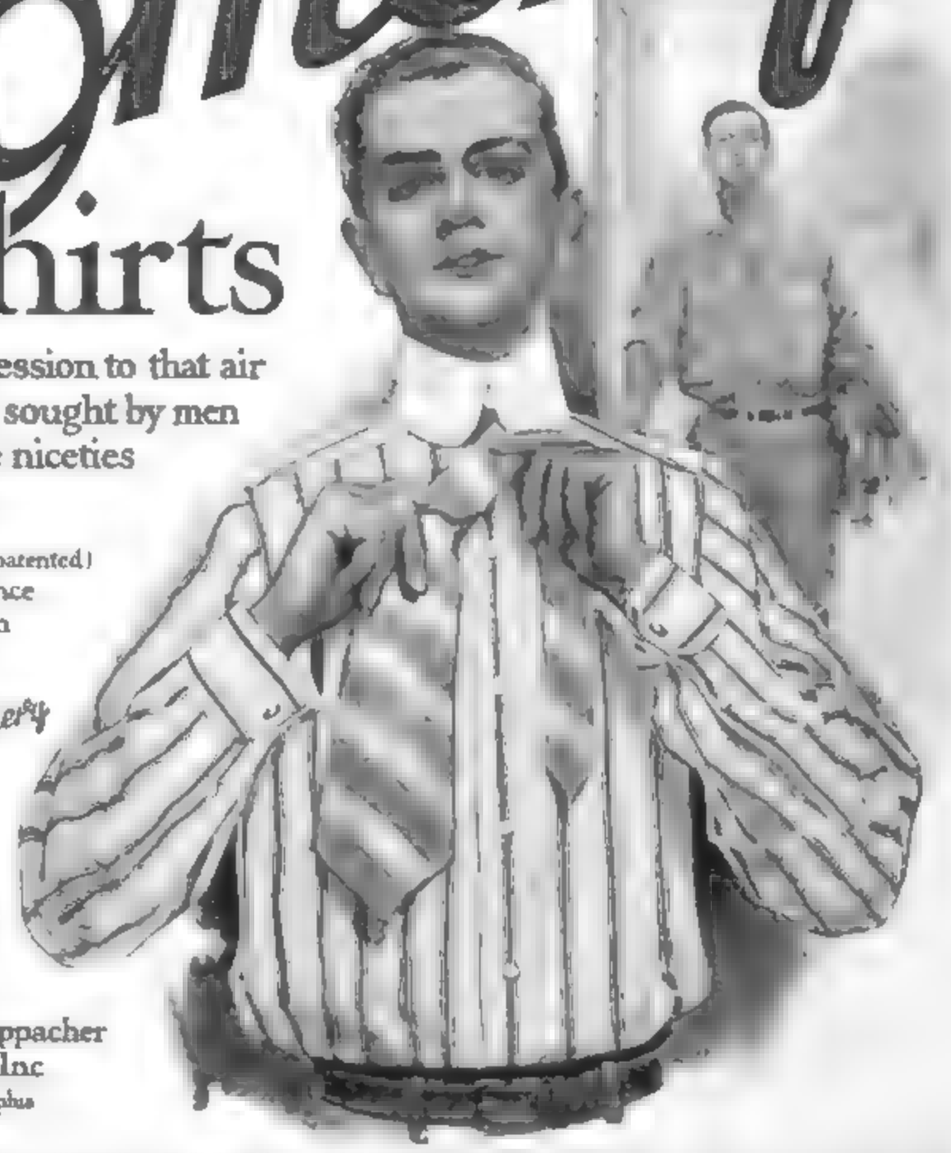

Emery Shirts

give expression to that air of quality sought by men alert to the niceties of apparel.

Nek-ban-tab (patented) is a convenience exclusively on Emery shirts.

Look for Emery when you buy shirts.

$1.50 up. In silk, $5 to $10.



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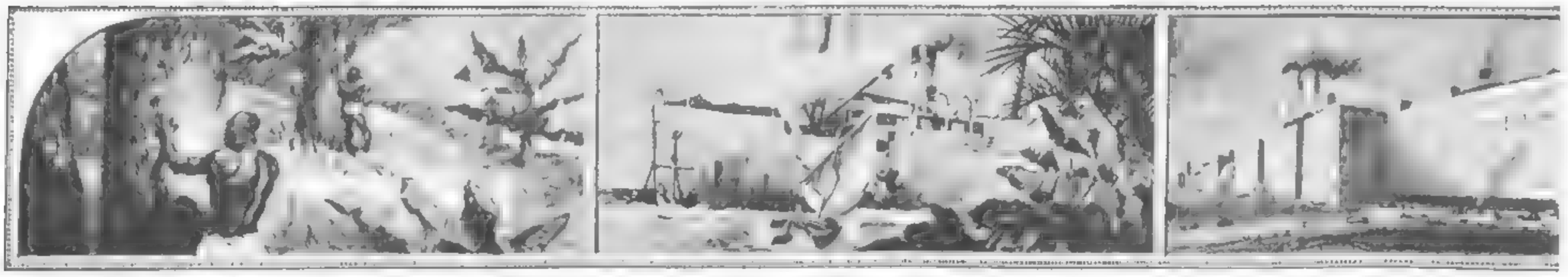


# THAT COMMODITY

THE word Service is in disrepute. It stands discredited by countless empty claims.

But the word Service appears to be the only term available for describing a certain commodity developed by business—a commodity of real and material value to the buyer in every transaction in which it has a part.

This commodity is in its essence the effort of honest business to transmute into tangible and useful realities those abstract factors of conscientious purpose and good faith.

How this is accomplished by Goodyear, and how its benefits are embodied in the Goodyear Tire you buy, we seek herewith to show.

• • •

THE service surrounding Goodyear Tires begins with the beginning of the tires.

In far-off Singapore, in tropical lands whence raw rubber comes, men from the Goodyear factories are stationed, who pick and choose, select and reject from the rubber stores available—that only the finest quality of rubber shall go into Goodyear Tires.

In the immense Goodyear Fabric Mills at Killingly, Connecticut, Goodyear fabric experts convert the finest grades of cotton into fabrics more strong than the world had ever known before these specializing Goodyear Mills came into being.

In the Goodyear Laboratories in Akron are gathered the brightest minds from the world's best technical schools, focused in constant experiment and innumerable test, that the best processes may have part in the construction of Goodyear Tires.

In these Laboratories such developments as the Goodyear Tire-Making Machine, the Goodyear On-Air Cure, the Goodyear No-Hook construction, the Goodyear All-Weather Tread were inaugurated.

In the Goodyear Sales Department executives are constantly concerned with the development of more efficient methods of distribution—that economies from this source may be turned back into extra quality in manufacturing.

All these have a part in Goodyear Service—all aim to better the value Goodyear gives the public—all are important as bearing on the satisfaction you derive from Goodyear Tires—yet quite as important is another part which supplements them.

The part played by the Goodyear Service Station Dealer.

WE recognize in the goodness of Goodyear Tires the inevitable foundation of whatever credit or censure we are to receive at the public's hands.

We know this goodness to be the source and current of any reward that may come to us.

Naturally we seek to preserve and protect it by every means within our power.

And we conceive the Goodyear Service Station Dealer and his function to be the most desirable and effective means possible.

• • •

A HEALTHY human body, brought to an intricate perfection by natural and scientific services, can be weakened and wrecked by abuse.

So can an automobile tire—*any* automobile tire—even a Goodyear Tire.

Though we build never so carefully, though we safeguard by fine material and expert manufacture—by unstinted labor and merciless inspection—our tires' inherent goodness can be overthrown and their natural usefulness frustrated, by neglect and ill-treatment.

We have not done enough when we have built mileage *into* our tires, our service is not complete—we must help the user get this mileage *out*.

This is precisely the mission of the Goodyear Service Station Dealer.

He is the trustee of Goodyear goodness.

GOODYEAR
AKRON

# CALLED SERVICE

THERE are fifteen thousand Goodyear Service Station Dealers scattered throughout the United States—in the great cities, in the smaller towns, in rural hamlets.

Wherever you find them they are identified by the Goodyear Service Station Sign shown at the side of this advertisement.

Wherever you find them they are all of a piece—eager to hold your business by getting your friendship by giving you service.

They advise tires of proper sizes; they provide proper inflation; they examine wheels for alignment; they test brakes for uniform pressure; they instruct in the timely repair; they guard you against the thousand and one forms of tire abuse you may innocently inflict.

They translate the goodness built in Goodyear Tires into miles delivered you upon the road.

. . .

GOODYEAR Service Station Dealers place your satisfaction above their immediate profit.

They are not philanthropists; they are simply good business men.

They forego the extra discounts they might make by selling other tires not from any altruistic motive, but solely because they believe Goodyear Tires will bring more business in the long run.

They believe that to make a small profit on many sales is better business than to make a large profit on a few sales, and is a better foundation for permanent business.

They believe that it is also good business to give such service as will give Goodyear users maximum enjoyment and use of their tires with the least effort, time and expense.

They recognize the beneficent principle of service as working both ways.

. . .

THAT commodity called Service as delivered in Goodyear Tires is brimming value, unflawed excellence, expert construction and positive utility.

As carried forward by Goodyear Service Station Dealers it includes convenience, square dealing, economy and prolonged satisfaction.

These men project that service which begins with the beginning of Goodyear Tires to the very rims of the motor cars they equip.

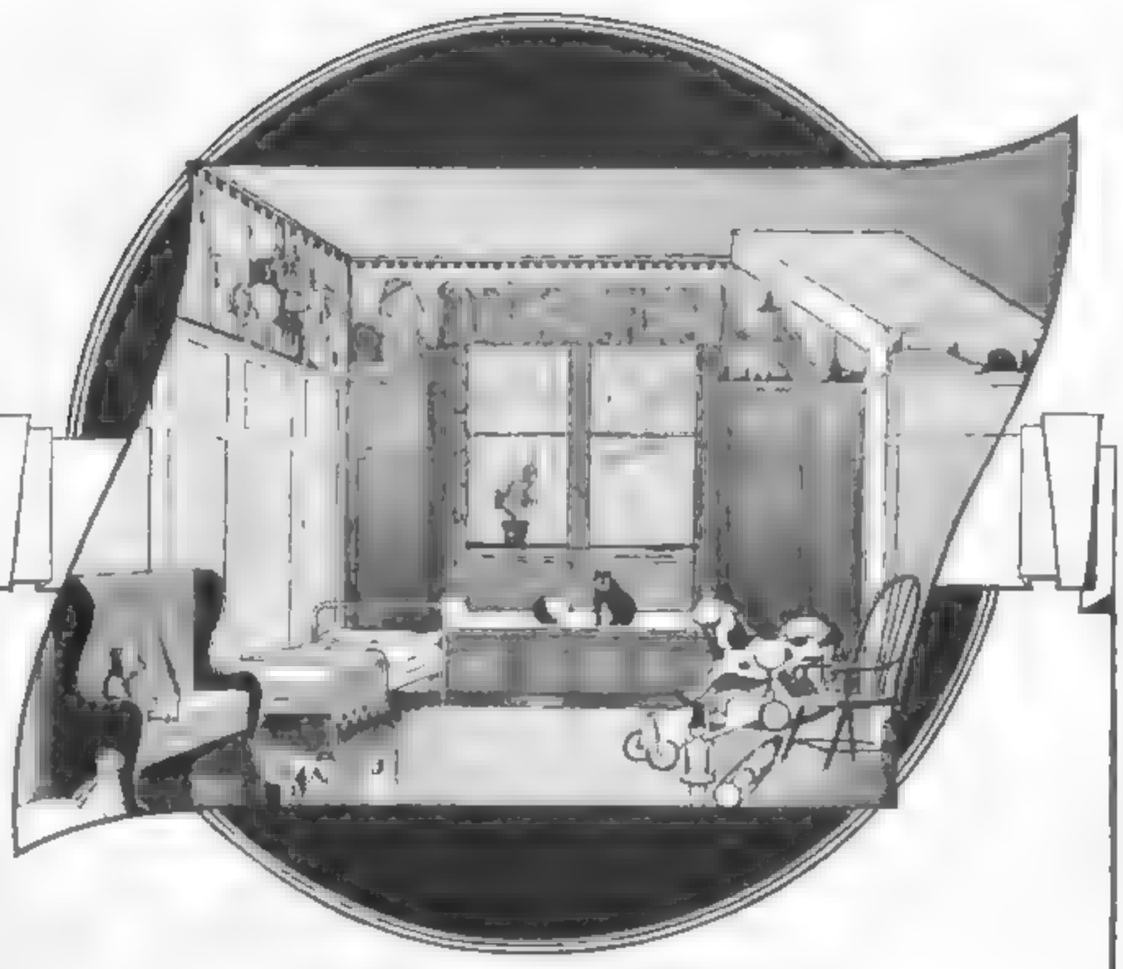
They lift from the individual tire user the burden of caring for his tires as they should be cared for to deliver their full measure of usefulness.

They supplement in the highest degree practicable, that quality in Goodyear Tires which makes them go farther, last longer, cost less in the end.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

*Fifteen thousand Goodyear Service Station Dealers and their helpers, are at work beneath this sign. Their interest and their aim is to make sure you get from Goodyear Tires the final mile of service built into them. Wherever you may be or may go, you will always find this symbol and the service it stands for within easy reach. And the better you know this service, the better you will appreciate its value to you.*

GOODYEAR
AKRON



# A Lovely New Room *for* the Kiddies!

And made by the magic touch of Acme Quality Paints! There shouldn't be a dark room, or even a dark corner, in your whole home, for you can easily, quickly and economically make every spot bright and cheery with the right

ACME QUALITY
PAINTS & FINISHES

There's an Acme Quality product for every painting purpose and every kind of surface. A good idea is to

***Have an Acme Quality Shelf***

*For the many "touching up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces; a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.*

From our two books, "Acme Quality Painting Guide" and "Home Decorating," you will get definite, practical and helpful suggestions as to just what kind of paint to use for any particular purpose. Worth-while suggestions as to the selection of colors and quantities required will also be found in these books. Both of them are *free* on request. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS
Dept. Q Detroit, Michigan

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Boston | St. Louis | Toledo | Fort Worth | Lincoln | Portland |
| Chicago | Pittsburgh | Nashville | Dallas | Salt Lake City | San Francisco |
| Minneapolis | Cincinnati | Birmingham | Topeka | Spokane | Los Angeles |

*(Continued from Page 73)*

could capture the coveted order with noise; and he did!

Another case of strategy, and this time of an entirely different and more subtle kind, is a story they tell on Newspaper Row. It is an old story to newspaper and advertising men, but among the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST there may be a few who are neither. And anyone who has not heard this story ought to, for it is an excellent example of turning defeat into victory.

This story concerns a young woman who was in need of money, but, on account of her position, could not well earn it in the usual ways. She knew the publisher of a metropolitan newspaper, and one of her friends had a happy inspiration and suggested that she go to see this publisher and offer to work up a page of paid church announcements on a commission basis. The young woman had a large circle of friends among ministers, deacons, and religious and social workers generally, in the city, and the idea struck her as being good.

So she called on her friend the publisher and outlined her plan. The Blade was not noted for its godliness—indeed, rather otherwise—and the publisher was rather skeptical about the whole proposition. But the young woman was full of confidence and she did need the money; and—well, the easiest way to settle the matter was to let her try it. Besides, the publisher was nothing loath to have a weekly page of profitable church advertisements if they were to be had.

But no sooner had the young woman embarked on the enterprise than she began to have her troubles. Everywhere it was the same story: they liked the young woman and would so much like to help her; and if it were any other paper than the Blade they might consider it—but never in the Blade! Why, did she not know that the Blade was—well, was simply impossible for church advertisements?

At the end of two weeks the young woman had covered her entire list of friends. Almost in tears, she called on the publisher and told him of her failure; of how they had received her kindly, but would not advertise in that paper, of all papers. She must give it up.

The publisher thought for a minute. So they were not against the idea of advertising! That was hopeful. It was simply his paper they objected to. He smiled.

"Go back," he told her, "and see every one of them, and ask them to look up ——" Here he paused, reached into a bookcase and pulled out a Bible. After consulting the concordance for a minute he continued: "Ask them to look up Matthew ix, 13: 'I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.'"

The young woman saw the point, smiled and started out again. And ever since then that paper has printed more paid religious notices than any paper in the city.

Silent strategy; but it spiked the enemy's guns.

### *A Cash-Register Story*

Another strategy story that a cash-register salesman told me the other day—and what collection of selling stories would be complete without a cash-register story?—struck me as being an example of turning defeat into victory in record time.

The prospect: A saloon keeper.

The saloon: On a corner.

The salesman: Had called a dozen times or more without success.

The saloon keeper was irritated upon seeing the young man again and he started in to abuse him. The salesman got a trifle hot under the collar and talked back a little. The saloon keeper finally got so mad that he came out from behind the bar, grabbed the salesman by the neck and growled into his ear:

"You see that door?" pointing with a crooked finger to the front door. "Well, you get out of there and never come through it again! See?"

And, with a shove and a kick, he sent the young salesman out through the swinging doorway and onto the sidewalk.

At first the young man thought he would sit down on the curb and think the matter over, as salesmen are always supposed to do in such cases; but after trying the sitting-down part for a minute he decided to stand up and think it over.

After a few minutes his sense of humor asserted itself and he looked back at the saloon. He looked at the front door and shook his head sadly, at the same time rubbing another part of his anatomy. He walked to the corner and viewed the premises from its other side.

There was a door on the other street. An idea! A minute to marshal his thoughts. And in walked the young man through the side-street door.

The saloon keeper looked up in amazement and scowled a half-inch furrow between his eyes. A storm threatened.

"Thought I told you to get out of that doorway and never come through it again!" he bellowed, pointing to the doorway through which he had booted the salesman a few minutes before.

"So you did, sir. That's why I came in this one, instead. I wasn't taking any chances on repeating that trip! I came back, though, because there was one thing I forgot to tell you about that model when I was telling you ——"

"Say, kid, you're a game one! It's been a long time since anyone came back for more when Mike Mahoney booted 'em out through that door. Tell your story, kid tell your story. I'm listenin'."

He not only listened; he bought a cash register.

That was not mere perseverance; it was a strategy—a sudden flank attack that surprised the enemy into surrendering.

### *Selling the Old Man*

Of course any book of Seven-Drum stories would have to have one about Selling the Old Man. But this one isn't like you think it is going to be, at all.

A certain large company, near Cleveland, we will say, merely because it was not near Cleveland and had nothing to do with Cleveland, was conducting a newspaper campaign in one paper each in a number of large cities in the Middle West. The first advertisement was to be a full page, followed by smaller spaces. The advertising manager of one of the Cleveland dailies heard of the campaign, and also heard that Cleveland was to be skipped, for some strange reason. A full-page advertisement looked good to him, as did the rest of the schedule; so he jumped on a train and went to the town where this factory was located. He called on the advertising manager and asked him why Cleveland was omitted from the schedule, going on to outline the reasons why Cleveland, of all cities should be included in the campaign. He outlined the copy for an advertisement of distinctly local Cleveland flavor.

Finally the advertising manager opened up to him and confessed that he had felt the same about Cleveland, that it had been on the original list, and that the solicitor's own newspaper had been the one recommended; but that, for some strange reason the Old Man had cut off Cleveland. He had argued with him; but to no purpose.

"Now," he said, "I've done my best, and I'm going to give you the liberty of going right over my head to the Old Man if you wish. I think, and the secretary of the company is with me, that Cleveland is one of the best bets. But we can't either of us seem to make the Old Man see it. Go ahead and see what you can do; and bank on me to back you to the limit."

In went the newspaper man to see the president.

No; they would not use any Cleveland paper. He could give no satisfactory reason; he did not try. Indeed, it seemed to the newspaper man like one of those arbitrary decisions that presidents are wont to make sometimes. Undaunted, the newspaper man held on ten, fifteen, twenty minutes, using every argument he could muster. Finally he announced that he would like to have the advertising-copy department of his paper prepare an advertisement that would fit the Cleveland situation. Would the president be kind enough just to look it over if he submitted it?

More to get rid of his persistent visitor than anything else, the president mumbled:

"Oh, I'll look at it if that will make you happy; but I promise you in advance that it won't do any good."

The newspaper man went out, stopping in at the advertising manager's office on the way to tell of his call.

"So he agreed that he would at least look at your advertisement, did he? Well, that's more than I expected; though I'm afraid it doesn't mean much. I'll give you a tip, though: I think you might have a ghost of a chance if you could get a lead pencil into the Old Man's hand when he reads the advertisement."

The newspaper man went back to his office in deep thought. He would land that man yet! He would not only have the copy written for the page advertisement, but he would go farther and have it set up in type. A full-page proof would make a big impression and it would be harder for him to say "No." Now if he only could think of some way to get a lead pencil into the man's hand while he was reading the advertisement, and get that "motor impulse" started! A crazy idea struck him.

The following day he was back at the factory with a proof of a striking full-page ad. First, he took it to the advertising manager to look over.

"Darn' good copy! Only thing I see the matter, offhand, is that the Old Man's name, here at the bottom of the page, is misspelled. Should be Ralph instead of Ralf."

"Hold!" cried the newspaper man as the advertising manager started to reach for his pencil to correct the proof. "That's part of the plan. Have you forgotten what you told me yesterday?"

The advertising manager gasped in astonishment:

"I begin to get you!"

A few minutes later the president received the newspaper man, secretly cussing himself because of his half promise. He took the proof the newspaper man handed to him and started to read it. It certainly did look impressive. The copy was good, too. He had to admit that to himself; in fact, he was going to admit that much to the newspaper man, after his taking so much trouble, with "But we can't add Cleveland to our schedule"—or some such remark. But just as he finished reading the advertisement his eye fell on his own name at the bottom. It was misspelled; and instinctively he reached for his pencil to correct it.

"R-a-l-p-h; not R-a-l-f," he remarked, crossing out the *f* and substituting *ph*.

"So it should be," said the newspaper man. "Just change it; and then, if you'll O. K. the proof, we can run the advertisement to-morrow, when the rest of the campaign starts, and follow it up with your regular schedule—if that's agreeable."

The Old Man could not resist the impulse to scrawl O. K.—R. D. on the proof.

"All right!" he growled good-naturedly. "See Mr. Briggs and get the contract." And he put his pencil back into his pocket and turned to take up other matters.

### *Real Generalship*

Perhaps the best piece of generalship in the strategy line is the story of a salesman for a firm controlling the street-car advertising in a certain city. There is nothing spectacular in this story, and I cannot give the exact details of what was said, for that would have to be a stenographic record; but it ran something like this:

The salesman called and was admitted to the office of the owner of a high-grade retail candy business in a large city. This firm put up a special fancy box of chocolates under the name Colbert's Cream Chocolates, and it had been advertising this special box in the newspapers and in theater programs.

As the salesman sat down he asked:

"Mr. Colbert, do you make Colbert's Cream Chocolates?"

"Yes," said Mr. Colbert.

"How much do they sell for?"

"One dollar a pound."

"Haven't you been making quite a drive on this candy of late?"

"Yes."

"I suppose it is taking hold in pretty good shape?"

"Yes; very well."

"You are really trying to work up a reputation for Colbert's Cream Chocolates among the candy connoisseurs of the city, are you not?"

"Yes."

"Do Colbert's Cream Chocolates appeal to the purses of those living on the East Side of the city?"

"No; I suppose not. They are too expensive."

"Do you consider the Chestnut Avenue and West Boulevard sections about your best market?"

"Yes; I suppose so."

"Wouldn't it be profitable if the West End residents made a business of buying a box when they went shopping?"

"Yes; it would."

"And wouldn't it be fine if you could work up a regular Saturday habit with the people out in that section?"

"Yes," admitted Colbert. "That is what we aim to do. . . . But what ——"

"You find it rather expensive, at that, do you not?"

"Yes," replied Colbert, by this time beginning to feel cornered and trying to get hold of the interview. "But ——"

"Your very best territory, then, is right in the West End, isn't it?" went on the salesman, paying no attention to the interruption.

"Why, yes; of course that is where the best people live."

On went the salesman, with question after question, nearly every one of which required only yes or no for an answer, each question coming nearer and nearer to the point.

Mr. Colbert did not know the man's purpose in interviewing him, for his card gave no clew; but he felt himself slipping into some net.

You know how it is in playing your own and a dummy hand at bridge—how you sometimes lose because you cannot get the lead back into your own hand? Well, that is the position the candy man was in. He tried repeatedly to get hold of the interview, to end the cross-examination; but the salesman was so gentlemanly, and each time the question was so simple, that he had said "Yes" or "No" almost before he realized it. And then the questioner went right on with another.

### *A Yes or No Man*

By the time the twenty-third question was asked—"Isn't it true that candy is sold, to a considerable extent, upon its tempting appearance?"—Colbert was beginning to get curious; in fact, decidedly curious—and interested.

"Yes," he said, "I suppose it is."

"Well, Mr. Colbert, wouldn't you like it if you could hold a handsome picture of a tempting box of your candy up in front of more than two thousand of these West End people every day, all the way between home and town, constantly reminding them that no shopping trip was complete without bringing home a box of Colbert's Cream Chocolates, or no week-end was quite a success without a box for the family?"

"Yes."

"And wouldn't you think it reasonable if you could do it for so small a sum as ——?" Here he named the cost of the service.

"Why, yes," admitted Mr. Colbert; "that would seem rather reasonable, assuming that it could be done."

"Would you be willing to invest that small sum daily if you were dead sure you could bring that to pass?"

"Why, I believe I might if it were a real honest proposition."

"Well, you can put a handsome card, showing a tempting picture of a box of Colbert's Cream Chocolates, in natural colors, in the six cars that run on the Chestnut Avenue and West Boulevard loop for just that amount. In spite of the growing number of automobiles, these cars carry an average of more than three thousand passengers a day to and from this exclusive section; and it is safe to say that not more than one-third of them are servants and tradesmen, and the like, which leaves at least two thousand residents of this neighborhood who would see your Colbert's Chocolate picture every day for just the sum I have mentioned. Will you sign this contract?"

There was an interval of four or five minutes while Mr. Colbert read over the contract and rocked back and forth in his chair.

"Yes; I'll do it," was the final answer.

Just twenty-seven simple questions comprised the whole solicitation, with the exception of the few direct statements preceding the last one, each question carefully planned to require only a simple answer with no chance for an argument—or, at least, not until the man had been dragged so far in that he was curious to know what it was all about.

The salesman knew Mr. Colbert to be a yes or no man. But even so, a salesman is a past master as a strategist when he can capture an order simply by surrounding the prospect with simple questions, so that he can see no way of escape, and simply lays down his arms and surrenders. Of course it could not be done with every proposition—or with every prospect; but neither can any other form of strategy be used universally.

Gauvain's Seven Drums would not have been effective in daylight.

# If You Love Peanuts Read This:

MOST people love peanuts—from children to grown-ups. Peanuts have been called "the great American food."

To get the flavor and fragrance and deliciousness of freshly roasted peanuts at their *very best*—taste Beech-Nut Peanut Butter spread on fresh bread, crackers or toast. Eat it at meals or between meals. Have it on the table *all the time*. You'll become a peanut butter "*fan*."

Why does Beech-Nut Peanut Butter taste so good? Why is the flavor so *different* from any other peanut butter? Why is it so free from grit? Why is it never rancid? Because:

# Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

is made of choicest grown No. 1 quality Spanish and Virginia peanuts—*blended* to a perfect proportion of richness plus flavor;

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is uniform in flavor and color. The fullest flavor comes at a certain stage of the roasting. *Color* alone determines that stage. This is why we always roast the peanuts under steady North light;

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is uniformly crushed and seasoned. Specially devised machines mix the nuts and the salt together in fixed proportion. And crush them to just the right consistency to retain flavor, yet spread easily;

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is free from grit. Our special processes clean the nuts until there is not a trace of skin, defective kernels, the bitter little hearts or grit;

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is fresh and sweet—never rancid. The glass jars are carefully sterilized, and the crushing machines feed the butter directly into them *from the bottom first*, to exclude air bubbles. And the Beech-Nut vacuum-sealing process draws out remaining air.

If all peanut butter were made with such infinite care, more people today would have it on the table for every meal. More people would realize what a delicious, natural food peanut butter is. Would use it not only for everyday meals, but for special occasions—teas, card parties, etc.

A sandwich of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter contains the same Strength, Heat and Energy that a glass of rich milk does.

HOW ARE *YOU* USING PEANUT BUTTER?

Housewives everywhere, we find, are on the lookout for new tempting uses for peanut butter. We wish to tell them all the new uses we learn of. Cooks are now using Beech-Nut Peanut Butter in fillings for cakes, in muffins, soups, stuffed dates, fudge, etc.

Have *you* any new peanut butter recipes? If so, we will gladly pay you for any that are original and thoroughly practical. Write us.

Find out how *different* Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is—by 'phoning your grocer for a jar today.

*Ask Your Grocer About the Superior Quality of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter*

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

$1150 F. o. b. Racine
Mitchell Junior—a 40-h. p. Six
120-inch Wheelbase

Mitchell SIXES

$1460 F. o. b. Racine
7-Passenger—48 Horsepower
127-inch Wheelbase

# An Unusual Car

## Which Typifies John W. Bate—Its Maker

John W. Bate

In 14 years John W. Bate has made the Mitchell typify himself.

The car is his creation. So is all this model plant which builds it. So are all its standards, all its extras, all its over-values.

You can judge men, probably, more easily than cars. So we invite attention to this study of the man.

### Mr. Bate's Distinctions

John W. Bate has for 30 years made a study of efficiency. He won his fame in that line, long before the Mitchell.

He was brought here first to devise ways to build Mitchell cars economically. This entire factory—covering 45 acres was built under his direction. And over 2000 machines now installed here were designed to build this single type at the lowest factory cost.

Nearly all parts, including bodies, are built here now under his efficiency methods. The saving, we figure, on this year's output is some $4,000,000. All the Mitchell extra values are due to those factory savings.

### Another Side

But another side of Mr. Bate is shown in the car itself. The usual man, making such economies, would have shown the whole result in the price.

Some urged him to do so. That is, to sell a usual car at a most unusual price. That, no doubt, was the quickest plan to win the world to Mitchells.

But Mr. Bate said no. He said, "I will first add all the extras that a car should have."

### TWO SIZES

**Mitchell**—a roomy, 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase and a highly-developed 48-horsepower motor.

*Price $1460, f. o. b. Racine*

**Mitchell Junior**—a 5-passenger Six on similar lines with 120-inch wheelbase and a 40-horsepower motor—¼-inch smaller bore.

*Price $1150, f. o. b. Racine*

Also six styles of enclosed and convertible bodies. Also new Club Roadster.

### His Idea of Extras

His first idea was extra features, to make the car complete. Things like a power tire pump, a dashboard engine primer, reversible headlights, a ball-bearing steering gear, etc.

The latest Mitchells have 31 of those extras, most of which all other cars omit.

In 1913 Mr. Bate spent a year in Europe. There he studied the standards of the foremost European makers.

When he came back he said, "We must double our margins of safety. Instead of 50 per cent over-strength in parts we must have 100 per cent. We must make the Mitchell a lifetime car."

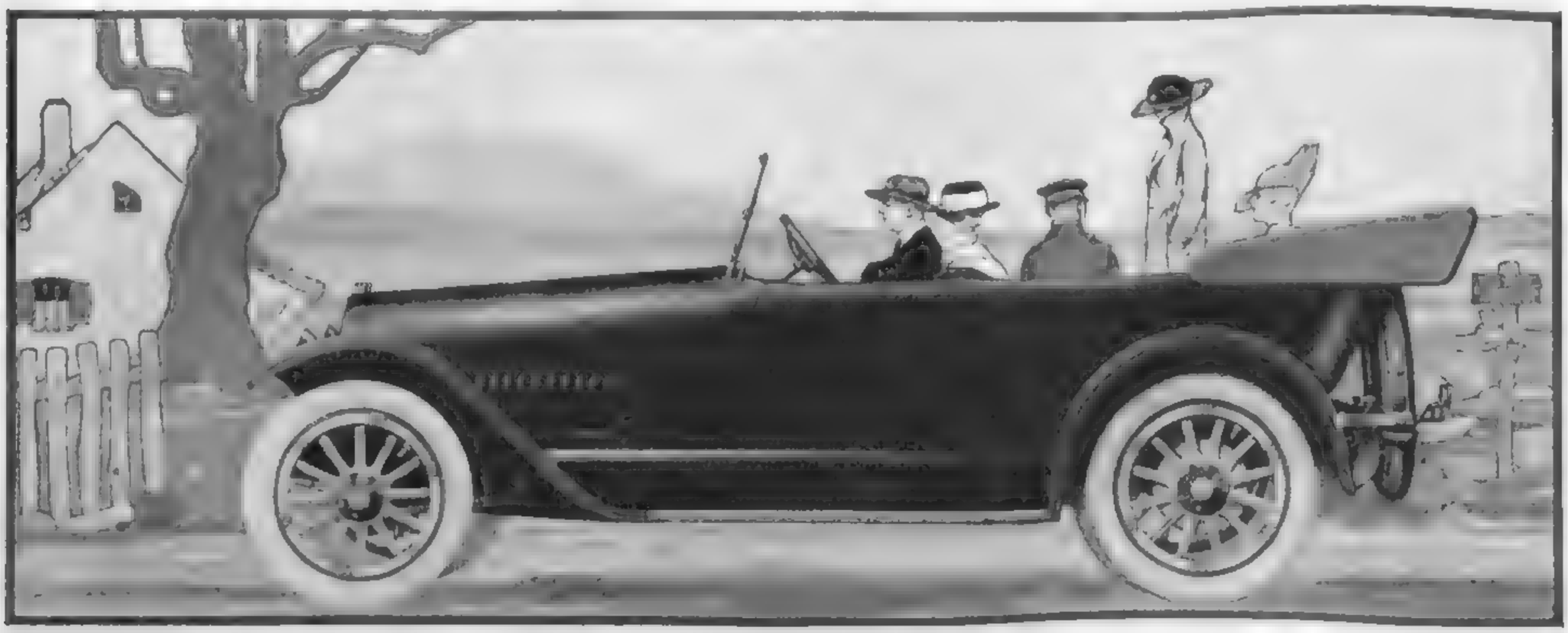
Three years have been spent to give Mitchells that extra. He has given every vital part twice the needed strength. And in these days of costly materials it is an expensive extra.

Then late last year we occupied our perfect new body plant. That gave us another saving—hundreds of thousands of dollars. And Mr. Bate has put all that saving into 24 per cent extra luxury.

### Are They Your Ideas?

Do these ideas of Mr. Bate's accord with your ideas? Do you want a lifetime car, a complete car, a car of unusual beauty?

If so, you will find it in this Bate-built car. You will find it in two sizes, at two prices. And in both you will find the greatest value you have ever seen in fine cars.



31 Extra Features
24% Added Luxury
100% Over-Strength

Mitchell SIXES

Two Sizes
$1150-$1460
F. o. b. Racine

# Now an $1150 Six

## Is a New Example of Mr. Bate's Efficiency

Mr. Bate's latest idea is Mitchell Junior. A little smaller Mitchell for men who prefer it, and who want a 5-passenger car.

It is not a small car. The wheelbase is 120 inches—the motor is 40 horsepower. The room and capacity are ample for five—considerably more than is usual. And why should men pay, as Mr. Bate says, for more room and more power than they need?

So now there are two sizes, and eight styles of bodies, to suit every fine-car need.

### Exclusive Styles

Mitchell bodies are designed by our own artists and built by our own craftsmen. Each season these men study every new style that comes out. They adopt every idea that seems good.

But their designs are distinctive. They copy no one. And, as our new designs are made in secret, no present model copies ours.

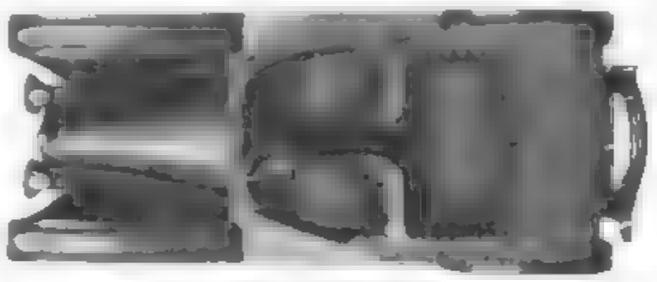
That's one charm of the Mitchell. The styles are exclusive, created in our shops.

### 200,000-Mile Cars

The aim of the 100 per cent over-strength is to give you a lifetime car. Over 440 parts are built of toughened steel. All safety parts are vastly oversize. We use a wealth of costly Chrome-Vanadium steel.

The gears are tested for 50,000 pounds per tooth. Our factory engine test is 10,000 miles under heavy load without wear. Our Bate cantilever springs have never yet been broken—not a single one. Yet they make the car ride like an aëroplane.

As a result, several Mitchell cars that we know of have been run over 200,000 miles, which is 40 years of ordinary service.



The Mitchell Club Roadster
a Popular New Type—Seats 5

### Mitchell Models

**The Mitchell is built with eight styles of bodies—**

| | |
|---|---|
| Touring Car | 4-Pass. Cabriolet |
| Roadster | Convertible Sedan |
| Coupé | Demountable Top |
| Limousine | Club Roadster |

***Mitchell Junior* is built with Touring Car and Roadster bodies only.**

**Quoted prices, of course, apply only to open models.**

### The Added Luxury

On this year's Mitchells the finish is fixed by heat. That means a deep, enduring lustre. A rare-grade leather is employed in the plaited upholstery. We are using costly cushion springs. We have added 24 per cent to the cost of finish, upholstery and trimming—all out of body-plant savings. So the Mitchell is one of the handsomest cars in the world.

The 31 extra features give it unique equipment. There's a light in the tonneau, for instance a locked compartment, handles for entering, etc.

### No Similar Value

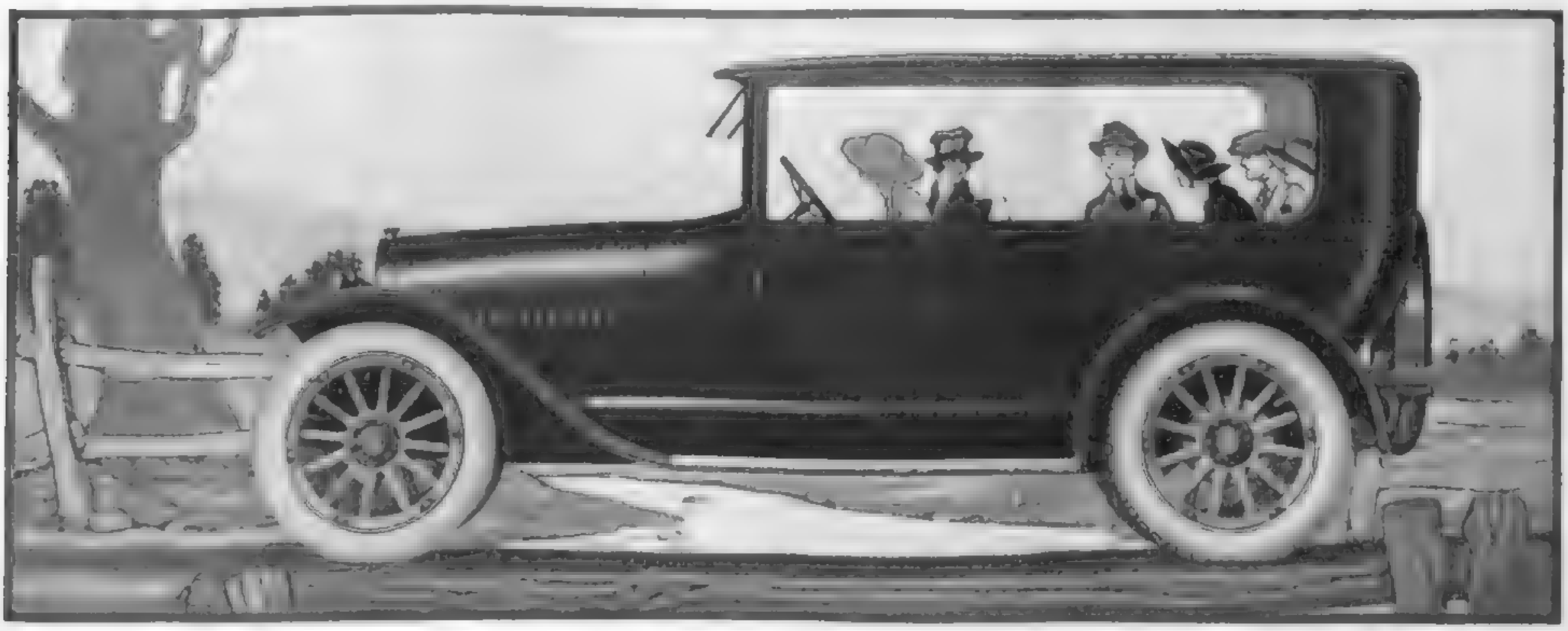
There is no like value in the fine-car field. You can see that in five minutes. The reason lies in this Bate-built factory, equipped for this one type. Under Mr. Bate's methods we have minimized factory cost. And the savings go into things that count.

There are cheaper cars which lack these attractions. There are costly cars built in many respects as well. But in value for the money there is nothing to match Mitchells above $1,000.

Let your dealer prove that.

In a lifetime car, such things as these are of lifetime importance.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.



# ASTOR PLACE

## By Ferdinand Reyher

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREPÉ

IT WAS a few minutes after midnight and order had at last been effected in the post-holiday confusion of Gersten's. The girl untied her little black apron as she walked to the locker room, already crowded with girls.

"Gee, Maidie!" Gertie Korfsky was saying. "Ask me if I'm glad it's over! At a dollar 'n hour this overtime stuff'd be cheap at half the price!"

"Dis wus the woist year yet!" said Freida Margolies in a voice that was just a voice. She was very old at thirty.

"Merry Chriskmus und Kappy Neu Year!" cackled the hard tones of Bessie Blumenthal. "Maybe dem kolidays dun't make a kit wit' me!"

The girl gathered her things out of her locker and went into the salesroom. Behind her she heard Maidie Boske sneer: "Dere goes de queen!"

And plump, blond little Gertie Korfsky answer:

"Well, yuh'll have to hand it to 'er; she ain't no quitter!"

She laid her bag on a corner of a table and put on her hat and coat before one of the pier mirrors. As she fastened the belt of her coat, Samuels, the floor manager, came up, swinging into his ulster.

"Tired?" he asked with a smile.

"A little," she admitted.

"You look pale."

"It's the air; I'll feel better when I get outside."

"Is anyone waitin' for you?"

"Not that I know of."

"Oh, I thought perhaps you ordered the choffer to call for you," he said with a laugh. "If you're walkin' over for the Subway I will take you that far."

The cool January air came like a greeting as they stepped into the empty wideness of Fourteenth Street, and when they reached Fifth Avenue she said:

"Do you mind walking down two or three blocks before I have to get into that stuffy Subway?"

They walked to Eighth Street and crossed, and in five minutes were at Astor Place. Samuels lived in Brooklyn, and just as he was buying the tickets his train drew in. He hurriedly bade her good night, dropped the tickets into the chopper, and stepped aboard as the doors began sliding together. She crossed through the tunnel to the uptown platform. As she reached it a long express banged by on one of the center tracks, and curiously she remembered that she was not at an express station, but at Astor Place, and would have to take a local to Fourteenth Street, and change there.

She stopped before a mirror on a slot machine and gave a pat to her hair and hat, and absently examined the labels. As she felt in her roomy pockets for her bag she recalled, with exasperating vividness, exactly where she had left it—on the corner of the table in Gersten's.

"What else have I forgotten!" she exclaimed in a low vexed tone.

There was very little in the bag; so the loss, if it were taken, was not serious. On the other hand, to be without any money at this hour was unpleasant. A downtown express rushed by, and an instant later another uptown express. She looked along the local track, but there was no sign of a train. She walked between groups of people, growing impatient. After some minutes she heard a train approaching. It was another express.

She walked to the end of the platform. A young man in an oily jumper and overalls was standing there, leisurely wiping his hands on a big lump of waste cloth. Even a girl more impatient with the traction system and any of its parts would have noticed that he was rather a good-looking young man.

"Are there any more local trains?" she asked with just a hint of sarcasm in her voice.

He looked at her amused.

"I guess so," he finally drawled; and with a waggish interest added: "Why? Do you want one?"

She looked at him severely a moment.

"No," she answered; "I was just taking a quiet stroll down here, and I didn't want one to come in suddenly and disturb me."

He laughed with a clear, clean gayety that was a contradiction of the place and the hour; and, in spite of herself, she laughed also. He was about to say something when he saw the crowd in the center of the platform gathering round an attendant. He turned to her abruptly:

"Say, something is up!"

They went to the gate.

"Hello, Baker! What's the matter?" asked the young man.

"Accident b'low Bleecker!"

"Bad?"

"It'll take a couple hours to clear the track; but the express is runnin'."

The young man turned to her:

"You'd better go up to Fourteenth."

"Will they give me my ticket?" she asked, attempting to speak unconcernedly.

"Got no orders to do that," said the attendant called Baker.

"Well, it seems to me peculiar ——" she began, and then bit her lips.

The young man looked at her with his expression of leisurely amusement.

"Sure, it's peculiar! I'll get you your ticket," he said.

He went to the window and secured a ticket for her.

"I'd take you up to Fourteenth," he said with an astonishing mixture of possessiveness and apology; "but I've got to hustle right down on the other side."

"I—I—don't know whether I should take this," she replied, ignoring his self-assured chivalry.

"Sure, you take it," he answered, dismissing the matter and her. "There's a whole battalion going up that way now; you'll be safe—good night," he said, still smiling, and hurried away.

*She Was Very Clever With Her Fingers, but She Spoiled Everything She Made by Inscribing on It the Monogram*

### II

IT WAS Saturday, July, torrid and starry. Kent stood at the door of the Apennines Café, undecided whether to go north a few blocks to Central Park, south or west to Broadway, or through the door to a bowered table among the papier-mâché crags and calcimined perspective of the café, where concealed electric fans blew puffs of cigarette smoke and incandescent vapors into your face and on the back of your neck once every third revolution.

The door opened behind him. The subdued, sophisticated commotion of dishes and conversation, and the syncopated sough of the orchestra through two measures of a new song, pressed into the street until the door gradually settled shut. A gust of exasperation went over him like a breeze from New Jersey in the dog days, and he said, loudly enough to soothe himself with the sound of it:

"Believe me, this is some vacation! Even the Subway's got it all over this!"

He walked slowly away. A block above, people were coming down the Elevated's steps into the street. As he came abreast of the stairs a girl passed down quite close to him. She looked at him with a slight stop of recognition, and went on. He had seen her somewhere—but where? His memory was good, and he instantly felt that if he had met this girl he would never have forgotten her. Probably he had merely seen her among a thousand others in the Subway.

He was a collected, direct person, with no flirting talents whatever. He tried to walk on; but he remembered her pause and the lift of her chin when she saw him. Everything in him rebelled at allowing this girl to go indifferently away; for no man is safe in July, when the spirits of ennui have put fantastic touches to his character.

Every March the magazines print stories about the intoxication of April; every April they herald the madness of Merry May; and Cupid himself they regard as having been born in June, with the roses.

But have you ever been confined in the City of Fans and Fancy on a July night, starry, sizzling and solitary, when roof gardens were too high for your purse and too low for your desires—and along came the blessed damozel, Romance, in a popular-style suit and a creamy bit of fox fur, and said, though you did not understand her words:

"Astor Place! Astor Place!"

What are the promptings of April, May, June and September to the madcap invitations of ennui in the Town of the Orange-Juice Stand in July?

He hesitated a moment, then walked after her.

"Why, I beg your pardon, but isn't this—haven't I met you?—your face ——" He stopped foolishly; and then suddenly some slight resemblance in the face of the girl before him to the face of another girl he had known long ago made him ask with inspired hopelessness: "Isn't this—Miss Gedney?"

She had recognized the young man of Astor Place. It even piqued her a little that he had not recognized her. Men resent advantages; women love them. She knew what he was; he seemingly had no idea what she might be. She was safely conscious of her modest serge suit, cut after the patterns that clothe the daughters of Park Avenue, New York; and her hat might have been copied from one of the fabulous models in the windows of Heloise. Behind its conveniently dipped brim she was smiling as the daughter of Park Avenue, Paradise, must have smiled when she was thrilled by the challenge of adventure and permitted the Serpent to speak to her without the formality of an introduction.

She pressed her white fox fur closer, which the recent hot spell had enabled her to take out of cold storage, where it had been protected against the winter dampness since the broiling oppression of the last Indian summer, and looked up under the edge of her hat at him.

After all, Gersten's is a tiresome place, for all its cut glass and lingerie feuds, rantings for cash girls, remnant riots, and the carnages that enliven its red-letter, mark-down, sacrifice, half-price and total-loss stampedes three days every week. July! July! Romance whispered and called and held her, and she ——

"Isn't this Miss Gedney?" Romance was asking through his lips.

She looked at him with a dazzling smile of bewilderment.

"Why—why, that is my name," she faltered; "but—I don't remember ——"

For an instant he was baffled with surprise, because the moment she smiled he knew she was not Virginia Gedney; but Romance stood by him. He made some embarrassed sounds, and Romance articulated these into the words:

"My name is—Thorndike; William Thorndike!" For Romance still speaks at times in the language of the all-fiction magazines.

They walked down Sixth Avenue and over Fifty-seventh Street to Fifth Avenue, talking, and fencing with words, puzzling each other, fascinating each other, and holding each other at an arm's length of transparent incognito. Yet they were intimately aware of each other.

(Continued on Page 83)

# Firestone

## The Trail Makers

"HUSKIES!" Sinewy, strong and sure of foot, ever ready for strenuous service, the trail-makers on the world's frontier! These faithful servants are like Firestone Tires in their endurance, reliability and sure going.

Base your touring plans this season on the rugged strength and stamina of Firestone Tires.

Enjoy riding at its best, with the economy of Most Miles per Dollar.

For the ticklish trail on a country trip, for the burning grind of the speedy road, for consistent performance on street and boulevard, Firestone features of safety, saving and comfort stand out in bold relief.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER CO.
Akron, Ohio Branches and Dealers Everywhere

# Champion Toledo

## Dependable Spark Plugs

Champion dependability is proverbial.

That is why virtually every motor fire wagon in the country is Champion equipped.

Champions are depended upon to get the nation's fire apparatus to the scenes of action.

And then *after they get there to pump the water.*

Champions *must* "produce"—and they do—hour after hour—under the most trying conditions.

And they will be just as dependable, just as efficient in *your* motor.

You can get Champions *everywhere.* Look for the name "CHAMPION" on the porcelain.

**Champion Spark Plug Company**
**Toledo, Ohio**

(Continued from Page 80)

He felt, however, an aloofness in the girl that was an irritating maintenance of reserve and condescension.

"I say," he began, "let's go ——"

He was unable to finish. Everything about her was incongruous with the idea of roof gardens and cafés. When they came to Fifth Avenue he determined to ask her to walk north toward Central Park; yet when she turned, with a true New Yorker's instinct, toward the oven-center of the Rôtisserie City, he accompanied her without a word.

As they were crossing, an omnibus charged them down the middle of Fifty-seventh Street, wabbling and clattering like a top-heavy tank car across the Subway excavations of the Somme Plain. Suddenly, further to point the comparative safety of anywhere in France, from behind the bus swerved a low, red, venomous racing machine and, with one inadvertent blare of its horn, drove them out of its course just in time, as it pivoted into Fifth Avenue on the near-side wheels.

"That was close!" she laughed as she stepped on the opposite sidewalk and touched her face daintily with her handkerchief. "Isn't it hot?" She turned round and looked after the racing machine boring into the shining convergence of granite and asphalt, leaving only a clean, round vermilion mark. "My, it must feel good to be in that rush of breeze to-night!" she said longingly.

Something in her words nettled him. They sounded almost like a reflection on the pedestrian attractions he was offering her. As they walked on, this thought recurred with increasing resentment against the superiority of the girl. He felt a mad desire to impress her; he had a frantic wish to have somebody he knew very well pass in a huge and obvious racing car, stop on seeing him, and insist on their getting in; then driving, driving at a freezing pace through the simmering gullies of cement and dried trees after the car that had almost run them down. An inspiration came to him.

Several blocks west, on one of the streets they had crossed, was a cluster of private and public garages. He remembered one particularly, having gone there many times more than a year before. He turned to her.

"I tell you what," he said briskly—"let's walk back to F—th. I want to stop at a garage for a moment." He said it in a tone which seemed to promise pleasing surprises for her.

She frowned slightly. He laughed, not quite knowing how to continue. Then Romance spoke for him.

"It's our garage," he said fluently. "My brother had the car out this morning, and he might be back about now."

She looked at him sharply, was about to say something, but pressed her mouth into a small firm curve and glanced away in a cold so-this-is-the-end manner. She delighted him. It would have hurt had she agreed to go riding with a stranger.

He protested quickly, with a romantic concession to conventionality:

"Oh, no! I'm not asking you to go riding. I have the key, and he can't get in without it. It's just over here on F—th."

She looked at him searchingly.

"On F—th, you say?"

"Yes. I merely want to walk over there and see if he's back. If not I'll leave the key next door."

"I think I'll go on," she said.

"Why, it won't take a minute! You don't have to go as far as the place," he assured her; "then we'll take a walk, or go wherever you like."

"Where on F—th is it?" she asked, still examining him closely.

"Third number west of Sixth," he said glibly.

She looked steadily at him without speaking.

"I'll go!" she suddenly said.

He chatted volubly, a little more at ease now that he had won from her this further condescension. She was more reserved. At the corner of Sixth Avenue and F—th Street he asked her to wait until he left the key at the place next to his garage.

"But your garage is open!" she said.

He looked.

"Well! So it is!" he said with an extended buoyance to hide his embarrassment. "Excuse me a moment."

He hurried toward the garage, evolving explanations. A man was cleaning a car inside. Kent had never seen him before.

"Is Mr. Lowndes round?" Kent asked indefinitely, to gain time.

"Lowndes?" echoed the man. "Never heard of 'im. This is Seward's place."

"But Mr. Lowndes used to be here."

The man released his fingers from the end of the hose and the water flowed limply on the stone floor.

"Don't know nothin' 'bout that," he said; "I've only been here a couple o' days. Try over there at Gear's. They'll know."

Kent paused.

"You don't know where I could hire a car round here, do you?" He felt the necessity of asking, not to return too quickly to the girl; and knowing this was a private garage.

The man looked at him and flung an arch of water against the windshield of the car.

"Sure; there. Where d'ye want to g'?"

"Oh!" said Kent, startled and with just enough presence of mind to make it too far. "To Poughkeepsie."

"Right-o! That's a road I know, too—believe me!"

The man slipped off the shoulder straps of his overalls and wiped his hands on a lump of waste.

*"I—I—Don't Know Whether I Should Take This," She Replied, Ignoring His Self-Assured Chivalry*

"But I want to stay till the day after," protested Kent.

"Sure! The day after's fine!"

"But isn't this a private car?" asked Kent desperately.

"Sure! But the old man's 'way off." He passed a socialistic grin at Kent.

"What's the charge?" inquired Kent weakly.

The other noted his hesitation.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, young fellier," he began with the eager persuasiveness of a Grand Central porter and a Brighton real-estate agent: "I'll take you up to Poughkeepsie—all of eighty mile, ain't it?—I'll take you up there fer—I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll charge you only four dollars an hour, runnin' time, and you pay for m' grub and room, and the gas. I guess that's level, ain't it?"

"That's fair, all right," agreed Kent with vacuous affability, trying to think.

An idea came.

"I tell you what I want it for," he said confidentially to the obliging chauffeur: "I've got a car of my own; but my brother's got it just now." He paused imperceptibly to allow the man to become aware of him; using one of the methods of making your fellow men conscious of you in the City, where those who lack gold may make it up in imagination, and head waiters own palaces on the Sound. "I expected him back before this; but now I'm certain he won't be in before to-morrow."

He halted effectively again, undecided how to connect her with his progressing tale of opulence and motion. Faintly across the film screen of his memory there flashed the low, red racer, and then followed a dozen feet of reel with a close-up of the Girl's eyes eagerly gazing after it.

He knew she would never ride in a strange automobile with a stranger; but the desire to graduate from the pedestrian class in the regards of the lady pleasing to one's fancy is the heritage of anyone who has ever ridden in a Riverside Drive bus. For even a ledger clerk in the City knows that when the poet said "She's my fancy!" he meant the effect and not the cause.

The spry impulses of Romance stirred him promptly, and he made the prescribed burnt offering of his native land to the Great Joss of Hocus-Pocus, Cabarets, and the Movies.

"There's a young lady here," he went on, "whom my sister made me promise to bring up to her place in Poughkeepsie. I can't do it in my car, because I haven't got it; and if I don't bring her up my sister'll think I don't want to. Do you get me?"

The man looked at him with a twinkle in his eyes. Thus do the brethren recognize each other in Long-Bow Island.

"I get you!" he said with something like solemnity.

An extraordinary glibness was at Kent's command.

"Now she wouldn't go if she thought I was hiring a car, you see," he continued smoothly; "so I want you to help me put it up to her that this is mine. If you'll do this and I can get her to go up with me"—he saved himself in time—"we'll go to-morrow. You see what I mean?"

"I see what you mean, all right," said the man.

"I'm going up to the corner to get her. I'll be right back. Oh, and by the way, what's your name? Mine's Thorndike—Thorndike."

"Wells is my name—just call me Wells, boss—Mr. Thorndike," said the other comradely.

"Very good, Wells," said Kent, laughing, and as though he had been used to giving orders to him all his life. "I'll be right back."

"All right, Mr. Thorndike," Wells called after him with subtle intonation.

Kent did some crowded thinking. In spite of the care he had taken to introduce his drama, something in him half hoped not to return to the garage at all. The whole affair, with the greasy collaboration of the private chauffeur with the soul of a taxi bandit, took on the air of an intrigue. Yet it was a pity to waste all this preparation. He was gratified when she asked him with respect:

"Is that your garage?"

"One of them," he confessed carelessly. "Say, won't you come and take a ride?"

"What do you think I am?" she asked coldly.

"Now, please, don't get any wrong impression. Won't you take a ride in the daytime, then—to-morrow's Sunday; what have you got to do?"

She looked at him steadily. He seemed perfectly in earnest.

"To-morrow," she repeated—"you wish to take me riding to-morrow?"

"In the car right in that garage," he said gayly.

"Are you stringing me or do you really mean it?"

"Stringing you!" he exclaimed indignantly. "Come up to the garage with me for a second, will you?" he pleaded in a hurt tone.

She regarded him in a perplexed way and then said, a little unexpectedly:

"Very well."

Two voices chimed within him in response to this like a duet between Dave Griffith and Sancho Panza.

The first voice said cockily: "Kent, you're some little movie director!"

And the gurgling tones of the genial apostle of caution answered: "Say, this is getting thick!"

"Wells! Wells!" he plunged boldly, at the entrance to the garage. "I want you to have the car ready to-morrow at—will nine suit you?" He turned to her.

She looked from one to the other.

"Very nicely," she said.

Kent was amazed.

"Do you hear? At nine, Wells," he said in a voice like the noise of a pricked inner tube.

"All right—Mr. Thorndike," Wells answered.

Out of sheer nervousness Kent went into the garage in the manner of ownership. He shifted a harmless wrench on a soap box, made a detour to step in a disapproving manner over a puddle of grease, and pushed back an empty oil can with his foot. He punched one of the back tires.

"Wells, I guess you had better put on another shoe," he said at a hazard.

"Certainly, Mr. Thorndike," said the deliberate Wells.

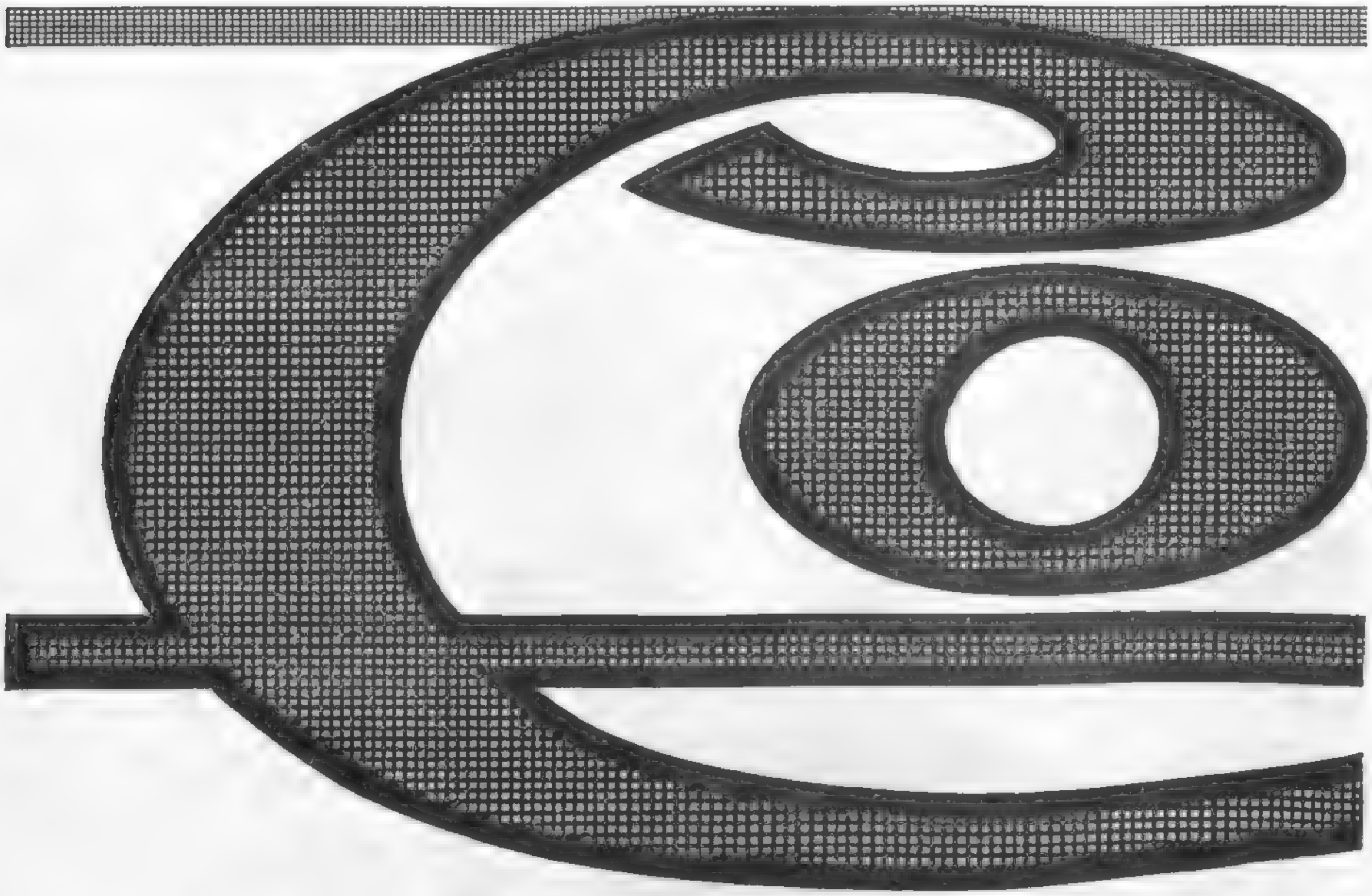
The girl followed Kent round the car in a bewildered way.

"That's a nice machine, isn't it?" she advanced cautiously.

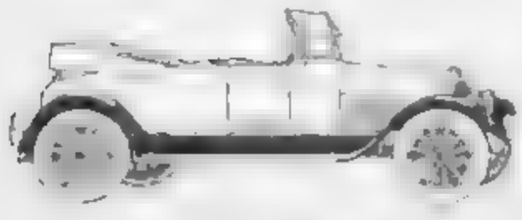
"Oh, only so-so!" returned Kent disparagingly.

And without warning he launched forth in his grand style on the construction of motors, in a moment waxing magnificent. He surrounded himself with the purring

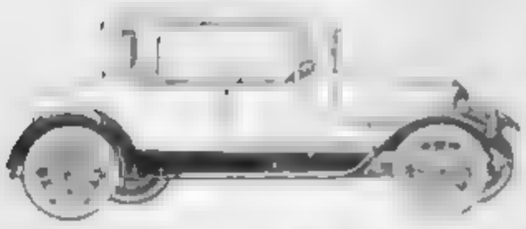
(Continued on Page 86)



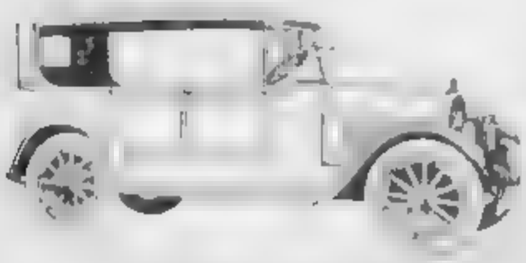
Touring Car
7 Passenger



Tuxedo Roadster
4 Passenger



Touring Coupé
4 Passenger



Four Door Toursedan
7 Passenger

IN the Cole line you'll find a car for every season, for every purpose, for every business or social requirement.

Illustrations do slight justice to the Cole line. You must see the cars themselves to appreciate their beauty. But these facts speak for themselves:

## Power

The Cole Eight has the largest and most powerful eight-cylinder V-type automobile motor.

It has a speed range on high of from less than two to more than sixty miles an hour.

It will accelerate from ten to fifty miles in less than twenty seconds.

Its power is more than enough to overcome any road condition.

## Dependability

A scientifically constructed light-weight car, with a low center of gravity, it holds the road at any speed.

The strong, full floating rear axle, direct drive suspension, electrically welded counter-balanced crankshaft, light reciprocating parts, vacuum gasoline feed and force feed lubrication system are absolutely positive.

The six inch channel frame of super-tested pressed steel is invincible.

## Economy

The Cole Eight averages from twelve to fifteen miles per gallon of gasoline with a full complement of passengers.

800 to 1,000 miles to the gallon of oil in touring.

7,000 to 8,000 miles on a set of tires.

Power—dependability—economy—coupled with the industry's most advanced body designs all mounted on the one sturdy chassis that has won the admiration of the entire nation by its constant and ever increasing success—is what the Cole Eight offers.

See the Cole Eight at our nearest dealer's; familiarize yourself with it through a demonstration and learn the possibilities of this mighty motor car.

**In the United States**

Seven Passenger Cole Eight Touring Car, . $1795
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Seven Passenger Four Door Toursedan, . $2495
Four Passenger Cole Springfield Tourcoupé, $2295

**Prices**

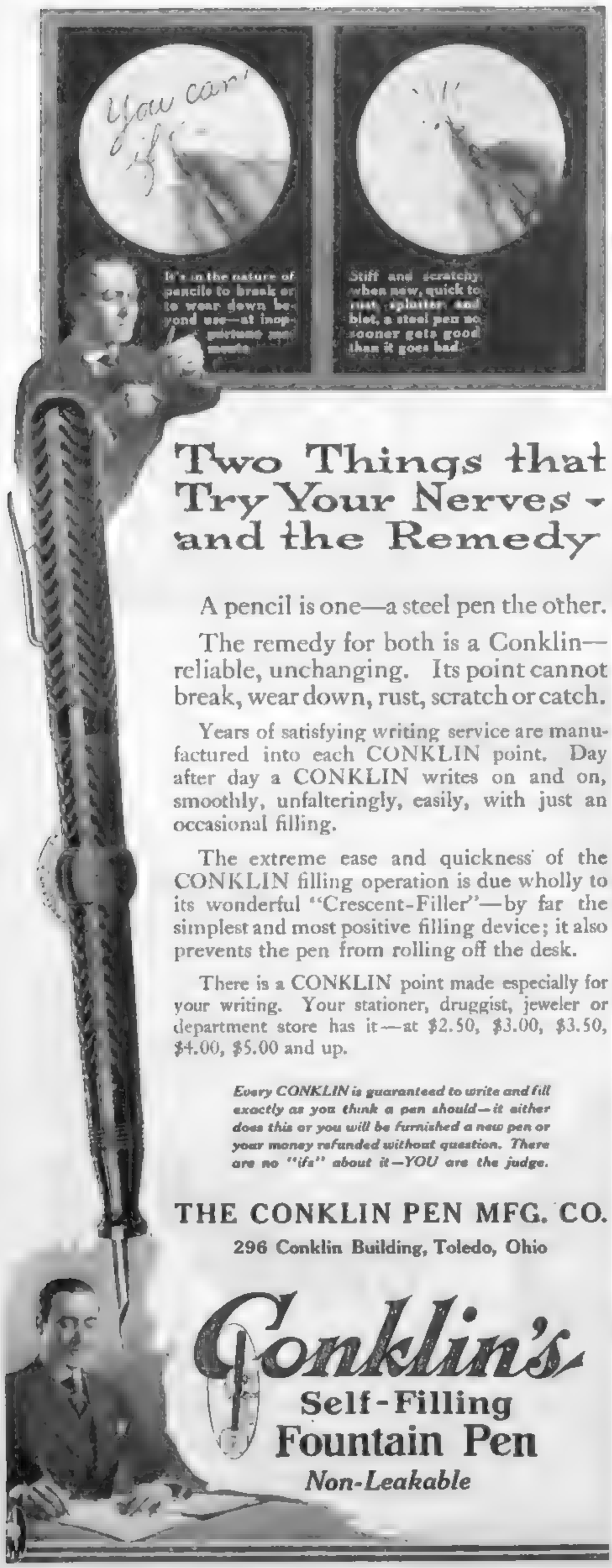
*f. o. b. Indianapolis and subject to change without notice*

**In Canada**

Seven Passenger Cole Eight Touring Car . $2695
Four Passenger Tuxedo Roadster . . . . . $2495
Seven Passenger Four-Door Toursedan, . . $3495
Four Passenger Cole Springfield Tourcoupé, $3295

# A Mighty Motor Car

**Cole Motor Car Company**
Indianapolis, U. S. A.


You can't
It's in the nature of pencils to break or to wear down beyond use—at inopportune moments
Stiff and scratchy when new, quick to rust, splutter and blot, a steel pen no sooner gets good than it goes bad

# Two Things that Try Your Nerves — and the Remedy

A pencil is one—a steel pen the other.

The remedy for both is a Conklin—reliable, unchanging. Its point cannot break, wear down, rust, scratch or catch.

Years of satisfying writing service are manufactured into each CONKLIN point. Day after day a CONKLIN writes on and on, smoothly, unfalteringly, easily, with just an occasional filling.

The extreme ease and quickness of the CONKLIN filling operation is due wholly to its wonderful "Crescent-Filler"—by far the simplest and most positive filling device; it also prevents the pen from rolling off the desk.

There is a CONKLIN point made especially for your writing. Your stationer, druggist, jeweler or department store has it—at $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00 and up.

*Every CONKLIN is guaranteed to write and fill exactly as you think a pen should—it either does this or you will be furnished a new pen or your money refunded without question. There are no "ifs" about it—YOU are the judge.*

**THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO.**

296 Conklin Building, Toledo, Ohio

*Conklin's*

**Self-Filling Fountain Pen**

***Non-Leakable***


(Continued from Page 83)

phantoms of smooth machinery, and discoursed, with the mystic discursiveness of an auto journal and a demonstrator, on the difference between a self-starter and an underslung frame; but remained divinely impartial and took all makes as they came.

A car honked outside, in front of an opposite garage, like a locked-out mastiff. He was inspired.

"Now take that machine, for example," he pointed; "everybody's talking about it, but the trouble with it is that it's got so many cylinders ——" and so on.

Another car passed. He figuratively leaped on its running board and jammed the sharp things of its own tool chest into its insides:

"The great advantage of a differential action like this — —"

He had only been going on first, but now he turned an oratorical sharp curve, went into second up a stiff technical hill, and when he reached the unobstructed straightaway macadam on top he did a rhetorical Barney Oldfield, pounding equally, without a miss or slip, on every one of the triple-eight cylinders of fantasy. When he first began it was only like bouncing in a rubber-neck wagon through Detroit, but now it was like a personally conducted expedition through the corridors of Travel, at the qualifying pace of the Indianapolis motordrome. He jumped the limousine class and went up.

"Speed! Speed!" he uttered contemptuously, glancing from them to the automobile.

"My brother's got an aëroplane!" he proclaimed without blushing. "And will you tell me what a sewing-machine contrivance like this"—he pointed to the automobile beside them, and it shrank like a folding cup—"has got to say for itself compared to the engines they put in hydroplanes, like father's, for example?"

He paused grandly. It seemed that the automobile had nothing to say for itself.

"But speed isn't everything, at that," he was good enough to concede as he slid into a long-curving restful legato for a moment; "and there are times when I'm homesick for a sail in a little Class A sloop of my own; it is sport, you know!" Skillfully hesitating, he halted the run of the record-breaking images he had started; but he resumed abruptly on a note of indignation. "My sister's no Ruth Law," he confessed sorrowfully; "she put the checkrein on the family aspirations by getting stuck on horses, but I've got to admit she's collected some of the best two-year-olds in the paddocks. But, at that, we can't help feeling she queered our gait; and we regard her as about twenty-two events behind the best talent of our crowd."

Little by little he had gathered motion round him and monopolized distance, until it seemed to the enchanted audience that they had been rooted to the inches their feet covered for all their lives, because his family had never released its control of space.

The mouth of Wells opened in admiration, and he dropped a hub wrench out of a grip that acted as though he had been struck on the crazy bone. The girl dropped her eyes from him and fastened them upon the automobile for something potentially immovable by comparison; and then he suddenly stopped for breath. She recovered first.

"Have you been working for Mr. Thorndike long?" she asked the man with feeling.

"Yes—no!" answered Wells, still dazed. "About two days."

She looked again at Kent in the steady way she had of gazing at people as though they were problems.

"How interesting!" she said.

Kent wondered what was so interesting. Suddenly he felt a desire to get out of the place, a prompting of something related to that sixth sense of premonition which warns a cotton broker on a popular roof garden with a stenographer of the approach of a relative, a poet of the approach of a creditor, and a Carmine Street cart-huckster of the approach of the sergeant. It seemed to him as though some sort of mocking message was passing between the girl and the man, and the machine itself, in an undertow of understanding. He twisted his neck inside of a wilting collar and went to her bravely. With a last gesture of proprietorship, he said in a tone that echoed out of the past:

"Wells—at nine, sharp! It will be ready at nine," he repeated mechanically on the street, for the life of him unable to think of anything else to say. "It will be ready at nine," he said again.

"At nine?" repeated the girl. "And why at nine?"

"Why, didn't you say you'd take a ride with me to-morrow?"

"Did I?"

"To—to Poughkeepsie—that's a nice trip," he said without enthusiasm.

She stopped and looked at him again with calculating amusement. There was the amazing beauty of self-reliance and unexpectedness about her.

"I was going to Atlantic City on Monday," she announced smartly; "but I'll go with you to-morrow—if you get that car!"

It sounded almost like a dare.

"It will be ready at nine," mumbled Kent, hypnotized by the impending disaster of the expanding bluff. "At nine!" he chanted.

Then he determined heroically to get out of the verbal rut into which he had fallen, and began:

"At nine ——" And stopped. Before he could repeat it, he interrupted himself and said abruptly: "Miss Gedney ——"

A clean, high note of laughter checked him again. She turned toward him, her eyes bright with high spirits; her teeth splendid in the full gleam of her merriment.

"Miss Gedney!" she gasped. "It's too much! You know very well that isn't my name; and ——"

She could not go on for laughing. He was puzzled.

She turned her face away again and he saw that her shoulders were twitching finely with amusement.

He bent toward her.

"I knew—I knew it wasn't; but I don't understand why you ——"

She met his questioning gaze frankly.

"Oh, one does incredible things sometimes—just for the joy of them, I guess, and because ordinary things do become so ordinary. You're a funny boy! I'm going to leave you here, now. Good night! Good-by!"

She was beyond astonishment, with her mercurial variances. She might have been the spirit of Wall Street or the weather round Christmas. It seemed she had already forgotten her promise to ride with him the next morning. He was dismissed, and without references, recommendations or reasons.

A protest rose within him against this disregard of his personality—a protest as strong as the tricky hold itself that she had on him.

"No, no!" he said impulsively, touching her arm. "Don't go in this manner. Then tell me your name."

"It wouldn't be right to tell you, you know."

"I see an M on your locket; tell me, what is it?"

She disengaged her arm from his fingers.

"Isn't this rather sudden?" she asked in a tone that afforded him the first real relief from the heat he had felt in twenty-four hours.

A smile touched her deep cool eyes into rounded gems of light and curved her lips into an exquisite crescent. She scrutinized him.

"Well, you may walk to Fifty-seventh with me," she said. "Miss Gedney!" She laughed again, shaking her head. "You're a card!"

She stopped before a shop window. On the dull dustiness of it she traced some letters. He looked over her shoulder.

"What's that?" he asked.

She began in another spot. He watched her. First, she made an F; then continued the short bar backward, and ran a long stem upward, making an L; round them she skillfully twisted an S.

"FLS. What's that stand for?" he asked.

She laughed.

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

"It's not yours," he said; "there's no M in it. Whose is it?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?" she mocked deliciously. Suddenly she said: "I must leave you here!"

Yesterday he had been at peace with the world, despite the heat; to-night five monosyllabic words, spoken by a girl who, after all, was a stranger to him, made him more miserable than an Allen Street Russian distracted by the vision of snow in midsummer. Even his speech was affected.

"But—but, please—allow me to—see you home!" he bumped along awkwardly in the language he had spoken readily as a child. "And what—what—about to-morrow!" he pleaded.

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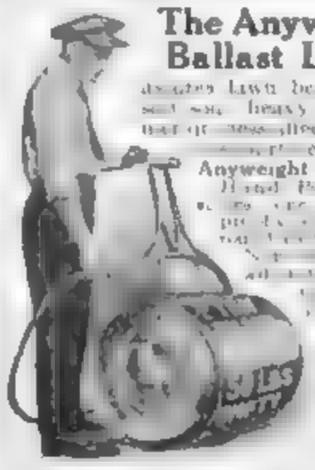

Anyweight as a mower. Ordinary Rollers are a combination of heavy and heavier at some part of your lawn. Fill with water—Anyweight as a mower. Ordinary Rollers are a combination of heavy and heavier at some part of your lawn. Fill with water—

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"No; I'm going up alone from here, thank you," she said, decisively self-possessed.

"But what about to-morrow?" he repeated in amazement. "To-morrow at nine?"

"You must take out Miss Gedney," she laughed. But she paused also. When you waken Romance in July there is no opiate that can put her to sleep again at once. "I did promise to go driving on a condition, didn't I? Well, then—fulfill the condition, and ——" She paused reflectively, as though to recall her words; but now Romance took the matter altogether out of her hands, and she was as little responsible for her words as a telephone is for a stock quotation, or a Washington Heights dumb-waiter for the morning gossip between the second and fourth flights back. "To-morrow—at nine—here!"

Without another word she turned and walked off, leaving him transfixed with joy and dismay.

"Now, what the ——!" he muttered.

On the way home he wrecked the automobile, with that capable disregard for private property evinced by every trustworthy Subway employee; and, with the fertile inspiration of July, he invented excuses for the disaster as plausible as an express agent's account of a smashed trunk, or a high-tariff editorial in Pennsylvania.

"Because I wouldn't go into that garage again for a mint!" he chuckled to himself, thinking of the man waiting there for him at nine.

III

SHE looked at him with smiling surprise. "The machine?" she asked.

Kent coughed. As she confronted him, bewitching as Medea in a creamy Georgette blouse, as steady of gaze as Athene beneath a dipping-rimmed hat of faille, as strong and clean-lined as Diana in a lilac tussah-silk skirt, she was more beautiful by exactly the difference between the gray, hot, girdered half darkness under the Elevated station, where he had met her the night before, and the clear July morning, under a baby-blue sky as soft and dainty as the inside of the lid of a cerulean, faintly filmed powder box. His steel-riveted, mining-stock, majority-report arguments, extenuations and excuses became as lean as the testimony of the plaintiff's physician in an accident case, when the examining specialist for the B. I. G. R. R. takes the stand.

"You know, I told him to have the car ready at nine," he began without conviction, and wondered where he had heard this before; "and in his desire to please me he hurried on some coil attachments and smashed the carburetor ——"

"Which dislocated a spark plug and wearied the tire!" finished the girl. She examined him merrily. "I wondered how you were going to get out of it. Do you know an axle shaft from an ice-cream freezer?"

"All right; believe me or not!" he said, and tried to say something else; but he interrupted himself to laugh with her.

"I was curious to know how you would get out of it," she said; "and you did it so clumsily. Now I guess I'll trot back again."

"Please wait a minute—give me a chance!" he begged with new earnestness. "I'm dead sorry about the machine; but it wasn't my fault. You said you were going down to Atlantic City to-morrow, anyway—what do you say about going down in the train to-day? There's one at nine-thirty-two—I looked. It'll get us down there at noon. We can make it, easy. Let's take the next L down to Thirty-third Street. Is that a go?"

She looked at him curiously. He showed good taste in his clothes. His straw hat, which he still held between his fingers, was half an inch too wide to have been bought at a sale, and his hair was wavy and a little rebellious; his tie was a good shade of blue, and his eyes a good shade of brown; his suit was a step farther in blues, but he made it evident that it was still many shades this side of the color of his soul, should she refuse to go; best of all, he wore plain black shoes, though even these were bizarre compared to the plainness of the entreaty in his expression as he waited.

"It would be a lark!" she said. "Wait here—I must arrange something!"

And, with the astonishing unexpectedness of her, she was hastening down the street from him. He stared after her.

"She's got me!" he declared, shaking his head. He took out his pocketbook. He meditated over his finances.

(Continued on Page 90)

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Hightstown — [illegible]
Highstown Garage
Francis G. Hunt
Hoboken — [illegible]
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Jersey City — [illegible]
Long Branch — [illegible]
Madison — [illegible]
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Metuchen — Bailey's Garage; Metuchen Garage
Millville — John S. Whitaker
Montclair — The Willow Garage
Morristown — W. Von [illegible]
New Brunswick — [illegible]
N. Long Branch — [illegible]
N. Newark — North Newark Garage
Newark — Fisher's Garage; Joseph Gottsman, Jr., Garage; Wills Garage
Nutley — The Nutley Garage
Oaklyn — Haines & Hollingshead
Ocean City — [illegible]
Oldbridge — Horton's Garage
Orange — [illegible]
Palmyra — [illegible]
Passaic — [illegible]
Pennington — [illegible]
Perth Amboy — [illegible]
Pitman — [illegible]
Pleasantville — [illegible]
Port Norris — [illegible]
Rahway — [illegible]
Salem — [illegible]
Scarbright — [illegible]
Summit — [illegible]
Swedesboro — [illegible]
Toms River — Mason Inn Garage
Trenton — Auto Shop Garage; [illegible]; Greenwood Ave. Garage; Toman Bros.; Sherman Garage; Andrew Drummond
Tuckahoe — [illegible]
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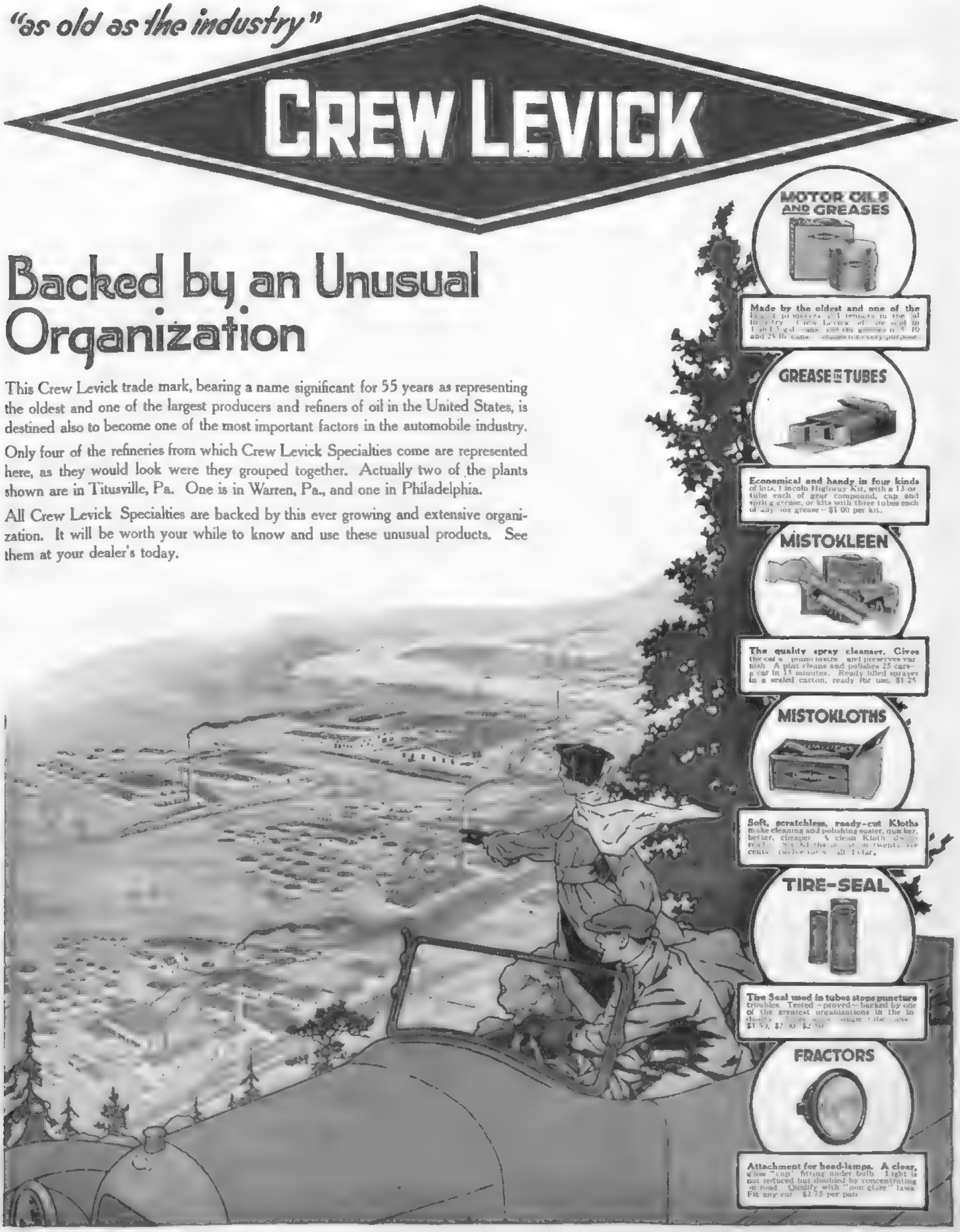

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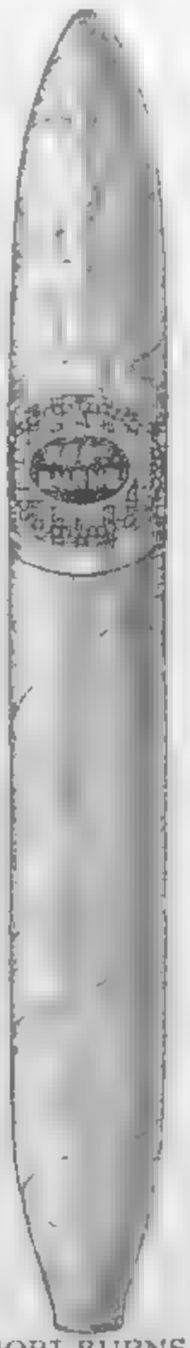


ROBT BURNS
*Invincible 10¢*
(Exact Size)

*(Continued from Page 87)*

"She was going down, anyway, and I won't need to bring her back. That gives us a real dinner; and I won't have to lie to her again—I hate to lie to that girl. That infernal machine! She can't figure I'd take her into a strange garage to show her the sights, though. I hate to lie to that girl!"

He saw her eyes quietly scrutinizing him, as candid in their radiance as stars on a July night after rain, as unexpected as the gleam of fireflies in the lush blackness among the rambler roses at the end of a piazza, and as rejoicing as the even burn of an indisputable *habano*.

He looked down at the insufficient currency. "Ten, fifteen, seventeen, nineteen, twenty-one," he counted. "Not a mint or head waiter's dividends; but it'll have to reach." He brought out some change: "Fifty — five — sixty-five — seventy — seventy-three. Twenty-one seventy-three! About a taxi fare round Central Park, but it'll have to reach from Seventh Avenue to the Postcards-by-the-Sea! Train down—round trip for me, six; one way for her, nine and a quarter; about twelve-fifty, and—just a minute!" He whistled softly. He put his fingers into one pocket of his waistcoat and drew out a folded two-dollar bill. "Little child, I had forgotten you!" he murmured affectionately.

"Fourteen-fifty: sundaes, sundries and chairs—that leaves an unattached tenner. There's nothing like working in even numbers. We'll do it, Old Top; we'll do it! There ought to be somebody round the ranch, and if worst comes to a showdown I'll dig up some comfort or other ——

"Now, are we going to miss that train?"

He turned toward the corner shop window, near which he was standing. The monogram was still there.

"Wonder whose it is?" he asked himself as he stared at it hostilely; and by degrees an unreasoning jealousy of the owner of the letters came to him.

*IV*

IT WAS nearly one o'clock when, after a short inspectory stroll to the beach to pay their respects to Old Host Neptune, they entered one of the breeze-filled ocean-view dining chambers, round and upon which a hostelry had been constructed like a fourth thought. Through a surf of sallow, uniformed and exactly timed obsequiousness, a spray of linen, panamas, silver, insensible plants, rumorous chatter, clinking ice, and white-bosomed clairvoyant waiters, as alert as spiders by their unoccupied nets of napery, magnetically catching the eye to attract the weak-minded to undesirable side tables, they followed the head waiter to a delightful small table beside a window looking out on the toppling breakers of the emerald, topaz, sapphire and jaded Atlantic Ocean, the home of the mackerel, the shark, the submarine and the reckless bather. The smelling salts of the sea mounted into their heads, and the foam-spun sunlight, making the world glisten far and near, sparkled within them.

Everything became mixed up in a potpourri of glee—the cries of the flopping marionettes on the fringe of the talcum surf; the distant circular minor melody of a pier calliope; the long outstretching pier itself, with the water and floating timbers hitting against its piles; the promenade of the darkly propelled ball-bearing rickshaws of the Resort of the Daily Parade, with their packages of pongee, cerise, tulle, fat banded cigars, indolent lorgnettes, blinking Pomeranians, chin-chins, chowchows, gout, rheumatics, ostentation, and Pittsburgh traveling-man dreams whispered unto disturbing centers of cologne, penciled brows, skillful eyes, bow lips and yielding fingers; the bobbing, swaying pageant of pinks and whites and frantic blazers; the tuneful, drifting procession of parasols; and the decorous flirting, which was the motive power of it all.

They were deliciously aware of everything. Out of sheer gladness at being alive, they abandoned themselves to the pulse of the sunlight and sea and parade, and drifted with the rhythmic waves of things, which now swept over them, now receded, and now came back stronger. Things were as incomprehensible and clear and jumbled and well-defined as a roof-garden review; and she was Scheherazade, the star, to him, and he was Münchhausen, the leading man, to her.

And Romance giggled.

"M," he said—she still refused to tell him her name—"M," he said, very tenderly, "pass me the wafers." Silence.

The sights, the sounds, the feelings, the smells and the tastes of the Boardwalk stole in on them again and stirred her to speech.

"Funny Boy!" she said softly. "Funny Boy," she repeated with mock entreaty, "pass them back."

He passed her the crisp cakes with utter affection. Even Romance giggled. The sea seethed in their imaginations.

"If you half close your eyes and look out there," she said retrospectively, daintily poising a spoon, leaning slightly over her Philadelphia ice cream and demi-tasse, and looking into his eyes, which refused to half close or look anywhere but at her, "you can imagine you are at—at Brighton."

"It does look something like Coney, at that," he said in a sideways tone, gazing at her.

"Coney! Silly!" she said pertly. "Brighton, England, I mean, of course. It reminds me also of my Nice ——"

"Your who?" he demanded, suddenly attentive. "Your niece!"

She looked at him a little troubled.

"I was going to say," she went on coolly, "that it reminds me of my Nice winter, two—three winters ago. Ah, it was beautiful!" she added.

"Oh, yes; I've been there!" he said offhandedly, to close the subject.

She regarded him with sweet exasperation. "You don't say!"

"Have you traveled much?" he went on, with the impersonal interest of a ventriloquist, all eyes.

"Last year we went from Cape Horn to St. John's and Labrador," she said, in a tone that made South America a peninsula two miles longer than Cod, turned North America into a rocky island somewhere northeast of Jersey City, and Kent into a Duane Street newsboy who had never been above Union Square. "Last fall we hunted bear and deer, and speared salmon along the Columbia River, the way the Indians do; but it's a shame to shoot them, isn't it? They have such beautiful eyes, don't you think?"

"The salmon?" asked Kent distantly. "Or the Indians?"

"The deer!" said the girl sadly.

"Dear! Beautiful eyes!" intoned Kent fervently.

She looked at him doubtfully.

"But I have never seen such scenery in our mountains as in the Cordilleras in Ecuador," she went on with that hobnobbing, conversational tone which implied the poise, pose and position of Miami, Catalina, Lake Placid, recognized Palm Beach, tolerated New Orleans, and disapproved of Chicago.

She talked. You could hear the ukulele breathe in its native lair, and see the tango untangle itself on the pampas of Argentina, while she danced with the governors of Jamaica, Bermuda, San Salvador, other colorful postage-stamp and tourist points southeast, and the democratic executives below the M. and D. line. She one-stepped across latitudes, longitudes, meridians, tropical zones and race lines with lieutenants, captains of crack regiments and football teams, fuzzy-wuzzy potentates, and to-let nobility from Bombay to Newport; and the vision of her gliding over continents of ballrooms and oceans of waxed floors made him dizzy, and he felt like a bus boy at a waiters' hop.

She stopped for breath and a spoonful of water ice. He took heart and began with his own memoirs.

"I remember," he drawled with club-chair aloofness, "an episode that happened a year before the war:

"We were going from Bucharest to Constantinople by way of Sofia—the governor always was a great lad for practical geography, you know—and near the border station, between Rumania and Bulgaria, a stocky, black-haired, gunboat-colored chap butts into our coach ——"

"Pardon me," she said innocently; "but I was under the impression that one rode in compartments in European trains?"

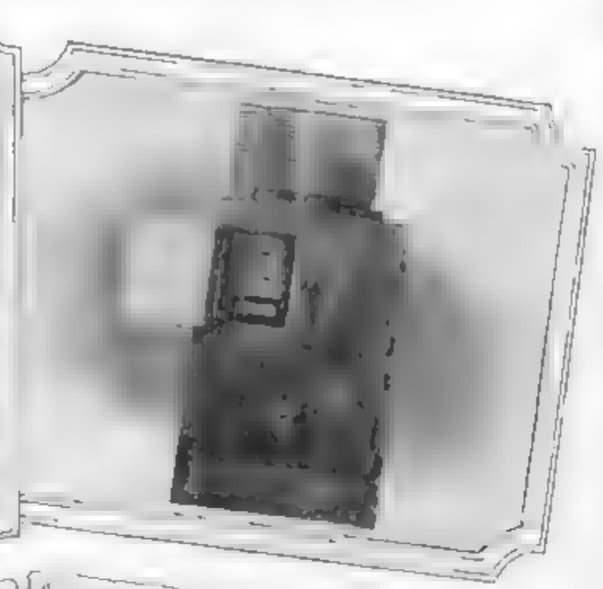
"Sure, you do," he said quickly; "but we had the whole coachful of compartments for our party. Well, this pill-coated friend comes climbing in, and he turned out to be some sort of rum prince, too, beating his fare. What do you think of that?"

There was something jesting, slangily depreciating, in his tones. She looked at him coldly and said nothing. He talked on, warming to his theme; and as he talked he covered states, inland routes, international waterways, archipelagoes and himself with glory. Ananias, the operator,

*(Continued on Page 93)*

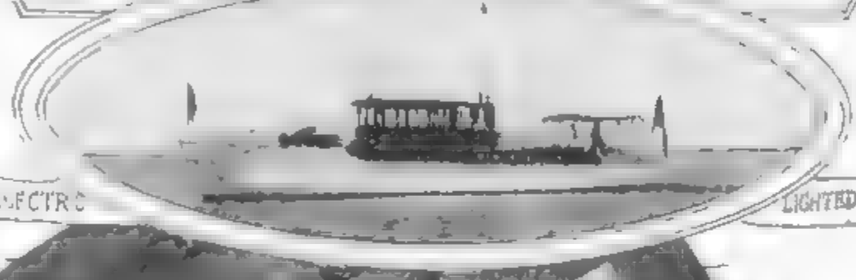
# DELCO-LIGHT

## ELECTRICITY FOR ANYONE - ANYWHERE



PUMPING STATION OPERATED BY DELCO-LIGHT

"SPRAY" II ELECTRIC



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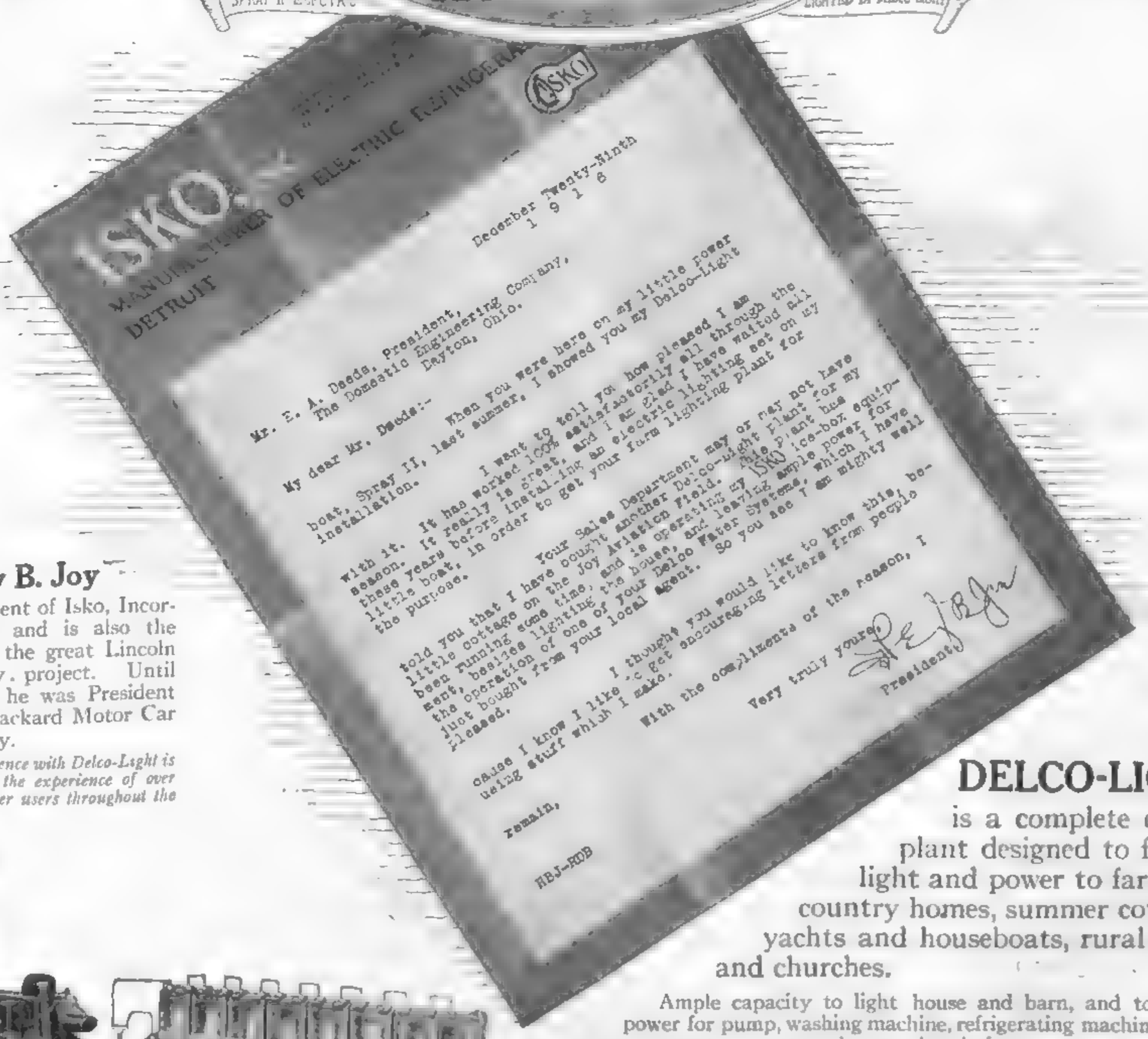
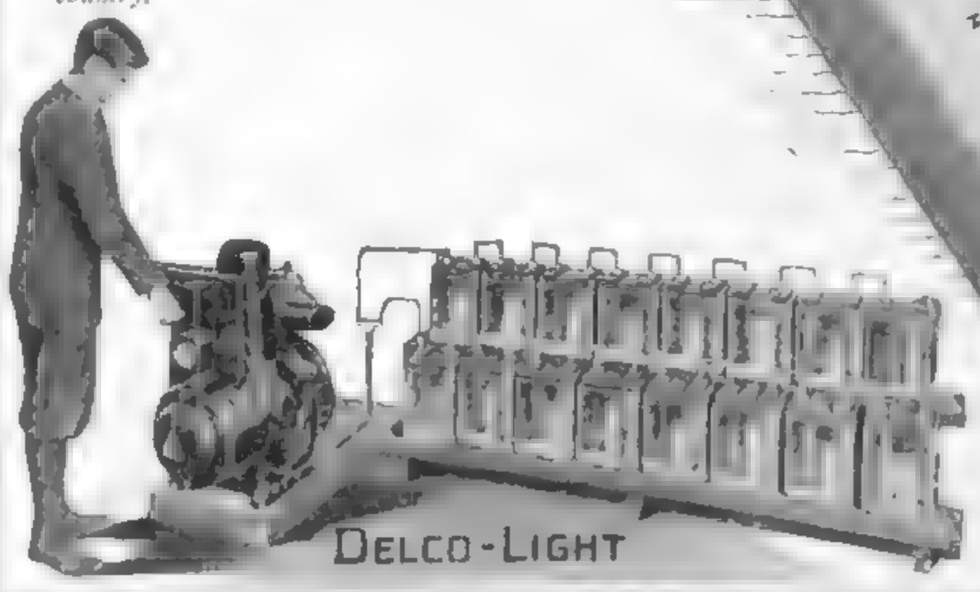
SAN REFRIGERATING PLANT OPERATED BY DELCO-LIGHT


ISKO
MANUFACTURER OF ELECTRIC REFRIGERA
DETROIT
December Twenty-Ninth
1 9 1 8
Mr. E. A. Deeds, President,
The Domestic Engineering Company,
Dayton, Ohio.
My dear Mr. Deeds:-
When you were here on my little power
boat, Spray II, last summer, I showed you my Delco-Light
installation.
I want to tell you how pleased I am
with it. It has worked 100% satisfactorily all through the
season. It really is great, and I am glad I have waited all
these years before instal-ling an electric lighting set on my
little boat, in order to get your farm lighting plant for
the purpose.
Your Sales Department may or may not have
told you that I have bought another Delco-Light plant for my
little cottage on the Joy Aviation field. This plant has
been running some time, and is operating my ISKO ice-box equip-
ment, besides lighting the house, and leaving ample power for
the operation of one of your Delco Water Systems, which I have
just bought from your local agent. So you see I am mighty well
pleased.
I thought you would like to know this, be-
cause I know I like to get encouraging letters from people
using stuff which I make.
With the compliments of the season, I
remain,
Very truly yours,
President.
RBJ-RDB

**Henry B. Joy**
is President of Isko, Incorporated, and is also the head of the great Lincoln Highway. project. Until recently he was President of the Packard Motor Car Company.

*His experience with Delco-Light is typical of the experience of over 15,000 other users throughout the country.*




**DELCO-LIGHT**
is a complete electric plant designed to furnish light and power to farm and country homes, summer cottages, yachts and houseboats, rural stores and churches.

Ample capacity to light house and barn, and to furnish power for pump, washing machine, refrigerating machine, churn, cream separator, vacuum cleaner, electric fan, etc.

**Price Complete except in far Western Points and Canada $275 and $325 f. o. b. Dayton**

*Write for literature*

**The Domestic Engineering Company, Dayton, Ohio**

Offices in all Principal Cities

# The Story of a Great Success

THE STORY OF LIBERTY SUCCESS is a story of the square deal to the American people.

Before this car was even on paper, a group of prominent and successful men who had made automobile history saw a definite need not met by any car then being sold.

They knew the American people wanted to get away from the hard work of driving and the discomfort of riding more or less common to all moderate sized cars.

So they built a car around one single ideal—the owner's interest. Features after feature was included which they knew other cars lacked until their car had *every* feature to make it satisfy owners in actual use.

THEY INCLUDED such definite owner "satisfaction points" as the simple chassis design—there is none simpler—the heavy, sturdy, five-inch frame—the correct balance, causing it to hold the road under all conditions—the easy steering—the easily operated clutch—the smooth and silent gear shift—the easily operated but powerful brakes—the absolutely reliable emergency brake—the elimination of grease cups—the seats made comfortable by properly shaped upholstery—the easily adjusted curtains—the wide doors—the handy tool compartment—the weather-tight windshield—the ventilated front compartment—the easy springs—the detachable robe rail—the big fenders—the double lamps—light weight making for greatly extended tire and gasoline mileage.

A car resulted which drove with the utmost ease.

A car resulted which rode easily—with a long, easy, silent swing—over the roughest roads.

A car resulted on which they founded a permanent, honorable business.

Because this car was so sturdy, so strong, so dependable, so American—they called it the Liberty.

THEY TOLD THE LIBERTY STORY to the American people, simply and directly, without exaggeration. Liberty features of owner interest were so new that it was only necessary to mention them, and ask that the car be tried out—hard—in comparison with every other car made.

The people heard about the Liberty. They tried it out. They bought it by thousands. A Florida owner who has owned and driven twenty-three cars says, "The Liberty is the best purchase I ever made." Mr. I. J. Helborn of California says, "I have owned ten other cars—the Liberty is the best on the market." "The easiest car I have ever driven," says Mr. C. H. Shore of Nebraska. And so on by hundreds come the endorsements of owners who know, who at last have a car built for their interest.

THAT IS THE STORY OF LIBERTY SUCCESS—a story of a square deal to the American people.

This is the sort of car you want—one designed from the first to satisfy you by delivering miles in comfort economically and well—one including *all* features of owner interest.

You want power and pep, pickup and snap—a car you will be proud to own and glad to drive—then try the Liberty. You will see the difference if you know other cars. On this basis alone the Liberty has sold itself to thousands of motorists who know—and on this basis it will sell itself to you.

*Five-Passenger Touring Car and Four-Passenger Close Coupled Car, $1195*
*Detachable Sedan, $1395, Coupé (Springfield) $1795, Shopping Brougham, $2450*

LIBERTY MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

# LIBERTY SIX

(Continued from Page 90)

himself might have been turning valiantly the handle of the magic box in the gallery, and on the white sailcloths of the only vessels that reach Avalon and farther points east-by-sou'east of fact were flashed his long-distance educational series. He hinted at astonishing experiences in unnamed aristocratic preparatory schools, athletic and college adventures, escapades and charge accounts.

He went out big-game shooting himself, and shot the antelope, the cantaloupe and the slope of credibility, in a narrative which listened like a magazine article by an ex-president.

It was apparent that he had read newspapers, best sellers and the almanacs with zeal, devotion and profit, and had been no infrequent attendant at the shows where they gave the best travel pictures. He described the Brahman Temple of Ceylon and the mud volcanoes of Arizona with equal inaccuracy, and elaborated his universal information until she felt like a kitchen slavey, sought out, cornered and guyed by the company at dinner. To save herself, she had a mean desire to call out: "Watch your step!" and set him down in Astor Place again; but she refrained.

After he had exhausted the Northern Hemisphere, worked through the Southern as far as the Antarctic ice fields, and began bending the South Pole into a long bow, he was checked by some movement of her fingers. With a quill toothpick she was tracing the monogram on the tablecloth.

"Now what the ——" he exclaimed; but, before he could go on, she smoothed it out, and started in again to bring her autobiography down to date.

After they had mutually stunned each other, Kent asked for the check, and they went out into the air to recuperate.

They pushed through the crowd along the warm, noisy Boardwalk, dodging the straight and steady line of basket-woven vehicles. The brazen presence of the City of Taffy and Taffeta, with its pop corn, limitless-soda-for-a-nickel, dirty hollow electric signs with no promise of the enchantment of them at night, auction sales, antique Tibetan vases made in Connecticut in the faker period, fuzzy toy dogs, teddybears, elephants, Nipponese dragons, clamorous neckties and peekaboo waists, made itself felt more and more.

Because their dinner had been so delicious and complete, they now munched salt-water taffy, gnawed at green corn on the cob, chewed on dripping roast-beef sandwiches, and were as hungrily blithesome as Jack and Jill the day before the day after Christmas. He bought her a burnt-leather pocketbook with a charred heart on it punctured by an arrow, and right above the arrow she had the man burn her the monogram, FLS.

"Who is that?" asked Kent jealously for the hundredth time.

"My father!" she said jestingly.

Eventually they emerged from different ends of one of the sticky mezzanine bathhouses in beach costume. They let the feeble surf knock them round and then swam out. She had an excellent stroke and he made easy progress also. They came back and lolled on the sand, pleased with themselves and the warm, humid pleasantness of the sunny beach, swathing them round and round with contentment and well-being. She built little huts, while he watched her. She was very clever with her fingers, but she spoiled everything she made by inscribing on it the monogram.

He hated the sight of the letters FLS; and when he saw that she was pleased to see him angry he wiped out everything she made as soon as she carved them in. He coaxed her to tell him what they signified; but she refused.

They wandered back to the sticky bathhouse and eventually met again on the Boardwalk, refreshed and bright-looking. Now they walked severely ahead toward the Chelsea end, past the dripping roast-beef spits and taffy stretchers; past Chinese, Japanese, Siamese and Maltese cups, plates, vases, bowls; past the polished tables where one paid a good dime only to roll ten small wooden balls up a narrow table, presided over by a grimacing Oriental college graduate, who handed out with learned suavity hideous impractical crockery made in America, instead of aiming the balls at the shelves crammed with chinalessware, raw-daubed pottery, paper umbrellas, bone-handled tin swords and wicker boxes.

They walked past the turnstile-clicking piers. The crowd no longer interested them, and they hardly noticed the flirting between rakish leghorns and tasseled, mischievous parasols. They watched the distant splashing waters where they caught a glint of light on the edge of swells. By and by they reached the deserted end. Finally even the boards walked no farther; but they kept on. A good breeze was blowing round a point ahead and they faced it gladly.

Walking through the hot sand was unpleasant, however, and they sat down in the shadow of an old overturned boat. She took off her pumps daintily, one after the other, shook them out, and put them on again. They were both a little drowsy, and watched the sea and sky line with sleepy eyes. She leaned forward, and with a splinter from the old boat smoothed out a large circle between them, and with exceeding care sketched his face. Then she laughed and smoothed it out again, and drew other little things.

He lay back on the sand and looked up at the clouds. There were only a few of them, very thin and far away, constantly fraying into shreds and constantly melting above him, and as constantly pressing imperceptibly into sight again. As he watched them he seemed to lose himself; and he felt the spell of romanticizing on himself again.

"When you get back to town," he began, "some night we're going to take the little car ——"

"The car you showed me?" she asked a little weary.

"Sure!" he said. "And we'll shoot down to Delaton for a real speed day. I tell you why: You've got a peach of a stroke, and I'm going to introduce you to aquaplaning. Have you ever tried it? It's marvelous sport; and, take it from me, if we can get the governor to give us a hydroplane hitch you'll become personally acquainted with speed! Say, it would be keen if we could get Polk to lift you a few feet in his flyer, too! Just wait! We're going to have a little motion meet all our own, with events on every surface, from asphalt to water, with a restful end to the gingery stuff in a sundown sail in my tiny Peg Ahead—and she's a beauty too! You know, I told you my sister's crazy about horses—everybody in our family has different notions about traveling—and as sure as you're you I'm going to frame her up into taking you out behind Drum Taps and One To Go—two firsts at Bryn Mawr—some day."

"That will be some day!" said the girl.

"You said it!" he exclaimed. "So you liked the little car?" he went on, sitting up; and then he added distinctly: "Oh, have a heart!"

In the circle between them she had traced the sublimest combination of the hated letters FLS he had yet seen, and surrounded the monogram with clever minute designs.

He looked at it ominously.

"Now look here," he said; "this has got to stop! I'm not going to be pestered by this any longer. I don't even know your name, but I know your first name begins with an M; so that's not your monogram. You're as clean-cut and fine as an early morning in May," he said in a low voice, with intense sincerity; "and I've tried to be as square and decent as I've always meant to be to the woman I—I—well, that's why I'm jealous now." He took her hand. "I am jealous. I think I respect you more than any girl I ever knew. Tell me, is there anybody else?"

"Oh, lots of people—the Boardwalk's full of them!" she said, in order to make an accompanying frivolous gesture that would free her hand and break the earnest spell of his words.

"You know very well what I mean. I am going to get to the bottom of this now. Tell me what that monogram means."

She regarded him with quizzical sympathy.

"I would rather not," she said softly; "we had better leave it the way it is; it was very nice."

"Now listen: no mysteries!" he said with genial command. "I want to know."

"Do you really want to know?"

"I've got to know. This has been—oh! far-away little lady, can't you see what a day this has been for me? It's our day—our day, I tell you; and I—I—well, I'll tell you yet, but first I want to know what that means." And he pointed, and gashed as he pointed, at the intwined F and L and S.

"Why, that, Mr. William Thorndike," she said with elaborately assumed lightness, "is the monogram I saw on the side of 'your' car!"

*Why waste time by starting earlier than necessary—*

to keep an appointment simply because you're not sure of your watch and realize you must play safe?

South Bend Watches are so accurate and dependable that their owners trust them to the last second. Business men, travelers, railroad men and others who value precise time prefer South Bend Watches because of their uniform dependability and distinctive beauty; they are built to give lifetime service.

Men who know these facts are telling others, which explains why 90% more South Bend Watches were sold in 1916 than in 1915 and an even greater increase in demand is apparent this year.

There's a wide variety of cases, dials and movements to choose from at from $16 to $125.

Perhaps your jeweler has already told you of that remarkable new 19-jewel model adjusted to four positions, which costs you but $28.75 complete in high-grade, gold-filled case—timed in the case at our factory.

Send for interesting booklet, "The Making of a Marvelous Mechanism."

SOUTH BEND WATCH COMPANY
14 Studebaker Street South Bend, Indiana

South Bend
*The Watch with the Purple Ribbon*

# ACORN RANGES

## B-r-e-a-kfast!

**(A musical call if sung in the Acorn Key)**

Fragrant, delicious coffee; cereal with rich milk or cream; crisp, flavory flakes of bacon; eggs light and filmy as lace; feathery biscuit or crisp, tasty toast.

Everything dainty, everybody hungry, everybody cheery. Everybody starting the day in the *right key.*

Perhaps the family is small and "everybody" is "just our two selves"; we who went shopping together and found a wonderful device on which to strike the keynote of a cheery day—not a musical device, but an Acorn Range.

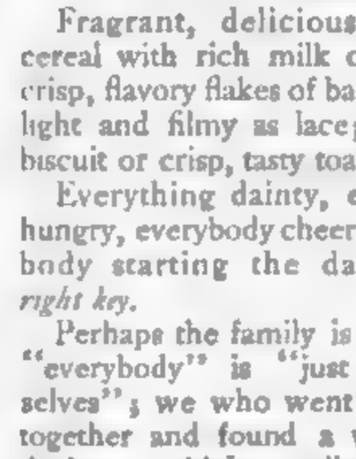
The most talented cook is like the greatest musician—she loses heart when she is called on to produce masterpieces from a faulty instrument. Can she be expected to do it 1095 times a year and keep up her courage?

Cookery—real cookery—is a question of heat; not in a crude, ordinary stove or range, but heat scientifically controlled, properly applied and directed. The range that is built to apply heat just where it is wanted—the right kind of heat and just enough of it, is surely worth shopping for.

Made for 87 yrs.— *Acorn* RANGES —always Improving

**Gas, Coal, Combination and Electric**

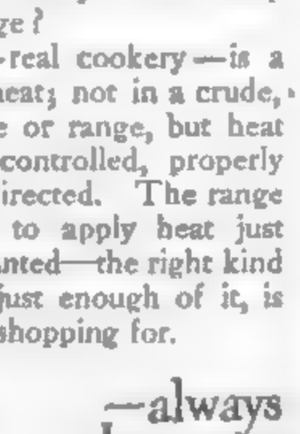
Acorn Ranges are made for every kind of fuel. No matter whether you prefer, or are restricted to, gas, coal, or electricity, you will find Acorn Ranges to choose from.



Baby Grand

The Acorn Baby Grand—gleaming with white, nickel and glass on black—graceful in form and compact—two baking ovens, one broiler oven, warming oven, six top burners.

If you have to use coal part of the time, see the Acorn Combination Range for both coal and gas. In one style, a lever does it all. Lever up, coal stove; lever down, gas stove.



If gas is not available, let your hardware or furniture dealer show you an Acorn Coal Range designed to cut down coal bills. He knows what it saves your neighbor.

The Acorn Electric Range, a joy and pride to the housewife who is so situated that electricity is the fuel she ought to use. So thoroughly attractive it would not be inappropriate in the dining-room itself. The charm of the chafing dish and the utility of a range combined.

*The first week in May is* GAS RANGE WEEK

Be ready for unusual public interest. The Acorn Baby Grand will help your display—feature it!

RATHBONE, SARD & COMPANY

Main Office, Albany, N.Y. Factories, Albany, N. Y., and Aurora, Ill. Branches in Detroit and Chicago

**We have made Acorn Stoves and Ranges for 87 years**


Kent looked at her, for a second not exactly comprehending; and then he choked and faltered:

"Sure—I ——" And he forgot what he was going to say, boiled within and reddened without, and yearned madly, basely to hear the small stout gentleman in the farthest corner bid a closing-out price for him. "But—it's not—our car, it's my Uncle—Frank's," he stuttered wildly, and stopped as he saw a smile touch her excellent lips.

"You must be well acquainted with your Uncle Frank!" She stopped momentously. "I particularly remembered the letters," she finished gravely, "because, you see, they are my father's!"

"Your—your father's?" He bounded up. In a flash he recalled her look and interest in the garage, and a horrible suspicion hit him. "That—that man couldn't have been your father?"

She laughed.

"Hardly—he would have known me rather better, Mr. Thorndike. That's a newcomer. I am glad I made his acquaintance too; he needs it! You won't find him when you go round to 'your' garage again."

"Your father! Your ——" stammered Kent. "It can't be!"

She opened her little brown hand bag and took out a photograph. It showed her sitting at the steering wheel of an automobile, and beside her an elderly lady. It was the machine.

"That's mother," she said; "father's in Vancouver now, and she and my sister are here. I came back to town to look after some things; and once upon a time, in an evening, I was offered an adventure—and I accepted it."

"Then all that was true—all the monkey-shining you told me about during dinner; all your dancing and hunting, and so on?"

She nodded.

"Poor boy! And you thought I was romancing?" She paused; then said quietly: "Margaret Seward is my name."

Kent bounded again.

"Great Prophet, no!" he exclaimed.

She looked at him.

"Finley Lester Seward!" he gasped. "Is he your father?"

"Yes," she said.

"Oh, Lord!" he uttered miserably. "Dunce! Dunce! FLS! The second biggest gun of the Subway, isn't he?" She made no reply. "Honest, where am I?" he asked, and looked away from her.

She wanted to tell him, too, where they had met; to explain her ideas of helping; and Gersten's; and how, in spite of the remonstrances and witticisms of her friends, she was going back there—in the fall, after she had taken a summer vacation. But her little stylish sociology, or whatever it was, with its certain protection and social security, to which she could return at any hour, now seemed merely a snobbish theory to flaunt against the grease on the jumper and overalls of the imaginative young man of Astor Place; and she was silent.

Kent felt out of key. Finley Seward's daughter had taken up with him just as a joke, just for a lark—an adventure. She had been laughing at him for a night and a day! He had heard of feeling cheap, but now he felt like a drug on the market. He cursed the impulse of brag that had led him, against all his better instincts, to play up in such a ridiculous manner to this girl. He seemed to be going begging from curb to curb, but there was more water in his stock than in the ocean before him. He wanted to put his head in the sand and take a good bite out of the beach.

"What's the use?" he said, half to himself and half aloud. "This is a funny twist on me!" He glanced at the smiling girl. The smile made her almost hateful. "But, believe me, I don't see the comedy myself! You must think I'm the prime toreador of the universe."

With all his discomfiture, he felt a sense of dignity he had not known before, and a sense of the proper thing to do. He got up almost solemnly, frigidly and uncomfortably self-possessed.

"I guess I'll take you to the vicinity of your mother and sister, and then let you chuck me," he said.

The thought that she had been laughing at him ever since he had met her rankled. Wounded self-esteem turned at bay against Romance and drove off the Lady of July.

"I guess you want to see your people," he continued.

She looked at him, surprised and interested. They got up and slowly walked back to the land of taffy and dripping roasts of beef, and Japanese humbugs and Yankee frauds, parasols and exactly dipped Bangkoks. The first contact with the crowd and the spirit of the Pittsburgh Suburb-by-the-Sea revolted them. The Boardwalk was vulgar, the ocean was inexpressibly silly, and the first rolling chair an eyesore. He obstinately determined to walk the whole distance back on one of the hot avenues. He needed a furnace to think in.

"We came up that way," he said firmly; "we'll go back this way."

He smiled grimly to himself as she went, without any objection, down the steps from the Boardwalk with him.

They walked in on Pacific Avenue, which by name was the needed thoroughfare for the state of his mind. He talked as joyfully as the manufacturer who, having just paid an extra-dry, cover-charge bill at the cabaret to which he invited the lady buyer from St. Paul, has her say to him: "I am so sorry now that I gave Seligman my order this afternoon, because you ——"

Now and again she slyly noted that he reddened suddenly, and then his face went white. No smile curved her lips to their merry exquisiteness. Once or twice she was on the point of some facetiousness, but she herself felt its sting in time; so she merely passed inanely ordinary remarks, to which he replied still more inanely. It was a return as satisfying as the end of the second act of a Broadway comedy. A certain buoyant resonance and lift she had liked in his voice were quite gone now, and his speech was merely a neutral medium to convey unnecessary information.

They were coming toward the center of the town. He tugged his hat down over his eyes and walked much slower, moody and meditative. At one corner, by the gate of a big stone cottage, boarded up and immaculately desolate, he stopped, absently absorbed. She touched his arm.

"I am sorry," she said lightly, to ease the tension that had come between them, "I can't invite you in—but we've locked the place up for the summer."

Kent stared at her.

"Heavens!" he said, awe-stricken. "You're not going to tell me that you live there?"

She laughed.

"It wouldn't be any worse than what you ——"

She stopped.

He looked at her and breathed deeply.

"Great Bluff and Fate!" he said. "An omen!"

"It's a nice place, don't you think? They haven't opened it for nearly two years—except for one week last fall. It seems a shame to waste it, doesn't it?"

Kent glared at the house, and turned and looked curiously at her. He set his lips firmly and shook the gate. It was locked. He reached his arm awkwardly over the top and fumbled with something until the girl heard a click, and the gate swung in.

He entered, unconcernedly leaving her standing outside, and walked up the gravel path which led to the side entrance and the garage. He whistled; but there came no answer. In a very fit of self-assertion he called loudly:

"Hello, Michael! Hey there, Thomas!"

There was no answer.

Suddenly, from the second-floor piazza of a residence opposite, there came a long feminine ejaculation of greeting followed by several other voices, and the girl heard somebody call:

"It's Kent Lowndes! Hello, Kent! U—ooh!"

The girl saw him wave his hand at a blond head that appeared above the railing of the balcony, and he called out:

"Hello, Ethel!"

It was the hour at which dinner is impending, and the only time when almost all the younger set are at home; and now in an instant they were running across the street calling greetings as they came:

"Hello! Kent Lowndes is here!"

"Kent Lowndes! What! Where?"

"Have you got a new Sub station out here now, Kent?"

"Down for a stay, Old Top?"

And then one honestly curious, languid question:

"What's work like, Kent?"

The girl watched them gathering round her "adventure" on the lawn of the Lowndes house—Up-from-the-Bottom Lowndes—who controlled practically everything that moved in the City of Hustle, but who put his sons to work up from the lowest part of his system.

*(Concluded on Page 97)*

# The Maccabees

# *Will Give $200 in Gold*

## *$100 for best argument against joining The Maccabees*

## *$100 for the best argument in favor of it*

IT is extremely difficult for any Maccabee to see a reason against joining his society. He *knows his certificate is "as good as gold,"* his friends as good as the certificate, and his Order about the finest thing on earth. However, he also knows some people think differently, and can argue against joining.

### Offer Number One

So we offer $100.00 for the best argument showing why the man with a family who wants sound home protection at minimum cost should not join The Maccabees. Be brief and to the point. Just state what, in your opinion or experience, constitute arguments against a Maccabee membership. Send it to the *Detroit address* before July 1st of this year. The prizes will be awarded Aug. 1st, 1917. Literary merit will not count—it's the *reason* we are after. And we want it in order that we may take immediate steps to remedy the objection. For The Maccabees is founded on the Universal Brotherhood Idea; anything which is for the Good of the Order is bound to be considered and adopted as far as possible.

### Offer Number Two

The Maccabees will give $100.00 in gold also for the letter giving the five best examples of the value of a Maccabee certificate.

For example: Perhaps you know some old man who found help in the Old-Age Pension. One who at 30 lost an arm and received his benefit when things seemed darkest. The family of one man who died and the protection to them. One man whose accident certificate supported his family while he lay helpless. A young man's experience in a strange town where he arrived, short of funds, in search of work, etc. This list, or any other that suggests itself, can easily be filled out from your experience or imagination.

Send all Communications relative to the Prize Offers to the Detroit Office

But whether you are interested in trying for one of the prizes or not, you *are* surely interested in getting *sound* insurance protection at minimum cost.

To pay death losses The Maccabees need and must collect the same amount as any other sound life insurance company. The big saving to you in the smaller premiums of The Maccabees is due to the lower overhead cost.

In The Maccabees every member pays 10c a month regardless of age or amount of certificate, for general management expense. On a $3,000 certificate in The Maccabees the general management expense element, therefore, is only 40c per year on the thousand dollars.

This is one of the very good reasons why you should protect your family by a membership in The Maccabees, where *brotherhood and co-operation spell minimum cost on adequate rates*—where there are over 300,000 brothers and assets of $21,000,000 and where certificates are issued on easy payment plans—$500 to $3,000.

### Whole Life 20 Annual Payment Certificates

This is one of the many forms of insurance protection afforded by The Maccabees. *You can have any kind,* but a popular form is this "20 Annual Payment" by which you provide a paid-up certificate to guard your family against want and dependence if your health or earning ability fails.

Whether you are interested in the prize offer or in membership only, it is to your best interest to get in touch with us.

SEND COUPON TODAY

THE MACCABEES—General Offices, 1021 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

D. P. MARKEY, Supreme Commander L. B. SISLER, Supreme Record Keeper

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The Maccabees.
Dept. D
Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen—Send me full particulars as to your plans and benefits.

I will / will not enter contest.

Name

Age _____ Occupation

Address

Willys Knight

# Loves Carbon
## hates the repair shop

Most repair shop jobs are motor jobs.

And most of the motor jobs have to do with cleaning carbon and grinding valves.

Carbon tears down the efficiency of all ordinary types of motors faster than the wear and tear of use.

But carbon builds up the efficiency of the Willys-Knight motor faster than wear and tear uses it up.

All over the length and breadth of the land impatient owners are doing without cars that are out of commission because of carbon troubles.

But the 12,000 owners who bought Willys-Knights last year do not know what carbon troubles mean—never lose a day's use of their cars on account of carbon—never have to drive a carbon crippled motor.

To them, carbon, the destroyer, is carbon, the rebuilder.

A lively powerful motor to begin with, the Willys-Knight motor *actually improves with use.*

Think of the joy of owning and driving a motor that is automatically *re*-vitalized by the very deadly element that *de*vitalizes every other kind of motor.

It means more constant use without repair or adjustment, constant instead of intermittent efficiency and much longer life.

Let the Willys-Overland dealer arrange an opportunity for you to question a few of the 12,000 owners who bought Willys-Knights last year.

Drop in and see him about it.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Manufacturers of Willys Knight and Overland Automobiles

# WILLYS-KNIGHT

Eight · Seven Passenger Touring 125-inch Wheelbase $1950

Four · Seven Passenger Touring 121-inch Wheelbase $1395

Four Sedan $1950 Four Limousine $1950

Four Coupé $1650

*All prices f. o. b. Toledo*

(Concluded from Page 94)

Kent was approaching her with the others. He felt ashamed for having staged this pretentious scene.

"May, Dot, Jim Brooks—oh, all of you!—Miss Seward!"

May took both of her hands.

"Well, of all things! It's Peggy Seward!" she exclaimed.

Jimmy Brooks speared Kent between his ribs with an index finger.

"I'm on," he said; "the working classes combine!"

"Come; you must stay with us for dinner," a girl's voice kept on insisting.

Kent looked at the girl beside him.

"I must go to our cottage first," she said delicately; and he accepted her invitation with his eyes.

"Impossible," he said to the insistent voice; "we have an engagement. We'll come back this evening—perhaps."

He turned to Brooks.

"Say, Jimmy; nobody seems to be round this place of ours, and I haven't the keys. Lend us a machine for a few hours, will you?"

"Wouldn't think of it!" said Brooks, immediately grasping Kent's arm and making for his garage. "Come along!"

Margaret remained with the others. In a few minutes he drove back. Brooks got out and held open the door for her. As she sat beside Kent he whispered: "Starting right in again, from the beginning!"

Followed by a volley of jests and quips they drove off.

"Of all the ——" he began.

"Of them all!" she agreed.

Whiz, buzz, whir, bounce, bounce, zip! went the automobile down the avenue. The deep cushions were Paradise. They felt how tired they were and sank into them blissfully. She admired his easy control of the speeds and the wheel.

"Then all that was true—all the monkey-shining you told me about during dinner and on the beach; all your athletics and big-game hunting, and the hydroplane?" she asked reminiscently.

He nodded. "Poor girl!" he said. "And you thought I was romancing?"

Whiz, buzz, whir, bounce, bounce, zip! went the automobile down the avenue. Suddenly he slowed down; they were almost at the Inlet, the extreme tip of the town.

"What do you know about that! I don't even know where you live! Where is your cottage?"

"Oh," she said softly, "we passed it long ago. We passed it, Kent Lowndes, before we reached your place."

He stopped the machine.

"You—you wonder!" he breathed. "Wonderful little Lady Far-away—Margaret!"

"Oh, much nearer than that—Kent!" she whispered.

He looked at her and she at him. She touched his arm.

"Up-from-the-Bottom Lowndes' son," she said, "look carefully at me. Where did we meet before?"

He looked at her in close surprise. Something troubled his memory. Was it there?—No. Here?—No. It was —— Oh, it was impossible that he could have forgotten her!

"I—I ——" he said.

"Astor Place!" said the girl.

It came to him instantly in a flood of recollection.

"The accident below Bleecker Street, Up-from-the-Bottom Lowndes' son," she prompted needlessly.

"Yes, yes!" he said eagerly. "You were—it was late ——"

"Yes, it was very late; I had been working at Gersten's. You got a ticket for me ——"

"Gersten's?"

"At Gersten's—I'll tell you about it ——"

He laughed.

"Astor Place! Thank God for my dad!" he said irrelevantly.

He turned the car and drove more slowly back. Suddenly she laughed her melodious girl laugh, as though she would never stop.

"Oh, this is too funny! Kent Lowndes, this is too much!"

He looked at her in complete, smiling puzzlement.

"What's up?"

"Oh, Kent Lowndes!" she said, between gasps and laughs—"I knew who you were all the time!"

"You knew ——"

"I had seen you before we went to Cuba, I don't know how many times, five or six years ago; and your party crossed ours in Naples once; and you're not gallant, Kent Lowndes, and you never remembered me! But I knew you; and who do you think there is who doesn't know about Up-from-the-Bottom Lowndes and his sons?"

He was silent; then he looked at her in a quizzical way and smiled; and he winked to himself. They were nearing her cottage.

"I don't know how much farther we can go on with this, Peggy Seward; but I think we've about come to the end of it now—I knew who you were all the time!"

She stared at him.

"What's this?" she asked in amazement and with some alarm.

"This?" he answered with easy plausibility and another wink, stopping the car, taking her hand and drawing her to him, all in one motion, which established a new record for his family. "Why, this is the version for mothers."

And Romance gave up the ghost.

## PEDRO—By Lowell Otus Reese

I

*His feet lie still in the stony trail, the dust on his ugly head;*
*I yank the pack from his scarred old back and swear that I'm glad he's dead.*
*He ate my flapjacks yesterday; he kicked me the day before;*
*And he rubbed it in when he brayed at me—but he'll never do that no more!*

II

*My voice is cracked from the million times I've yelled at that stubborn jack;*
*My arm is stiff from the million times I've larruped his mangy back.*
*He's dead at last—ole Pedro's dead! And I'm rid of his devilry;*
*But I wish the world didn't somehow seem so lonesome a place to me.*

III

*He loved to sing when I wanted to sleep; and his strenuous hymn of praise,*
*It left a gash in the quivering air that didn't heal up for days.*
*But, just the same, though his voice was harsh and he wasn't no mockin' bird,*
*To hear it now, I would call his song the sweetest I ever heard.*

IV

*There is the scar on his battered rump where I walloped him with a stone;*
*And here is the place where I raised his bark with the limb of a dead madrone.*
*He earned them both when he stole my flour and scattered my ruined pack;*
*He earned them both, the ornery thief—but I wish I could take them back!*

V

*His feet lie still in the dusty trail, all ragged around the edge;*
*All broken with hammering up the pass and pounding across the ledge.*
*Poor patient feet! How many years you traveled the steep highway—*
*Labor and life for the man you served; a curse and a blow for pay!*

VI

*He's only a worn-out ole jackass, I say; but I'd like to know:*
*What is it that chokes when I swaller hard and hurts in my bosom so?*
*Now ain't it strange how little and weak he looks to me as he lies*
*In the rocky trail? . . . Aw, damn the dust!—How it gets in a feller's eyes!*

VII

*I'll camp to-night in a lonesome place, down there on the Trinity,*
*And the whimpering Injun graveyard owls will sing in the firs for me.*
*I'll long for the bray of an old jackass when I hear the coyote wail,*
*Calling his mate to the waiting feast, high up on the Teedock Trail.*

VIII

*Good-by, ole donk! I wish that you could listen and hear me tell*
*How I regret the million times I've wished that you were in hell.*
*But that was never the heart that spoke. . . . Sometimes I believe you knew;*
*And the heavenly fields, ole faithful pard, ain't any too good for you.*


# Floors that stay clean

Why should anybody have trouble with floors? It is easy to make floors clean, sanitary and beautiful. It is easy to keep them so.

Good varnish is the cleanest, most beautiful, most durable and least expensive finish a floor can have. A floor finished with good varnish does not scratch, spot or turn white. No dust adheres to its smooth gleaming surface. It is easily kept clean with a damp cloth or mop.

But be sure you get good varnish.

## Murphy Transparent Floor Varnish

*"the varnish that lasts longest"*

is used by people who have found the right way to keep up their floors. It forms a hard, smooth, protective coating that preserves the wood and reveals the grain and color in all its detail and contrast. It protects the floor from heel-wear, does not hold dust or change under moisture, and gives an air of freshness and refinement to the whole room.

Murphy Transparent Floor Varnish has the one greatest quality in varnish—it lasts and lasts and lasts. This saves the expense of frequent refinishing.

Dealers and painters supply Murphy Transparent Floor Varnish and other finishes:

*Murphy Transparent Interior Varnish* — *Murphy Univernish*
*Murphy Transparent Spar Varnish* — *Murphy White Enamel*

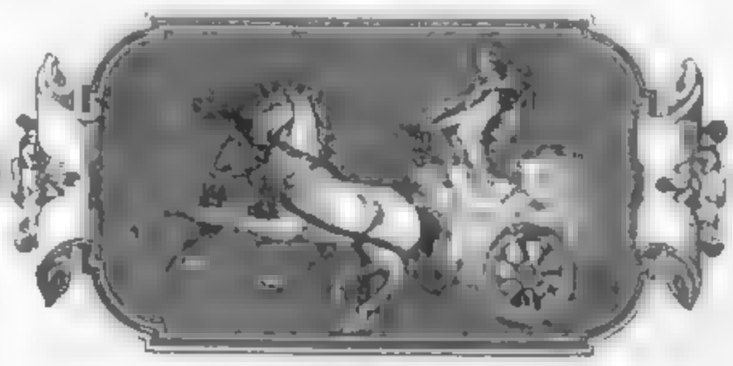
Send for illustrated story, "The House That Found Itself", which tells what you want to know about varnish and enamel.

## Murphy Varnish Company

*Franklin Murphy, jr., President*

Newark New Jersey — Chicago Illinois

Dougall Varnish Company, Ltd., Montreal, Canadian Associate



# Efficiency Demands STONE TEX Instead of Ordinary Paint

FOR a **beautiful, soft-colored, even finish** on **concrete, stucco, brick, stone** or **masonry** buildings of any kind, use STONE-TEX instead of ordinary paint. STONE-TEX will not crack, peel or chip off—it gives an artistic, **flat** finish, particularly desirable for masonry—and moreover it **damp-proofs** and **weatherproofs.**

All the buildings of the Mississippi Centennial Exposition, which will be held at Gulfport, Miss., from December 10, 1917, to June 10, 1918, are being beautified and dampproofed with STONE-TEX. It will give the buildings a beautiful, delicate tint, and keep them fresh and attractive-looking indefinitely.

STONE-TEX far outlasts ordinary paints, because it is moisture-proof. Ordinary paints, being intended for wood, offer little resistance to moisture, when used on masonry. As a result the paint soon flakes and peels off. STONE-TEX, a liquid cement coating, **intended specifically for masonry,** seals all pores, fills hair cracks, and becomes hard as flint, keeping out all moisture.

STONE-TEX is giving utmost satisfaction to such prominent users as Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Hershey's Chocolate Co., Eastman Kodak Company, United States Rubber Co. of New York, Pennsylvania Rubber Co., Dodge Bros. at Detroit, Panama Canal Lighthouses, Curtis Bay Distilling Co., etc.

If your building or residence is streaked and disfigured—or in a damp, unsanitary condition—have it "Stone-Textured" at once. STONE-TEX is equally suitable for new or old buildings and is furnished in a variety of pleasing colors.

*Color Card—handsomely illustrated STONE-TEX booklet—and full information—are yours for the asking. Write us today.*

**The Trus-Con Laboratories**
**101 Trus-Con Bldg. Detroit, Mich.**




## Waterproofing Paste

For waterproofing foundations, reservoirs, tanks, tunnels, etc., Trus-Con Waterproofing Paste, **Concentrated,** is the recognized standard. It is easy to use, being merely added to the water used in making the concrete. It is very economical because of its concentrated nature. Its waterproofing effect is positive and permanent.

Ask for further information about Trus-Con Waterproofing Paste, **Concentrated,** or concerning any waterproofing problem.

## Wood Floor Preservative

To protect wood floors from the wear of traffic and from rotting and decaying, Trus-Con Wood Floor Preservative has been developed. It does for wood floors what Agatex does for cement floors, making them wear-resisting and permanent.

Trus-Con Wood Floor Preservative, easily applied with a wide brush, fills all pores with a tough, rubbery substance, forming a surface that cannot splinter, rot or decay.

Write for further information about Trus-Con Wood Floor Preservative, stating your needs.

## Trus-Con Agatex

Dusty, crumbling cement floors should be treated with Trus-Con Agatex. A colorless concentrated liquid. Chemically transforms cement to an impenetrable flint-like substance without changing the color or appearance of the concrete. Hardens and toughens floor through and through. Low in cost.

Easily applied with long handled brush. Apply Agatex at night and use floor next day—no interruption to business. Makes floor dustless and sanitary.

Write for Agatex booklet, and full information.


# THE FORTUNE MAKER

(Concluded from Page 25)

For them, meeting Walter Hayes there simply resolved itself into the general unreality. They paused long enough for young Weeks to tell Walter that John had been shot to death in his office—throwing out a few main details breathlessly. Then they hurried on.

With a mind as nearly paralyzed as possible for one who keeps his feet and moves, Walter walked on to the junction with the street that would bring him to the main entrance. Some men came to the corner and stopped there, talking excitedly about the murder. Walter halted a minute, meaning to ask questions; but it came in on him that the thing had actually happened—John had been shot; was dead. Of course all that could be done was being done. He turned, walked back to his car and drove home.

He had no idea of the truth that night. It was not until late the next day, when he had collected and verified every circumstance, that a suspicion began to shape itself in his mind—in spite of his will to reject it. There was the key sticking in the hall door of John's room. Who could have got that key and put it in the lock? The fire, he thought, was no accident, but a deliberate prelude to the shot.

He got the evidence before the coroner's jury and checked off, to the minute, Smiley's movements into the inner room with John, then out again—pausing two or three minutes in the anteroom to look at the fire—to call Stimson. He talked with Stimson, who couldn't understand how the assassin had got to John's office and away again without being seen.

There was the insurance policy in Smiley's favor. He threw the suspicion out of his mind; but it came back, until at length he confronted Smiley and got his statement—given with a cool cynicism that scarcely veiled hate for the man he was talking of and the one to whom he was talking.

"Yes; I'm willing enough to tell you," said Smiley. "You'll be no more anxious to have it published than I am. If it's any satisfaction to you to know the truth, after the ten million dollars or so he made you a present of, you're quite welcome. You've always treated me like a dog from the day you refused to speak to me when you saw me at work in the shop—and before, for that matter.

"John Turner treated me like a dog too—a pet dog, with a gold collar, to sit up and bark for the amusement of the company.

"John was led round on a string too—more than I was. The joke of that kept me good-natured. He was always led by people who could flatter him. He had to play up to the part they cast him for. You remember Sol Rosenbaum told him he could act; so he felt bound to act. He was always like that. Even stupid Callahan learned the trick without any trouble. And the Wyndham—the way she strung him!"

He paused and laughed nervously.

"When we were in New York last month, and he was all but married to her—the wedding march just playing and the bridal couple walking down the aisle, so to speak—somebody with a sense of humor showed her up to him. He received the sealed evidence in her divorce case, which made it plain enough why she didn't get any alimony. She was flyspecked with gossip all over. She was a bundle of spoiled goods that everybody in the social gang down there knew all about and stood round, tittering behind their hands, to see whether it was going to be unloaded on the sucker from Sarum. That got under John's hide—the way he'd been strung along and sold, and a lot of people knowing it.

"Maybe you know your wife went to see him one evening last week. It's true, whether you know it or not. He's always been nutty about her—even when he was training with the Wyndham. She flattered him and set him another rôle to play—the magnanimous hero, saving her and you. Of course he fell for it. Trust him for that! I suppose he thought he could find a way out of the mess somehow or other. But there wasn't any way out. You can bet he couldn't have thrown Callahan down. Callahan ain't that kind. He'd have pulled John Turner down with him. Probably John saw there wasn't any way out.

"So there he was! Any way he turned he was bound to be pelted and hooted and made a guy of. He couldn't get out of the Wyndham business and he couldn't get out of the bribery business without awful humiliation. He'd got to wriggle out, right in front of the audience, with his tail between his legs. Maybe he'd have to stand a trial and take a prison sentence. He couldn't endure it.

"Well, he just set himself a rôle to play—one to his liking, on the grand scale, with all the country for a gallery, standing up and waving its hat. He proposed to go out in a great blaze of glory; a kind of national martyr-hero. Of course he himself started the fire in the basement of the mailing department—German spy stuff, you see, and to get the people up to the front windows and have a commotion.

"After he'd looked at the fire from the anteroom window he beckoned me to follow him back to his room, and told me to shut all the doors behind us on the way. As soon as we got into the room he walked over to the desk and took out a little key and showed it to me.

"'You see that?' he said. 'Watch what I do with it.'

"He went over and opened the door into the hall and looked out to see that the hall was empty. Then he stuck the key in the lock from the outside and shut the door. He walked back to the desk quickly and said to me:

"'You stand right there'—pointing to a spot in front of the desk.

"I stood there and he sat down. It was all very rapid, you understand fast as a man could move and speak. He took a pistol out of his pocket and laid it on the desk.

"'I've insured my life for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in your favor,' he said. 'You understand?' I nodded. 'If I commit suicide within a year that policy is void,' he said, 'and you don't get a cent. It's up to you to see that nobody knows I commit suicide. Understand that? You take this pistol and this blotting paper when I'm through with them and stick them in your inside pocket, where nobody will see them. Then you go out, shutting all the doors behind you. Stop a few minutes in the anteroom. Then you go downstairs and tell Stimson to come up here right away and see me. You understand that?'

"Well, my ears heard it all right; but I couldn't have said a word to save me. I was clean paralyzed—just gaping at him.

"'You understand?' he said sharply. 'Grab the pistol and the blotting paper; put 'em in your pocket and go down and tell Stimson to come up here. You get that?'

"I think I nodded.

"'Very well,' he said. 'Now go open that hall door and peek out, and tell me whether there's anybody in the hall.'

"I was all at sixes and sevens; but I did as he told me—went over and opened the door and peeked into the hall.

"'Well, anybody there?' he asked when I had shut the door and turned round.

"He had the pistol in one hand and the blotting paper in the other. I shook my head. He put the blotting paper over his left breast, held the pistol an inch away from it and pulled the trigger."

In spite of himself Smiley's voice had begun to shake and his gray-green eyes burned with a feline blaze. He swallowed, and wetted his dry lips.

"It must have killed him that quick!" He snapped his fingers to indicate the suddenness of it. "I had just sense enough to grab the pistol and the blotting paper and dig out. I hung round in the front office a few minutes, staring through the window, partly to get my nerves steady. Then I went downstairs. I didn't speak to Stimson, though, but to his office boy. I couldn't quite trust myself with Stimson. You know the rest."

He swallowed, and wetted his lips again, and was silent a moment.

"It didn't really come to me until afterward that there wasn't the least tremor in his hand or his voice or his eyes. He had the nerve!"

But in a moment Smiley recovered from that admiration.

"Nerve!" he jeered. "And what good did it do him? He was worth forty million dollars and shot himself through the heart! John Turner was a pretty good manufacturer and a wonderful salesman; but otherwise he was a great big damned fool!"

(THE END)

Del Monte
BRAND
EXTRA
QUALITY

California's finest canned fruits and vegetables are packed under the Del Monte brand

California Packing Corporation
*San Francisco, California*

# Flour Facts

Unusual weather conditions during the last growing season have produced a smaller, lighter kernel of wheat, making it necessary for flour millers to take extreme precautions in wheat selection and in milling.

The Pillsbury Flour Mills Company is fully prepared and equipped to meet this situation. Huge wheat-storage capacity and unexcelled laboratory facilities make it possible for us to select the right wheat and to mill it the right way.

As a result, Pillsbury's Best flour is being produced on the same high-quality basis which has always characterized it. It costs us more money this year to maintain the Pillsbury standard, but we are making the same good flour and will continue to do so.

You who already know and use Pillsbury's Best need not worry about spoiled bakings. You can rest assured that with Pillsbury's Best your usual methods will produce the same delicious bread, cake and pastry.

## The Flour Question Settled "Because Pillsbury's Best"

Send 10c for a copy of the famous Pillsbury Cook Book. Address Dept. 18
Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

# PEGGITT PAYS THE FREIGHT

(Continued from Page 14)

took off his glasses and put them carefully in the case. Then he stood on his head, with his heels against the door. There are many and peculiar ways of relieving tension and displaying joy.

III

ONE week later a modestly tailored figure alighted from the northbound train at East Wilder. She carried a suitcase and a bantam-weight typewriter; and, in spite of the frantic efforts of East Wilder's popular hackman to induce her to ride the two hundred yards between the station and the Commercial House, she set out afoot. At the Commercial House she unerringly selected the best room in the place, without seeing it, and had two dollars knocked off the regular rate for weekly boarders. All this she effected with such a combination of feminine modesty and business sagacity that the hotel proprietor instantly circulated the report that, whatever else the lady was, she certainly was a lady.

Before Miss Roselle McVeigh went to the Department Store she stepped out upon the sidewalk and circled the Common, giving the village the once-over. Assembled by that underground information system which automatically gets to work when a stranger appears in town, East Wilder likewise gave Miss McVeigh the once-over—then again.

There was considerable satisfaction on both sides. What Miss McVeigh saw was a wholesome, comfortable, snug-lying collection of homes, mostly painted white, with ample front and back yards, adorned with rock maples and vine-covered hencoops. What East Wilder saw was a decidedly pretty brunette, well gloved, well shod, and hatted like the weekly fashion letter of Lady Vere de Vere. At closer range there were discovered, also, a pair of bright, eager eyes; a nose that suggested great satisfaction with life; a mouth which, when closed, indicated an ability to get one's full money's worth, and when half open drew the observer a little closer, like a magnet.

When she went to the post office to register her arrival, the postmaster bowed so low that his watch almost fell out of his pocket. As she walked briskly toward Peggitt's store, a few hopeful souls followed at a respectful distance, hoping she might drop her handkerchief, or something, so that they might restore it to her, or something. But the doors of the Department Store closed upon her; and the crowd's loss was William Peggitt, Junior's, gain.

"I like your town, William," she said, holding out both hands.

"Say, this is fine of you—to come—and help," replied the young fellow, taking her back to the office, and shutting the door—to the great indignation of the clerks.

William Peggitt, Junior, stood off and looked at the young woman. Then a great unbusinesslike ambition surged over him and he made a long step toward her, with both arms extended with an encircling threat. She laughed softly, caught his wrists and held them down.

"'View it merely as a business proposition, if you prefer,'" she quoted at him roguishly. "'Perhaps better that way.'"

"Oh, say, Roselle ——" began father's partner.

"Between the hours of what are they?—eight to six? I think you had better call me 'Mac'—unless you prefer to call me 'Miss McVeigh.' Down at Barnhart's they call me 'Mac.' I rather like it. But perhaps here the 'Miss' would be better. . . . I'm all ready to go to work. Are you sure you can afford to pay me twenty dollars a week?"

"To start," replied young Peggitt, blushing.

It was lucky the clerks in the store didn't hear about the twenty dollars a week. The senior of them got thirteen. As it was, when the sum of money was mentioned, the bones of Deacon Peggitt, out in the cemetery, turned over twice.

"You're right; we must get to business," assented the boss grudgingly. "We can't lose a minute's time. Since I wrote you last, I've been heels over head in the books. Bad bills! Say! Every deadbeat for miles round is represented. Some others of them are good, but slow. I don't wonder dad got nervous prostration. . . . And then, I can see other things. The turnover is too slow. There's oceans of stock that doesn't move at all—and the rest of it's on a dead level. I can see it would have been better if father had burned up everything but the groceries five years ago. It's the only branch that's been showing a profit. Oh, I've been learning lots of things! But the principal thing is what we talked over—the store is too big for the town!—with this outside competition getting keener every minute. That's it, in a nutshell."

"I'm afraid your scheme will take a good deal of money to start it," said the young woman soberly.

"Some money; yes. But we've got something else—thank heaven! We've got credit. That's what dad has been wise enough never to lose for a minute. I've been talking with the wholesale people. I opened up and told them the whole thing in confidence. First, they couldn't see it. But I opened their eyes; and they're going to give me terms and prices that dad never dreamed of. Hear that pounding? I've ripped everything wide open out back—what used to be the storehouse. That's going to be the shipping department.

"See those boxes there, in the corner? They're full of cuts—electrotypes. Why, Adams & Drysdale, the wholesale grocers, were tickled to death to send them. They're the same as they use in their trade catalogue. See this map of the state? I've drawn a circle round the first territory we're going into. You bet we won't bite off more than we can chew, at first! Just take one territory after the other—that's all. . . . I guess we're ready to go to work."

"And you mean that you're really ——"

"I'm really going into the mail-order business!" said William Peggitt, Junior. His freckles shone from rubbing violently against each other in a sort of molecular disturbance. Honest pointlets of perspiration dotted his brow. "I mean that we're not going to butt against a stone wall any longer. We're not going to try to fight something that can lick us with one hand tied behind its back. We're just going to tear a leaf right out of the book of the enemy and play the same game. If people are so constituted that the elsewhere looks better than the right here, I'm going to be the elsewhere! Hurrah! We pay the freight!"

"I really think it can be done," said Miss McVeigh judicially. "So far as I can see, you have the money in hand before you deliver the goods. The organization is right here, being paid, anyway. The distances are short; the store has a good reputation; and you can play up to the buy-near-home idea and still give them price and service. . . . Oh, if there was only something that would make them just naturally prefer this mail-order house to any other! I don't believe you can trust sentiment very far."

"I've thought of it! There is!" cried Peggitt, Junior. "That's the one point that stuck me. But I think I've got it! . . . You know the biggest argument against buying from a catalogue house—the argument the small stores use to save their own necks—is that the big houses don't buy anything in return—that is, a man can come here and dispose of his potatoes, or onions, or apples, or eggs, or butter, or maple sugar—he buys from us, and we buy from him. He can't do that with a mail-order house.

"Now here's my plan: Every regular customer of Peggitt's, after six months of trading, has the right to look to us to take his products at the wholesale market price. In small quantities he can ship them here; in cases where they can make up a carload lot they can be shipped right from the nearest station, wherever it is. We act, then, as straight commission men on a square-deal basis, giving them the benefit of our facilities and capital, and knowledge of the market. I tell you, it will weld them to us from the start! And the six-months clause gives us breathing time to get ready to handle the commission end."

"Do you know," said Miss McVeigh, "you have a wonderful way of making people believe in you? . . . But the first time I saw you, you talked nothing but psychology; I thought you were going to be a college professor. And here you are as full of business ——"

"Psychology!" echoed William Peggitt, Junior, ecstatically. "Sure! It's all based on that. And I know something else too. You're going to make the catalogue for us! And every word of it is going to be directed

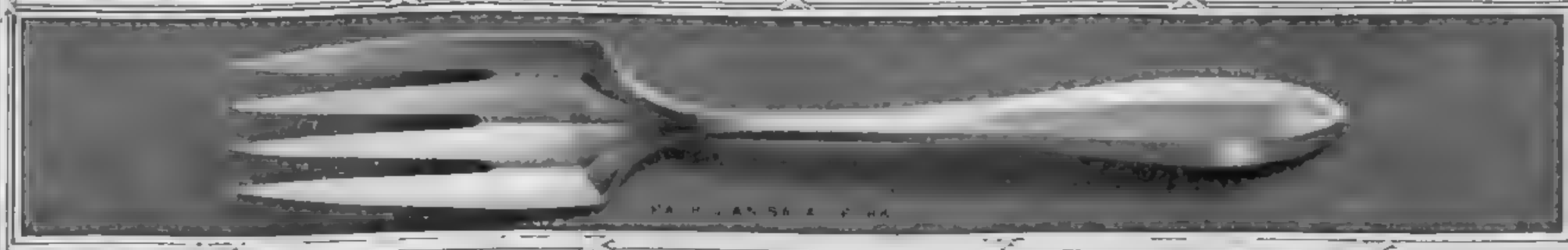
(Continued on Page 102)

# The Vogue of Community Plate

THE DUCHESS of RUTLAND, who was Marion Margaret Violet, daughter of Colonel the Hon. C. H. Lindsay, C. B., married in 1882, Henry John Brinsley Manners, eighth Duke of Rutland. In her town house *(shown above)* the Duchess has the Patrician design in Community Plate—as have also the Countess Cadogan, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt, and many other distinguished patrons of Community Plate, both in America and Europe.

*At your service for 50 years* *Teaspoons, $5.50 the dozen*

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.



KIRSCHBAUM CLOTHES

All-Wool—100 Percent and No Compromise

If fitting qualities, appearance and enduring shapeliness are considerations with you, insist upon clothes of all-wool. As loosely woven—as sparingly lined as you please—but all-wool!

All wool tingles in every strand with life—cotton is characterless, lusterless, dead.

Cotton hidden in a fabric of wool cuts its way to the front, so that a suit which starts out as if it might be *all-wool* ends up by looking as if it might be *all-cotton*.

For the man who wants to be sure that there is not a detail in the whole suit where a cheating makeshift is tolerated—whether he pays $15.00, $16.50, $20.00, $25.00 or as high as $50.00—there is one absolute safeguard.

It is the Kirschbaum label.

A. B. KIRSCHBAUM COMPANY

Philadelphia—New York

(Continued from Page 100)

right at the women. It's the women who buy! It's the women we've got to interest! We're going right back into the homes and make our argument to the lady who molds the butter and feeds the chickens. . . . What's in the little case?"

"My traveling typewriter."

Peggitt, Junior, placed the typewriter on the desk with a reverent air. Then he said:

"We're ready. This will be your desk."

"But where will you sit?"

The young man laughed.

"The probability is I shall never have time to sit down again as long as I live," he replied. "We're off!"

IV

WITH a sureness and skill and industry that five years of service in the office of Barnhart Brothers, Publishers of Trade Journals, had given her, Miss McVeigh went to work on the catalogue. For obvious reasons it could not begin to compete, in size or scope, with any of the big mail-order houses. The next best thing, Miss McVeigh argued, was to give it a personality and local tang that the others must necessarily lack.

William Peggitt, Junior, was working meantime as he never had dreamed of working in his life. The shipping room got somehow finished; a tentative order for box shooks was placed with a near-by mill. And on this point young Mr. Peggitt discovered that he could make a big saving by using material which, though it would stand short-distance shipment, would have been useless to the houses with which he had the consummate nerve to compete. Besides these box findings, there was fortunately a huge accumulation of packing stuff out back of the barns.

East Wilder looked on and guessed itself dizzy. The advent of a pretty stenographer in the department store was a phenomenon, a hazard, a touch of lunacy, an affront to propriety, according to the moral and intellectual standards of the particular commentator. All in all, the town pretty much divided itself into two persuasions—half taking the view that William Peggitt, Junior, had suddenly slipped his trolley, and the remainder that he had always been that way. But there was one man who held an entirely different view. It was Judge Stack.

The genial judge had never forgiven himself for the proud-father ebullition that had made young Mr. Peggitt an alumnus before his time. Now, in the midst of the alarums, the keen mind behind those friendly judicial eyes sensed the fact that the Department Store was in the throes of an adventure. He happened round carelessly one day and found Peggitt's Boy steaming with exertions. He made a few random remarks and asked a few leading questions, such as he should never have permitted from counsel in his court, turned one ear north-northwest—and got the whole palpitating story. And, having heard it through, Judge Stack slapped Peggitt's Boy on the shoulder and said:

"You'll do it! It sounds right! Course I don't know much about the business, but I know you! But if you do get in a tight place, William, you come to me. Remember that, now; come to me—on the jump!"

Whereupon William Peggitt had to take off his glasses and wipe them before he could proceed.

"Shall we have the cover of the catalogue in three colors, or five?" asked Peggitt's Boy of his coworker when he got back from the printer. "Five colors will increase the cover cost about forty per cent."

"If you think you can possibly afford it," was the reply, "I should have just as many colors as the law allows."

"You're—a—brick!" exclaimed the young man. "Just what I thought you would say. Five colors it is! And I'm going to sell them sugar below cost. If they order ten dollars' worth of groceries they get twenty-five pounds of sugar two cents below the market price. The idea is a chestnut, but I don't think we can beat it as a puller."

"Fine!" said Miss McVeigh. "Wherever we see anything good, we'll borrow it."

"If only father doesn't get wind of this!" murmured the young man thoughtfully. "He'd hire a special train to get home. . . . Here are the town reports and tax lists for the whole territory. It's a live mailing list. There aren't fifty dead names in the bunch; and I'll bet that's more than our deadly rivals can say of theirs. . . . When do you suppose we can get the copy to the printer?"

"It's all done except the last two pages. Isn't there something in the store you'd like to move, even if you had to mark it way down? Something we could make prices on that would just make 'em sit up? We might put these things into a sort of club order, and make it up on the rest of the stuff."

"Great! There's a lot of goods on the shelves that have been there since Garfield was president. I'll have Searles make out a list of it. We'll throw it at them with a Godspeed—and the store will be richer for having it out of the way. And we pay the freight!"

"Yes," said Miss McVeigh, repeating the slogan almost as a Moslem chants his Allah-il-Allah, "Peggitt pays the freight!"

The copy was ready on Saturday. The printer had promised to have the catalogue complete on the following Friday—and, allowing for the peculiarities of printers, it would probably be ready for mailing on the week Monday. As if the town had become imbued with the half-glimpsed spirit of progress, or perhaps just because the people saw that something unusual was going on at the Department Store, and wanted to be in on it, the local trade brisked up suddenly and the clerks had all they could do.

To fill in the deadly goose-flesh wait between the time the copy went to the printer and the manufacture of the catalogues, Peggitt's Boy rushed into the local newspaper on the following Tuesday with a two-page spread of bargains. His father's limit of publicity was half of the right-hand two columns on the first page. In spite of the warning, in big type, that went with the advertisement—"Goods in this sale absolutely cash!"—the store was crowded on Wednesday and Thursday. But the young man watched the local increase with a cynical eye.

"It can't last," he said. "A couple more local spurts like that and we'd be done! . . . Catalogues! Catalogues! We pay the freight! . . . Oh, if father doesn't get wind of this!"

But father had got wind of it. And when the wind did come it was a cyclone. No less than thirteen resolute penmen of East Wilder, enraptured with their English style, had shot the astounding news to Father that Son had acquired a female stenographer, and that the town's foundations were trembling. As a result, the wires began to sing. A lad rushed into the store and handed Peggitt, Junior, the following message:

Astounded to hear you have hired stenographer Cannot credit report Deny at once if untrue collect If true discharge at once and explain yourself PEGGITT

Peggitt's Boy looked anxiously in the direction of the office, where two sets of nimble fingers were making music with the typewriter. Then he stuffed the telegram in his pocket and replied:

Have just consulted Doctor Brown He orders imperatively you pay no attention to rumors and forget store under penalty complete collapse WILLIAM

"Whew!" breathed the young man. "The gossips are getting to work. If father will only wait!"

Two days later came another telegram. As he read it, Peggitt, Junior, could see his father standing on one foot after another in the telegraph office, bawling out the operator for not having wires that worked faster:

Reported you have bought carload of sugar Have you gone crazy No money in sugar What are you trying to do anyway Can't stand suspense much longer PEGGITT

It was evident that William Peggitt, Senior, was not long for western Virginia unless something was done at once. The outgoing mail from the self-appointed secret service in East Wilder was getting heavier every day; and most of it was addressed to Peggitt. The young fellow crumpled the latest telegram in his hand and started for Judge Stack.

"There is something you can do for me, judge!" he panted. "And if it isn't done quick I'm lost. You can keep father down there in Virginia. I don't care how you do it. Prosecute him for violating the speed laws, or something, if you have to; but keep him there! He mustn't come back now."

"I understand perfectly," replied the genial soul. "I've been thinking I needed a little vacation. I believe I'll run down and

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THE difference between Quaker Tires and railroad tickets is that the tickets will not take you beyond the distance specified, while Quaker Tires, though adjusted on a 5000-mile basis, deliver thousands of excess miles. Records of 9000, 11,000 and 13,000 miles come to us from enthusiastic users everywhere. On request you will be sent fac-similes of the following and many other letters:

"My last two Quakers were destroyed when my garage burned recently. Both of these tires had made 11,227 miles and were in good condition at the time of the fire."

"In regard to service on a pair of 33x4 Quaker Tires, which I purchased from you in the early part of last July, beg to advise that these casings have gone seven thousand (7000) miles to date and show but very little wear."

"We have placed Quaker Tires among our best customers and of the different sizes up to and including 36 x 4½ we have casings that have been driven 4000 to 8000 miles and they are still giving service. We might say that none are completely worn out."

"We have just taken off a 37 x 5 Quaker casing which has been run 14,080 miles. Aside from tread being cut and torn, casing is in good condition."

"A customer has driven a set of 33 x 4 Quaker Tires on a five-passenger car over 12,000 miles."

In records such as those quoted is found the reason why there was not a single Quaker Tire left in our factory on the last day of March; why dealers' orders could not be filled; why consumer demand could not be satisfied. And all that despite the fact that the Quaker plant was running to the limit of its increased capacity.

But, now, you can get Quaker Tires from any of our dealers because of a further increase in manufacturing facilities.

Put *one* Quaker to the test against any three other makes of tires. Then you will surely equip all four wheels of your car with Quakers.

If there is no dealer near you send direct to the Factory Sales Department. Your order will be filled at regular prices and charges prepaid within certain territory. Anyhow, write for a copy of "5000 Plus"—a snappy little booklet that tells things you ought to know about tires.

## Quaker City Rubber Co.

Factories—Philadelphia

CHICAGO 182 W. Lake St. | PITTSBURGH 211 Wood St. | NEW YORK 53 Murray St.

*Manufacturers of Belting, Packings, Valves, Steam Hose, Garden Hose, etc.*

# MENNEN Makes:

## Living up to the MENNEN *Formula*

*An Editorial* by MR. MENNEN

WE may be wrong—but to all of us here at the House of Mennen, the Mennen Borated Talcum formula is something like a Public Trust.

In all the years since it was originated the Mennen chemists have not been able to improve by one iota Mr. Mennen's formula.

Then it was the only Borated Talcum. We believe it still continues to be the *best* Talcum Powder. Thousands of doctors and nurses—and millions of mothers bear us out in this belief.

Every day letters come to us asking that we make other toilet things. In response to these requests (and because it is good business) we have been experimenting for *years* with other products. Many of them are better than most similar articles now sold.

Experimenting is slow and expensive. But our sense of responsibility compels us to be *sure*. Slowly, carefully, earnestly, we are working to add these new products. But every one must be as good for its purpose as is Mennen's Borated Talcum. And that is a high standard to set.

*William Gerhard Mennen*

## *Laugh like a baby—YOURSELF!*

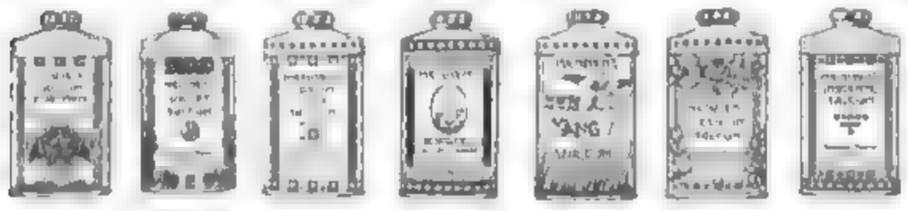
TODAY there are millions and millions and millions of cheery chuckling babies—just because MENNEN.

Did it ever occur to you that one way to keep your own skin as soft and fresh as baby's was to treat it the same way? And that the same thing that turns his whining fretfulness into coos and gurgles of content—might go *part* of the way, at least, with his big brothers and sisters—even with *you*?

Well,—try it.

Begin with hands and face. Douse them with Mennen's after you wash them and see how fine it makes them feel.

Then try it *all over*, after your bath. See how easy it is to become a talcum powder *enthusiast*.



## *All that a COLD CREAM should be*

—that simple statement is printed on every package of Mennen's Cold Cream.

And it would be pretty hard to find a way to describe it better.

It is made in the Mennen way by Mennen chemists and in every particular, up to the standard set by the House of Mennen for Mennen products.

If you don't use it already, we suggest that you try

MENNEN'S COLD CREAM

## Hair

*Hair specialists differ* on what makes hair come out; and what's good to keep it in.

Some say "massage", others believe massage wears hair off.

But all agree on one thing: They know that hair to be healthy must be kept *clean*.

And they also agree that an excellent way to wash it is with Mennen's Tar Shampooing Cream.

It comes in tubes. You squeeze out a little—a very little—to make the thickest, creamiest lather you ever saw. This cream cleanses and invigorates; it leaves the hair soft and manageable.

MENNEN'S

## MENNEN'S KORA-KONIA

DOCTORS call Kora-Konia an "antiseptic dusting powder."

You know how, when doctors make what they call a "dry" dressing—for burns or cuts or open flesh wounds, or for bad cases of skin irritation—they put on cotton, sprinkled with a *powder*. Kora-Konia is *this* kind of powder.

Its *healing* power is remarkable.

It heals—and heals *quick*. And while it is doing it, it keeps infection out. It is markedly "adhesive"; that is, when it's dusted on, it *stays* on—even without a bandage, and is a protection against moisture.

Doctors use Kora-Konia for severe sunburn, scalding, chafing, prickly heat and other severe skin irritations; also in cuts, burns and open wounds. It is sold at almost any drug store.

A large package costs a quarter. Or we will gladly send you a generous supply for five cents.

## This is *A New One*

IT takes courage, nowadays, for a manufacturer to bring out a new Dentifrice. There are a good many already on the market; and a number of them are excellent.

In a five-year investigation of four or five factors as to the care of the teeth, we have developed more than 700 creams.

We have finally developed what we confidently believe is a dentifrice not only *better* than any now being sold and, therefore, worthy of the name "Mennen"; but one which is entirely *different* both in composition and in *principle*.

We should like to have you try it—and to read the little leaflet that accompanies each tube. In this you will find reasons for the existence of Mennen's Cream Dentifrice, and why it accomplishes in a tooth paste something that so far as we know has never been accomplished before.

May we send you this leaflet—and a trial tube?

MENNEN'S CREAM DENTIFRICE

## *Directions for taking an* Improved Bath

First draw the water. Then when there is the right amount and it's the right temperature—sprinkle in some Mennen's Bath Powder.

This does three things.

It *softens* the water.

It gives it a delightful fragrance;

It makes you *enjoy* that bath considerably more than usual.

And finally, after you have gone over yourself with a towel, give yourself a rub *all over* with Mennen's Borated Talcum. You'll be surprised how fine this makes you feel—how smooth and fresh and *new* it makes your skin and how easy your clothes go on!

A large package of

MENNEN'S BATH POWDER

costs but 25 cents—any drug store.

## JIM HENRY *says:*

They've only given me a couple of inches of space here; but I think it's enough.

If you haven't joined the "Try-ers" yet, there's still time. The initiation fee is a dime; the "benefits" are the thirty best shaves you ever had; the badge of membership is a clean face and a satisfied smile. The passwords: "send me that test-tube" of

MENNEN'S SHAVING CREAM

## Soap

*Did you know that Mennen makes soap?*

THOUSANDS of doctors and nurses know it. They will tell you that Mennen's Borated Soap is as good as Mennen's Borated Talcum.

And its sale—which amounts to hundreds of thousands of cakes a year—has been to people whom they *have* told. For until now it has never been advertised.

It was made originally for babies—to cleanse and soothe and heal their tender skins. But a soap that will do this—and do it so well—is bound to reach *other* hands. And other faces.

For there are grown-ups who like to have soft, clean, healthy skins, too—especially people whose skin does not tolerate ordinary soaps.

## MENNEN'S Ruvia

Mennen's Ruvia comes in a glass jar with an aluminum screw top and should be in every bath-room.

It *looks* and feels like cold cream, but it isn't. It's the new and *healthful* way to neutralize the disagreeable odor of perspiration. It doesn't *stop* perspiration; it merely *deodorizes* it.

GERHARD MENNEN gave to the world its first Borated Talcum.

Because it supplied a great need, many people bought it.

And because people bought it, other talcum powders were made.

The makers of these all tried to equal the famous Mennen formula. Today there are hundreds of them—some of them are very good.

There is, however, a sure way to determine—before you buy—that a talcum powder is as good as Mennen's. And that is:

To see that the can has the familiar face of Gerhard Mennen on it.

Trade Mark

(Continued from Page 102)

see William. Yes; I believe I'll go to-night. Yes, I'll wire him now to that effect. How long do you want me to keep him there?"

"Just two weeks more! Just two weeks more!"

"It can be done," said the judge. "I'll start a game of checkers; and if your dad hasn't improved his game, it'll take him two weeks to win one."

The firm of Peggitt & Son has forgotten the first lot of ten thousand catalogues that were dumped into the East Wilder post office. Aleck Williamson, the postmaster, has not. In that one momentous day Aleck jumped from his lowly position as a sight-reader of post cards to an importance little less than that of postmaster-general. Ten thousand catalogues, in neat envelopes, made the East Wilder post office look like a railway mail car.

Indeed, Aleck and his charming daughter might have been laboriously canceling stamps to this day and hour if somebody in the Department Store had not thought of mailing them under a permit, thus obviating the stamp nuisance. This thoughtful somebody was the same person who, at the last minute, weighed a proof of the catalogue and discovered that by trimming the margins a little it would go for one cent; whereas, as it stood, it was a trifle overweight.

And the identical somebody was sitting up, in her room at the hotel, night after night, card-indexing the list of names for future use and information. [To employers: No; this young woman's services are not at present available.]

It was not until the last batch of catalogues had been dispatched and the clerks had left the store, and the clock on the Methodist Church had whanged the half hour after six, that the cold gray dusk of doubt settled down over the head and shoulders of William Peggitt, Junior. Not until that moment did the full realization of the gamble come over him. Pardon him several shivers. It suddenly occurred to him that he had placed the firm of Peggitt & Son upon the green baize and given the wheel a whirl.

"I'm scared—scared stiff, Miss McVeigh!" he said.

She looked at him.

"I'm just as sure of success as of my next breath," she said. "Are you really scared?"

He looked at her. Confidence, common sense and enthusiasm, plus the eager anticipation of youth, were all in those two dark wells—and Peggitt, Junior, drank thirstily. Then he said with a sigh of relief:

"No; I'm not scared now."

Next morning Miss McVeigh was at her desk when young Mr. Peggitt arrived.

"I think you've deserved a rest," he said. "We've got the catalogues off, and you've been working too hard. It's a fine day for a drive. Won't you let me get a carriage ——"

"Don't be silly!" was the reply. "I don't need a rest any more than you do. There're oceans of work here. I've just begun."

"Do you think day after to-morrow would be too soon to look for replies?" he asked nervously.

"I should hardly expect many."

Young Mr. Peggitt stood at the door silently for several minutes. His stenographer—his assistant—was already busy. He had a half bird's-eye view of her—the dark hair, parted in the middle, with two wavy streams running away from the part; the eager little nose below; the delicate healthy bloom of her cheeks; and over all a sure, methodical, businesslike activity. Some artist will find it worth while to picture the modern business young woman in this pose.

Peggitt, Junior, found it enthralling. Finally he tried to formulate an idea that was brisking through his own industrious brain:

"If everything goes well—if we succeed ——"

She interrupted him with a delicious warning smile.

"Not yet!" was what the smile seemed to say. What she uttered was "Then I shall be the happiest person in the world."

With that statement young Mr. Peggitt concluded he had better be content. He wandered out into the store and was surprised to find that the stock all looked new. The canned goods seemed to have new and more brilliant labels. The clerks looked uncommonly intelligent. He went to the door and was surprised to note that the sun was shining with double its usual brightness. It was a fine day.

Every little thing counts with a gambler—especially if it is his first wager and he has staked his all. In spite of Miss McVeigh's warning, William Peggitt came down to the store the second morning with a definite itch in his fingers. Never had the morning's mail loomed so big in his mind! He fairly ran through the store, slammed the door and leaped for the parcel of letters. One by one they fluttered through his fingers. Most of them were old favorites—bills payable, kicks, and invitations to buy mining stock. It simmered down to one—one—envelope. He slit it open and read:

*Dear sirs:* We rec'd your catalogue. It is very interesting and we are going to try your goods. We have a two-year heffer which we would like you to sell for us. Kindly let us no about this and oblidge

(Mrs.) JOHN WILLS.

The humor of it was all that saved the light from going out of the world. As it was, Peggitt, Junior, felt a hollow sensation where his dinner expected to be. He suddenly saw his father's troubled face as it was the day he left East Wilder; and the awful suggestion began to tamp, tamp in the young man's head:

"What if I was wrong? What if the scheme is a failure?"

The door opened softly and somebody entered. The young man didn't look up. He didn't dare to. A cheerful voice said:

"Good morning!"

He replied in a voice that was thinner than onionskin.

The open letter on the desk told the story The young woman swept it with a practiced reading glance. Then, for the first time since she had been in East Wilder, she did something that no other stenographer had better imitate—unless under similar circumstances.

She went over to where the boss sat, put her hands on his shoulders, as he sat facing the window, lowered her head and whispered:

"Please, William—please don't be discouraged! I know how you feel—but you you mustn't! It's too early yet. Why, they've barely got your catalogues! Listen to me: You must—you will win. I know it! I feel it in every nerve of me. I—I've prayed ——"

He jumped up and caught her in his arms before she was aware of his intention.

"Discouraged! Not with you here!" he cried. "Without you here—I'd collapse. But you breathe courage into a fellow! You wonderful woman! I ——"

Without even a warning knock, a lad shoved open the door. He had a package of some fifty or sixty envelopes in his hand, and he threw them on the desk.

"Mr. Williamson says," he piped, "that he's going to ask the guv'ment for another clerk if your mail gets any bigger than this. He had to hold these till after the rural carriers went. They's some more letters over there at the post office 'sides these."

The boy's voice trailed off through the store. Young Peggitt and Miss McVeigh looked at the bundle of letters, tied with a jute string.

"You open them, please," faltered William. "I—haven't got the nerve."

She began to slit them open.

"Orders!" she cried with a beaming face. "I knew it! One for $11.65—money order. One for $16.51! A little one—$2.45—but they all count, don't they? Here's a big one—just twenty dollars. Look! See! It's a success! I knew it! The very first thing too!"

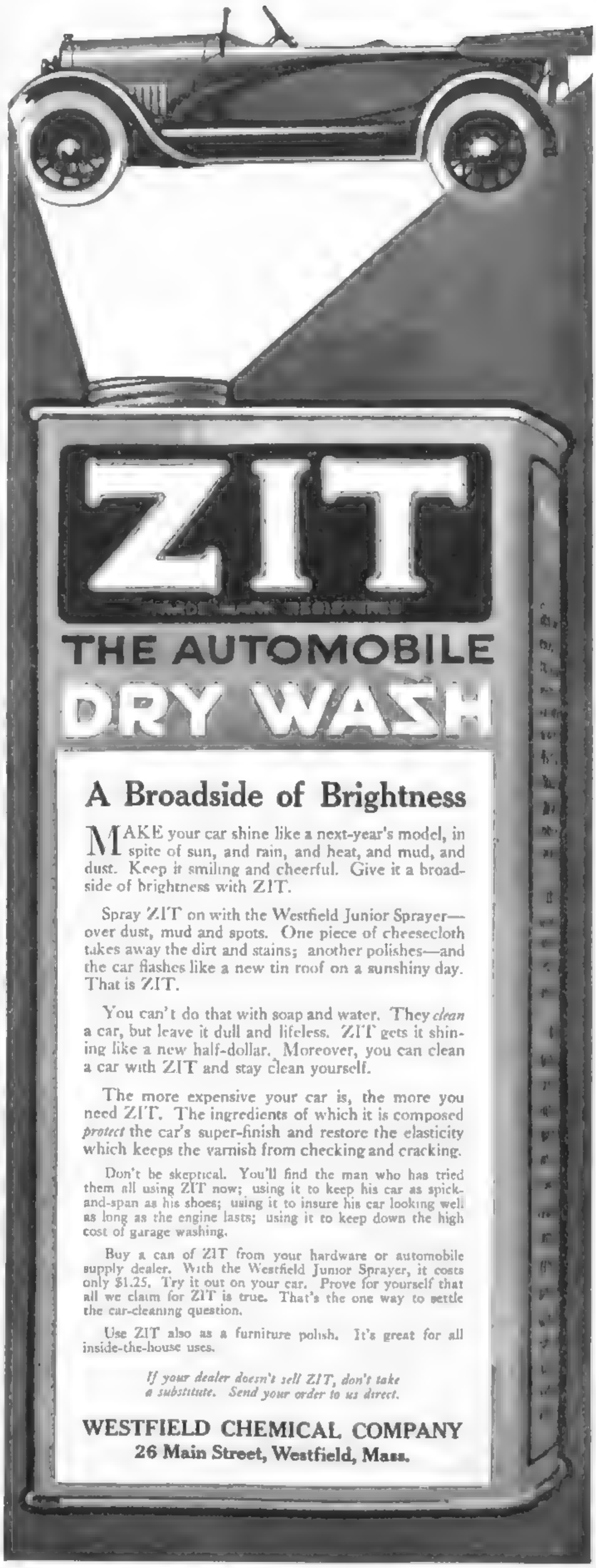
Peggitt's Boy stared at the letters. His spectacles became misty.

"Orders!" he husked. "We—we've got 'em—going! Money orders! Checks!"

"I'm so happy! I could dance!" breathed the assistant. "Oh, please don't—not here! William—I ——"

"Yes; right here!" replied young Mr. Peggitt. "I don't care who knows it. We've earned the right to dance—or anything! And I couldn't have done it without you, Roselle! We're not on a business basis any more! I love you, Roselle! I love you! I'll write to father ——"

Peggitt's Boy didn't need to write to father, however. Father, accompanied by the still-protesting Judge Stack, was at that moment burning the sidewalk from the East Wilder Station to the Department Store. He didn't arrive in time to see the first dance, in his august private office. It was the fifth or sixth tango that was in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MAKE your car shine like a next-year's model, in spite of sun, and rain, and heat, and mud, and dust. Keep it smiling and cheerful. Give it a broadside of brightness with ZIT.
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You can't do that with soap and water. They clean a car, but leave it dull and lifeless. ZIT gets it shining like a new half-dollar. Moreover, you can clean a car with ZIT and stay clean yourself.
The more expensive your car is, the more you need ZIT. The ingredients of which it is composed protect the car's super-finish and restore the elasticity which keeps the varnish from checking and cracking.
Don't be skeptical. You'll find the man who has tried them all using ZIT now; using it to keep his car as spick-and-span as his shoes; using it to insure his car looking well as long as the engine lasts; using it to keep down the high cost of garage washing.
Buy a can of ZIT from your hardware or automobile supply dealer. With the Westfield Junior Sprayer, it costs only $1.25. Try it out on your car. Prove for yourself that all we claim for ZIT is true. That's the one way to settle the car-cleaning question.
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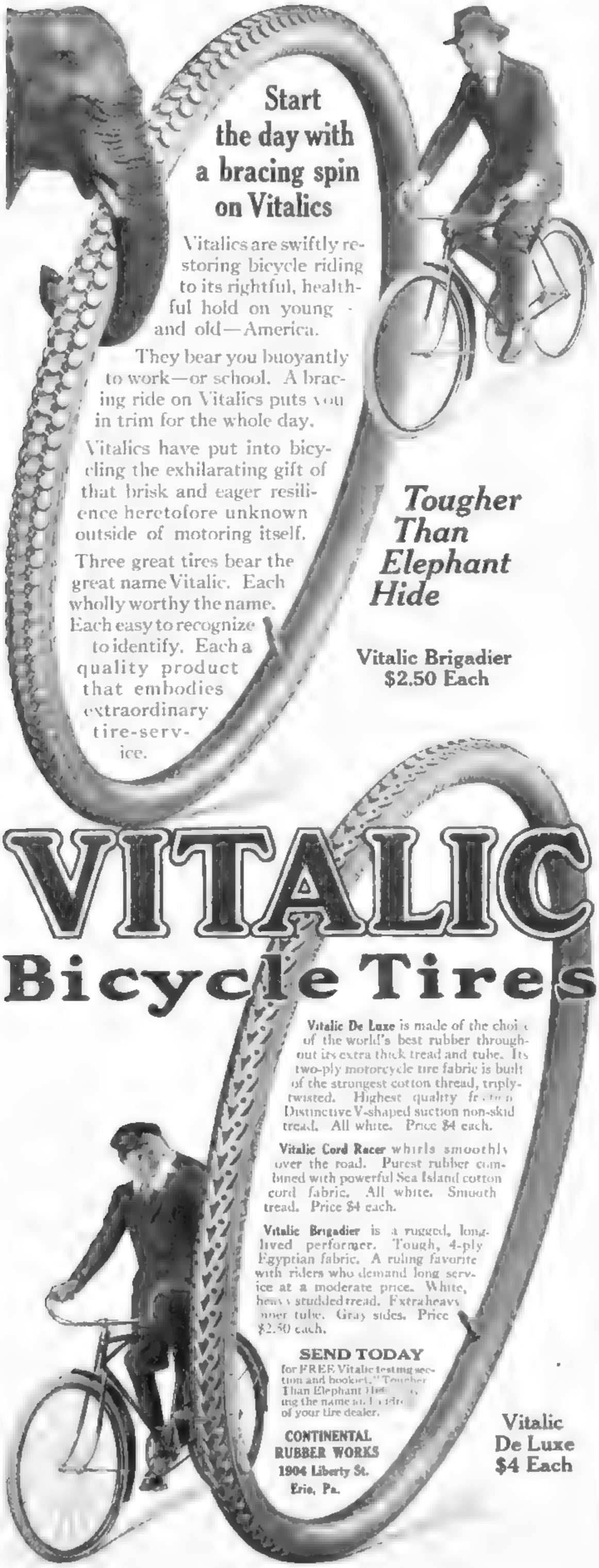
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progress when he opened the door. He said "Well, I'll be ——" Or something like that.

Then, like a decent tradesman and father, he stepped briskly back and closed the door after him.

"Orders! Look at 'em! Free sugar! We pay the freight!" cried Peggitt, Junior, a little later. "And it's just started, father!"

"Don't bawl in my ear!" was the reply. "I'm not deaf. I see them! I guess you may have the idea after all. It certainly looks promising. Where in thunderation did you get the notion anyway?"

"Psychology! The Fallacy of the Elsewhere! Don't you remember what I told you?"

"Well, whatever it is, this looks like regular money," said Peggitt, Senior, crisping the edges of the money-in-advance.

Then he stood back and surveyed the excited person of Son. Like a reputable merchant and father, he was trying to think of something to kick about, of course. In a moment he found it.

"This may be all right—this mail-order idea, William," he said patronizingly. "But—young man—do you think it's the proper thing to—er—be seen—er in that—er—position with a stenographer ——"

"Oh, she isn't a mere stenographer any longer," explained Son quickly. "She's agreed to marry me."

Peggitt echoed "Marry me!" in a blasting voice—out of regard for precedent, if for no other reason.

But then, after a while, he added mournfully:

"From what you say, of course she must be an uncommon bright girl, William. Still, your father and grandfather found nice girls right in East Wilder. I must say I had sort of hoped ——"

"But that's the psychology of it!" cried Peggitt's Boy, taking the liberty of smacking his sire on the shoulder. "That's the Fallacy of the Elsewhere again. Everybody's afflicted with it nowadays. I couldn't escape it myself. I had to go out of town to get—Rosella."

# POLICE PREPAREDNESS

(Continued from Page 11)

Mistaken judgment by individual officers may cause blunders; but if all the policemen know what sort of behavior New York expects of her police, greater collective efficiency will follow.

Of course the regular military training has been a wonderful thing in many ways. Bingham was called a martinet, and many students of our police problems sincerely thought that he was making a great mistake in trying to militarize the force. These same men to-day are enthusiastic over Bingham's successor; but Arthur Woods himself takes pains to make clear that what General Bingham did while commissioner made possible many of the things for which Woods is now praised.

"I should have had to do the same thing in exactly the same way, and should have been called a martinet, as he was. I should have had to spend just so much more time in training the force for what I can now do with ease. What I have done is to keep on after General Bingham stopped."

Doubtless there is a certain something about being in the United States Army that makes the regular feel a great deal of self-respect. The private doesn't think of the small salary he is drawing; nor is he exhilarated by the pomp and circumstance of the soldier's life. Nevertheless, he would not swap his life for that of the men he used to train with before he went into the army. Possibly the average regular more or less consciously feels that if the occasion arose he would stand between death and the citizenry; that he exists for the high purpose of stopping bullets intended by cowardly foes for women and children and unarmed men. The sense of affording protection to people who require it is highly gratifying in other ways than by appealing to vanity or to the spirit of self-sacrifice, or even to love of country.

### *Police-Force Standards*

The New York police force has been made to feel that its duties are far more important than club swinging or beat walking. Its attitude toward the public is different to-day, because the sense of obligation has been intelligently developed by the commissioner and his aides. I myself suspect that Commissioner Woods has worked rather hard to make his men feel proud of being New York cops, because he never loses a chance to make it clear to all the members of the force that to be a real policeman is a stunt that requires both brains and character. It is an amusing but highly significant symptom of pride in the job to hear so many policemen speak about "civilians" in much the same way that regular-army officers use the word. A quarter of the police force has trained under regular-army officers, and these men have returned to their police jobs with new ideas and a different point of view toward their own duties and toward military discipline.

This amazing improvement in the morale has been deliberately accomplished by a man who made up his mind years ago that there was no reason why the Police Department of New York City should not be run as efficiently as a private business.

"A policeman can gain promotion by being a good policeman or by working for a politician; but he can't get it by trying to do both things." This is what Woods tells his men all the time. Doubtless the reason why it was difficult to secure efficiency before was due to the fact that the police department was politics-ridden. Without the divorcing of politics from the affairs of his department, neither Woods nor any other commissioner could make a success of the job.

Ex-Mayor Gaynor wanted all policemen to realize that the humblest citizen was entitled to as much from a policeman in the way of service and courtesy as the richest merchant or the most powerful politician. Then Bingham tried to make them understand that the policeman who did not obey the orders of his superior officer would suffer, no matter who said otherwise. Woods, when he himself became commissioner, told the men that political pull was not going to have any influence in the department.

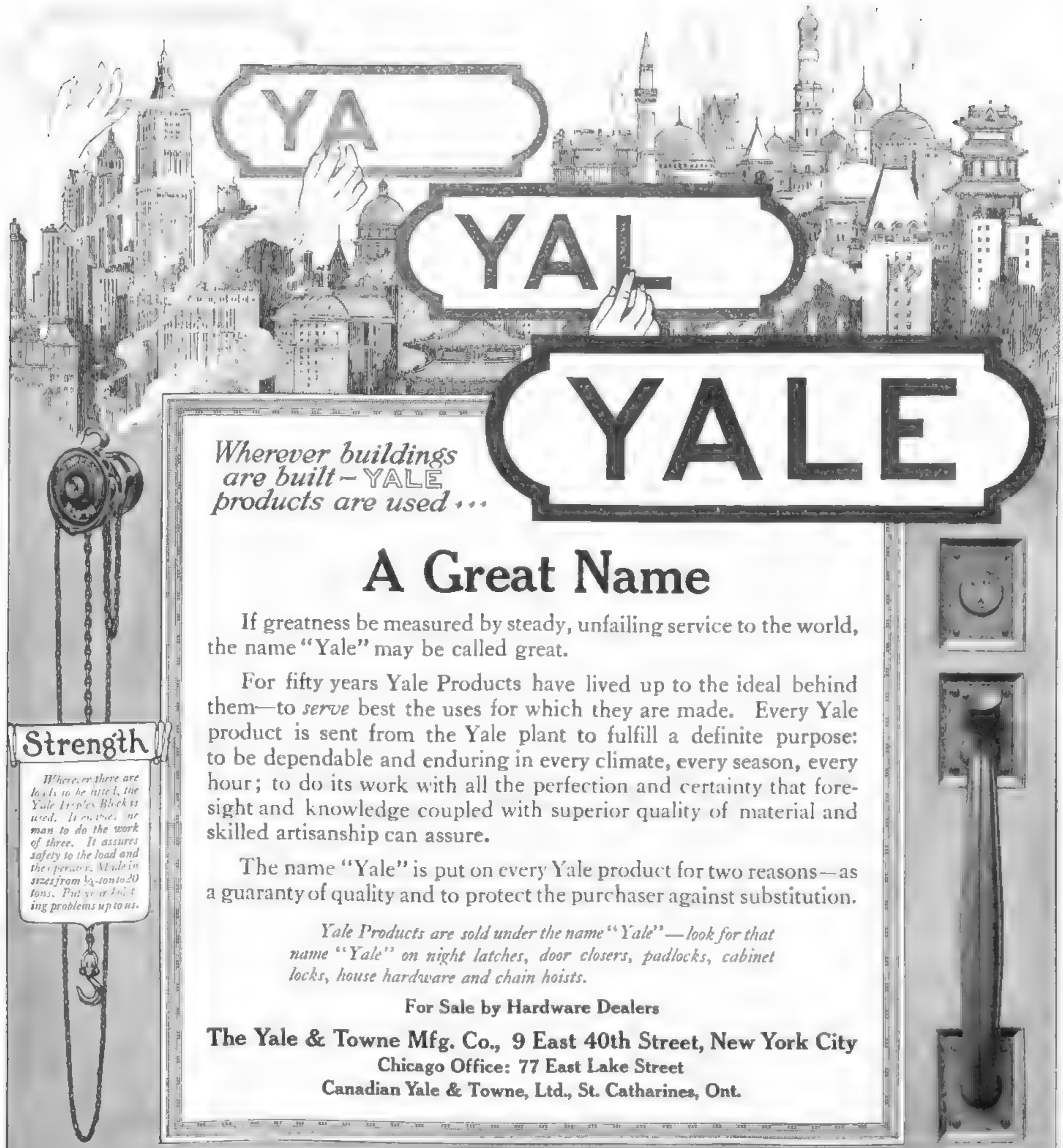
### *Corporation Efficiency*

"The usual bunk," said the force, thinking of commissioners in the past. But for once it proved to be the truth; and to-day, when the force realizes that Woods will fight for his men like a father for his children, and similarly punish without humiliating, we find that the average New York policeman not only can look any man in the eyes but he can do it without taking his club out of his pocket. And that is why Woods' men speak about "civilians" with a smile; and they answer pleasantly, and no beans have to be cracked. The commissioner has made his men realize that politeness pays in police work just as it does in business. Moreover, the advice to smile, which Woods gives his men, is part of his deliberate program of preparedness. By insisting upon politeness the commissioner forces his men into an attitude toward the public that makes for pleasant relations—and therefore for efficiency. Corporations and corporation managers no longer tell the public to be damned. They stopped it when they discovered that it was bad for dividends.

Commissioner Woods compares his own work with that of the business manager of a corporation. I don't know whether he has any particular concern in mind he speaks about several, and big ones, with admiration but I rather suspect he regards the police department as a sort of insurance company. Of course he has in mind efficiency. The business of a fire insurance company is to make money. The best way to make money is not to have to pay fire losses. The best way to do that is not to have fires. The best way not to have them is to reduce the dangers—from inflammable materials wrongly stored; from wooden partitions when metal doors are needed, and so on. The Board of Fire Underwriters has evolved all manner of precautionary measures. These prevent fires; and this helps the public; and that helps the company—and the Fire Department has less work to do.

The New York Police Department is engaged in preventing not only crimes and misdemeanors but violence and disorder,

(Continued on Page 109)

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Jeffery cars have always been good cars, and this Jeffery Six is the best car that ever bore the Jeffery trade-mark. By a few slight improvements and refinements we have made it a still better car, one that has our unqualified endorsement.

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THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

*Manufacturers of Jeffery Cars and Trucks, including the Jeffery Quad*

(Continued from Page 108)

and all sorts of violations of the law. The policeman receives his money from the public. The public, therefore, are the policeman's customers. When the police give service they declare dividends made payable to the citizens, in protection, order and tranquillity. Without any desire to enter into the question of the different problems that confront the police departments of all large cities, this one fact is obvious: That only when the men feel that politics is not going to be allowed to interfere with a policeman's duty can an efficient police department exist. Men from the police departments of other cities in the United States go to study what New York is doing.

They become enthusiastic and return to their homes full of determination to do likewise. But they do nothing of the kind, because they can't.

To begin with, their men are not trained to do the work the New York police have been trained to do during the past three or four years. It will take the police departments of other cities just as long as it did New York to improve the morale of their men and change their point of view toward their own work and duties; and, moreover, they must have a municipal government that will not permit politics to interfere with the work of the police department, any more than politics should be allowed to interfere with the judiciary. Electing a mayor who will see to this is the best method of getting good service.

Once the police commissioner was assured that nobody "higher up" was going to interfere with his job, he was able to devote his entire time to his strictly police duties; and the eleven thousand members of the uniformed force were able to do the same thing. Preparedness was one of Woods' highly intelligent hobbies. He believed it was part of his job to be ready for the emergency long before the emergency hove in sight; to be prepared for everything—not alone for mob violence or street brawls, or strikes, or burglaries. For instance, long before the Big Four developed the habit of threatening to call out the railroad men unless their demands were granted, the police department studied the problem of New York's food supply. It was carefully ascertained how much food the metropolis received and consumed a day, and over what roads it came to New York. The railroads were approached; hundreds of questions were asked; statistics were compiled—in short, the problem was scientifically studied.

Then the department considered what should be done in the event of a partial strike, or in case all the railroads were tied up. New methods of transportation were considered for such an emergency—as, for instance, water routes, motor trucks, and so on.

"How do you make out that the problem of feeding the people of Greater New York is part of the work of the police department?" I asked Woods.

"It is police work because the work of the police is to prevent riots quite as much as to quell them. Now, no food always means riot. See?"

### *Special Emergency Orders*

I saw. Nobody, except the heads of the department, knows precisely how much truth there is in all the reports the citizens of New York have been hearing for months about the war plans of German reservists. That there can really be a formidable organization of trained German soldiers is out of the question, for the simple reason that such a force would have to be so large that it could not possibly drill in secret; and it could not be organized efficiently enough to be seriously menacing. But small bands of trained reservists might organize, undetected, on any one of a dozen pretexts. One may or may not assume that German efficiency has provided for military operations within the limits of the city of New York.

But the police department can't take any chances, and it has prepared for any attempts of this kind. Soldier-trained policemen will meet foreign soldiers. The department has had machine-gun batteries drilling for months. They didn't wait until the German Ambassador received his passports; they began long before. They are as efficient as constant drilling and enthusiasm can make a body of picked men. The man who will command one of the batteries said to me the other day, his voice betraying his pride and ringing with admiration:

"Say, you ought to see them! Why, if we ever ——" He caught himself and his face grew serious. He shook his head grimly. Then he finished, very quietly: "We are ready for anything. But I hope to God we may never have to use those guns against anybody in New York City!"

In the office of the chief inspector there is a map of the city of New York that takes up nearly one side of a big room. On this map are shown what you might call the strategic points of the city—the big power houses; the high-pressure stations; the water mains, armories, and so on. Each block is marked with a little flag showing the predominant nationality of the residents of that particular block. At one glance you can tell what kind of people reside in each block of the city of New York.

Provision has been made not only to guard the vital points—the "strategic nerve centers"—but, for example, in the event of the telephonic communication being interrupted, the police department has its wireless plants ready. Not only does the department control the private wireless stations and apparatus, but it has mobile wireless instruments and men trained for the work. It has plans worked out in detail, neatly typewritten, snugly reposing in the proper pigeonholes. Every commanding officer has a sheaf of emergency orders covering every contingency that constant study for months has been able to suggest to the best minds of the department. These orders become operative on the receipt of a brief order to that effect. Every police officer already knows exactly what to do. Within five hours the police force of New York City can be made ready to grapple with any emergency resulting from war operations within cannon range of the City Hall. Public policy prevents the discussion at this time of the dangers foreseen and provided against, as well as of the measures adopted to protect the city.

### *In Case of Disaster*

So far as strikes and ordinary mobs are concerned, the police department is really studying the subject scientifically. As the commissioner says, preventive measures are the best in the handling of strikes, as in most other police work. It is to be regretted that the same necessity exists to prevent the publication of the devices employed by the department to ward off disorder and violence. They show not only sound common sense but a knowledge of psychology and, above all things, the great American quality of imagination.

The preparations made include such emergencies as unprecedented floods, appalling conflagrations, terrible disasters, resulting in the death or injury of hundreds or even thousands of people. For example, the police department knows the exact capacity and accommodations of the hospitals of Greater New York. It was found that every winter, during our periodic grippe epidemics, the hospital accommodations would be taxed beyond the breaking point by a few hundred sudden emergency cases, such as might come from a single disaster. The inadequacy of the hospital capacities compelled the police department to study the problem in order to be prepared. Plans have been worked out so that at a moment's notice the department knows just what public buildings—schools, recreation piers, and so on—may be used as emergency hospitals. The police surgeons know what to do, and civilian surgeons have been arranged for in sufficient numbers to handle the situation efficiently. Also, the Red Cross knows what is expected of it in the way of supplies, and so on, and is not only willing but ready to coöperate efficiently at a moment's notice.

Blueprints have been prepared showing plans for refugee camps. These camps, on the principle of sectional bookcases, can be made to accommodate five thousand people as easily as five hundred by means of the unit system. The blueprints not only show the plans for the houses but also the specifications of the material needed. At a moment's notice fifty such camps could be arranged for in Greater New York. The sites have been selected, and electric light and water pipes are ready to be tapped. The specifications show the exact bill of lumber and materials needed for each house, and where to go for the supplies—that is, the mill nearest to that particular camp site. The sewerage problem has been

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*Illustrating*

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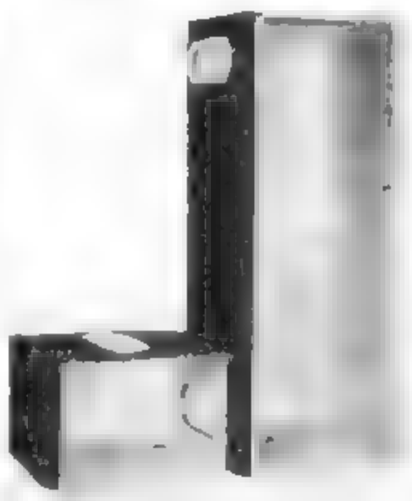

Examine the seamless porcelain linings of the "Glacier" and you will find only a perfectly smooth surface. The rounded corners are equally as smooth and glassy. The surface you'll find hard as flint, because it is material fused on steel at a heat of 2000 degrees.

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It is the Logical Successor to the leather sole.

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FOR YOUR SHOES


studied in the most intelligent way—that is to say, men from the force have been made to study all the problems connected with camp sanitation.

There will be no typhoid epidemics so long as the police department runs these refugee camps.

Policemen have also been taught to do camp cooking. They have attended lectures and worked practically, so that the department has men trained for all the duties incidental to the conduct of a refugee camp—to say nothing of the "civilian cooks," whose names and addresses are on file with the department.

There is a very wonderful card index, with about fifty thousand entries. The department knows the capacity, location and owner of every motor truck and mobilizable automobile, and the number of horses and the location of each. Even the names and addresses of harness makers are in the index. They have systematized their information and made it utilizable at a moment's notice. Altogether, the department, so far as the office machinery goes, is better equipped than that of any other American city. Woods seems to consider this matter of preparedness pretty much in the way that doctors speak of inoculation against typhoid fever. He is carrying out this theory in what he considers the most important work in his department—that is, in his efforts to prevent the development of slum children into criminal classes. But that is another story.

Also, the story of the way in which the corporations and factories have increased their watchmen, and the way the police department watches and directs and coöperates with them.

There are nearly eleven thousand men on the police force of New York. In the event of the need of a sudden increase in the number of "regulars," there is a reserve of what you might call the about-to-be policemen, consisting of those applicants who have already taken and passed the Civil Service examination and are awaiting vacancies. There is, also, a body consisting of those who have applied to take the examinations. Most of the men in these classes would, in time, become policemen.

In the event of an emergency calling for an immediate increase in the uniformed force, the applicants who have passed the examination would be treated as the War Department would treat the senior class at West Point in the event of war—that is, the class would be graduated at once, instead of waiting for the middle of June.

But in addition to these reserves of fit men, the police department has taken other measures. The most important of these is the formation of the Home Defense League, a body of volunteers numbering about twenty thousand men, bearing to the regular police force a relation even more important than that of the militia to the regular army. It is a body not so much of amateurs as of volunteer policemen, a long step toward real police preparedness and, best of all, an excellent method of developing good citizenship. These men will give gladly, for nothing, what the regulars give gladly for a living—to wit, service to the mother city.

### *The Home Defense League*

It is not unreasonable optimism to hope that the development of civic pride and civic patriotism will be the most important of all the functions of the Home Defense League. There is also the practical advantage that this body of good citizens is constantly drilling and becoming more and more efficient in what you might call its police functions. Of course they are not regulars—far from it. But there are many things they can do as well as the regulars in the work of protecting the city in an emergency. They can guard buildings and public places under the guidance and command of trained policemen.

Granting that one regular is worth five amateurs; well, there are twenty thousand of these amateurs—rich men and poor men; bankers and laborers; kid gloves and horny hands—all brothers under the skin, because they are made one by the common desire to serve, or by the spirit of adventure and the "sporting sense" of all English-speaking peoples. They can act as scouts; as reporters of happenings and symptoms; they can serve as "snoopers" and warn their chiefs.

But over and above these practical considerations is the fact that these thousands of amateur cops can release for duty elsewhere many hundreds of regulars. This enables the commanding officers of the police to keep mobilizable a larger force of regulars than they could without the Home Defense League. The police lines must not be thinned too much in times of real trouble. The league makes the city easier to police, not only because a better civic spirit exists in so many thousands of men but because trained regulars are kept from doing less important work.

### *Officers and Members*

They have studied the possibilities very carefully at police headquarters; and if there are no illusions as to the league's capacities, and no desire to lean too heavily upon it, there is also no underestimating of the possibilities or of the character and spirit of the league's members.

It is a long step toward the best kind of preparedness.

On the back of the application blank that would-be members sign, the applicants read the following

HOME DEFENSE LEAGUE

POLICE DEPARTMENT, CITY OF NEW YORK

The purpose of this League is to organize citizens who volunteer so that in extreme emergency cases, where a large number of extra policemen are needed, the members will be ready for service as special policemen and will have received training to fit them for the work. Except in such emergencies, when they are officially called out, they have no police duties. Membership in this League carries with it no privileges, and no badges or insignia are to be worn by members.

Similar organizations have failed in the past because members thought more of what they were going to get out of it than what they were going to give. The Home Defense League exists simply for the patriotic purpose of serving the City in case of great emergency, and the different companies meet from time to time for the purpose of training themselves in order to be ready to answer the call and to perform the service efficiently if a crisis arises.

1. The unit will be the police precinct, and the Captain of the precinct will be in charge of companies organized in his jurisdiction.

2. Companies should consist of at least fifty men.

If for any reason an organization of fifty men cannot be effected in one precinct, a smaller number of men may be amalgamated with the adjoining precinct so as to complete the organization.

3. Each company shall have as officers:

One Captain
Two Lieutenants
Four Sergeants.

4. The qualifications for membership are:

Residence in the precinct
Good character
Citizenship
Good physical condition.

All applications must be approved by the Police Inspector of the district. Members may resign at any time, or may be dropped from the rolls by the Police Commissioner.

5. Different companies may attach local names or precinct numbers to designate them; for instance:

"Home Defense League, 171st Precinct Division,"
or
"Home Defense League, Bay Ridge Division."

6. Police Captains of precincts will keep lists of members of their divisions in the station houses, and send copies to the office of the Borough Inspector, Police Headquarters, Brooklyn. The information thus kept shall include the name, residence, telephone number, age, occupation, and business address and telephone number of each member. As new members are admitted or resignations accepted, the additional information shall be forwarded to the Borough Inspector, Brooklyn.

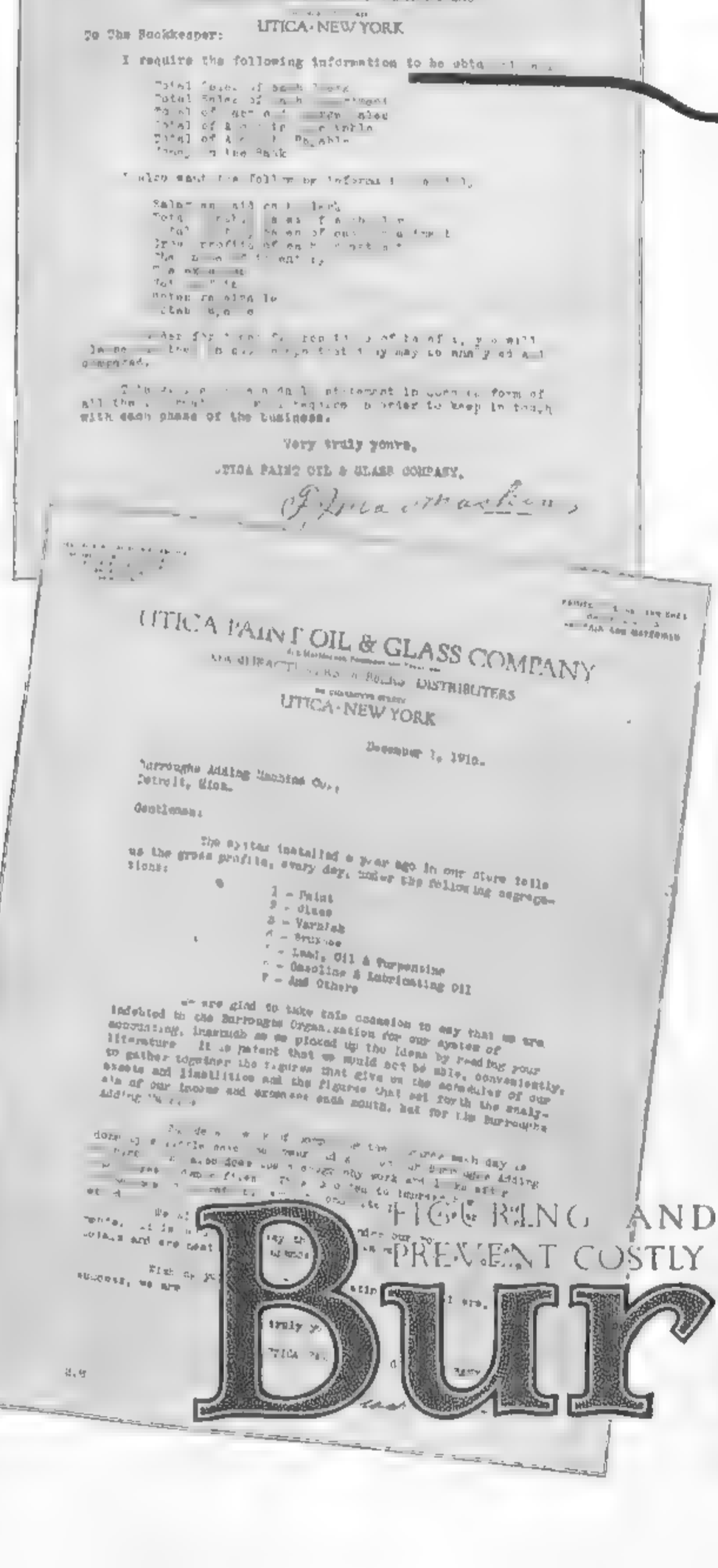
7. Instruction to be given to members of the League shall include the following:

a. Purpose of the organization
b. Duties of Police
c. Military drill.

8. This instruction will be given at meetings of the companies by the Commanding Officers of precincts or by some other officer designated by him and approved by the Borough Inspector, Brooklyn.

9. In addition to the regular instruction and drill, physical instruction and calisthenic exercises will be provided, if desired by any company. This is almost of equal importance with the other instructions, because the members of the League should keep themselves in fit physical condition.

That is how, in a time of peace, the Police Department of New York has prepared for war; and what is far more difficult, for peace.


UTICA PAINT OIL & GLASS COMPANY

UTICA·NEW YORK

To The Bookkeeper:

I require the following information to be obtained ...

I also want the following information ...

... to keep in touch with each phase of the business.

Very truly yours,

UTICA PAINT OIL & GLASS COMPANY.


UTICA PAINT OIL & GLASS COMPANY

UTICA·NEW YORK

December 1, 1910.

Burroughs Adding Machine Co.,
Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen:

The system installed a year ago in our store tells us the gross profits, every day, under the following segregations:

1 - Paint
2 - Glass
3 - Varnish
4 - Brushes
5 - Lead, Oil & Turpentine
6 - Gasoline & Lubricating Oil
7 - And Others

We are glad to take this occasion to say that we are indebted to the Burroughs Organization for our system of accounting, inasmuch as we picked up the idea by reading your literature. It is patent that we would not be able, conveniently, to gather together the figures that give us the schedules of our assets and liabilities and the figures that set forth the analysis of our income and expenses each month, but for the Burroughs Adding ...

# TODAY!

***How a successful merchant makes every day tell him the truth about his business***

At the left is a mighty interesting document.

Above it is a picture of a very valuable girl. She's only seventeen, but she carries out the instructions given in that document by F. J. MacMackin of the Utica Paint, Oil & Glass Company, Utica, N. Y.

Every owner of a small business who thinks "it costs too much" to get accurate daily information about his business should study the example of MacMackin.

He increased his business nearly 100% in one year. He turned his stock *five times.* He knows all about his business—*every day.*

And his letter—also printed at the left—tells how he and the little girl manage to do it.

With pen-and-ink you can't afford to get the facts and figures to run your business. It takes too long, it costs too much, it's too inaccurate.

But you can do it easily, quickly and economically with the help of a Burroughs Figuring Machine.

## 98 Burroughs Models

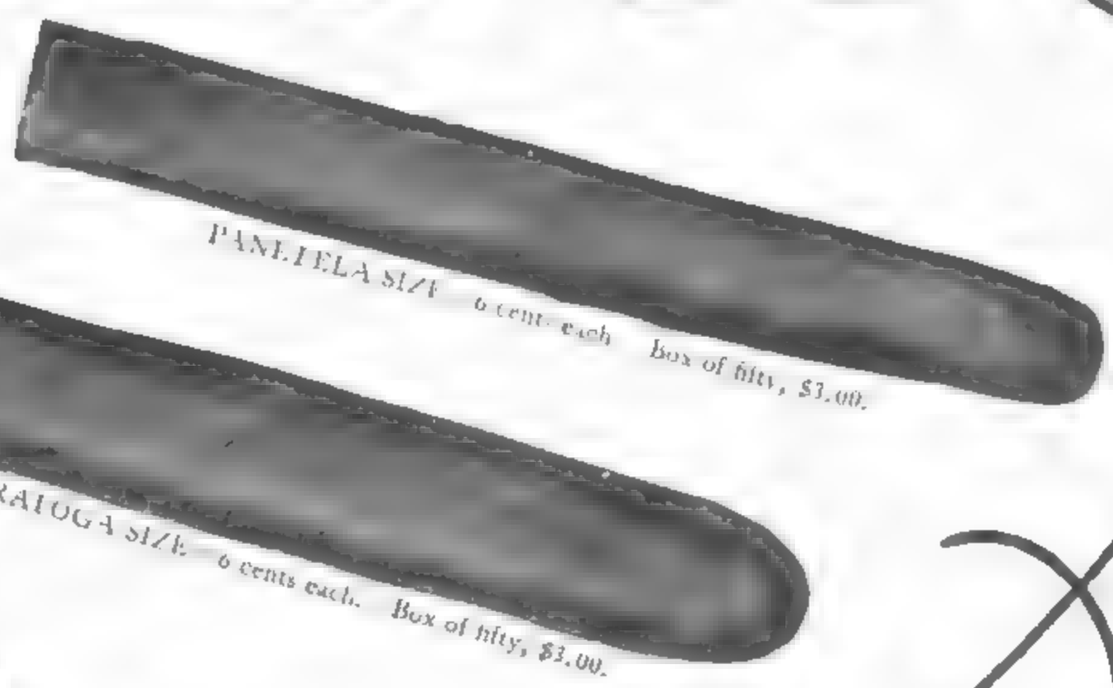
There's a Burroughs for every business—98 models in all. Ask your banker or see your telephone book for the address of the nearest of the 170 offices maintained by the Burroughs Adding Machine Company in the United States and Canada.

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES PRICED AS LOW AS $125

PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS-SAVE VALUABLE TIME

# Burroughs

# RICORO




*Im-ported from Porto Rico*

*the "Self-Made" cigar*

## *A Cigar that's in the March of Progress*

While the world has been solving the great problems represented by the triumphs of genius in telephone communication, automobile transportation, aërial flight, wireless telegraphy, underseas navigation and electric transmission of light and power, other improvements, which while not so mysterious are none the less vital to human happiness, are keeping step.

Skyscrapers are built in networks of steel to economize ground space, locomotives now haul freight trains a mile long and the work of ten horses is now accomplished with a single motor.

This is the epoch of discovery. Every industry feels the throb of it.

Cigar manufacture is in the list, and you will never realize the tremendous progress it has made until you try a 6c size of

*RICORO, the "Self-made Cigar"*

Improved processes have taken a cigar that ordinarily would sell at 10 cents or more, and by economical handling on a large scale, and by the elimination of customs duty, brought the price down to 6 cents *without touching the quality.*

RICORO (Saratoga or Panetela size) is not an improved nickel cigar worth 6 cents, but a real, imported, better-than-10-cent value, brought to the 6 cent price by modern merchandising methods and large-scale distribution.

We take the entire output of RICORO. That cuts off all factory selling expense. RICORO is handled in one transaction from the Porto Rican factory to you. That cuts off more expense. And RICORO pays no duty, even though it is imported. That is the big fact that gives you this high-grade imported cigar at one cent more than the price of an ordinary nickel cigar.

Pay that extra penny if you want to see your nickels doing double duty.

THANK YOU!

# UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY

1000 STORES OPERATED IN 300 CITIES—EXECUTIVE OFFICES NEW YORK CITY

**MAIL ORDERS:** We prefer that every customer visit one of our stores in person and in this way not only secure the exact shade suited to his taste, but also become familiar with our service.

If no store is convenient to you, we will ship one or more boxes by mail or express, all charges prepaid, on receipt of price.

Use order blank on coupon at lower right-hand corner of this advertisement.

CIGARS UNITED

**UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY (send to nearest city named below):**
**New York, Flatiron Bldg. Chicago, First National Bank Bldg.**
**San Francisco, 555 Howard St.**

Find enclosed $____ for which send me, express charges prepaid, RICORO Cigars.

50 SARATOGA size 50 PANETELA size

*Mild, Medium or Strong.* (Saratoga and Panetela sizes assorted.)

It is understood that if after smoking three they are not satisfactory the balance of order may be returned, charges collect, for refund of the total amount remitted

*Name* _____

*Address* _____ *Place* _____

# OVER, UNDER, AROUND OR THROUGH

Continued from Page 5

with clear white light from the northern windows. In the lobby a single client, leaning on the shelfed sill at the note-teller's window, meekly awaited the convenience of the office force.

The Castilian influence had reduced the office force, at this ebb hour of business, to a spruce, shirt-sleeved young man, green-vizored as to his eyes, seated at a mid-office desk, quite engrossed with mysterious clerical matters.

The office force had glanced up at Mr. Johnson's first entrance, but only to resume its work at once. Such industry is not the custom; among the assets of any bank, courtesy is the most indispensable item. Mr. Johnson was not unversed in the ways of urbanity; the purposed and palpable incivility was not wasted upon him; nor yet the expression conveyed by the back of the indefatigable clerical person—a humped, reluctant and rebellious back. If ever a back steeled itself to carry out a distasteful task according to instructions, this was that back. Mr. Pete Johnson sighed in sympathy.

The minutes droned by. A clock, of hitherto unassuming habit, became clamorous; it echoed along the dreaming corridors. Mr. Johnson sighed again.

The stone sill upon which he leaned reflected from its polished surface a face carved to patience; but if the patient face had noted its own reflection it might have remarked—and adjusted—eyebrows not so patient, flattened to a level, and a slight quiver in the tip of a predatory nose. The pen squeaked across glazed paper. Mr. Johnson took from his pocket a long, thin cigar and a box of safety matches.

The match crackled, startling in the silence; the clerical person turned in his chair and directed at the prospective customer a stare so baleful that the cigar was forgotten. The flame nipped Johnson's thumb; he dropped the match on the tiled floor and stepped upon it. The clerk hesitated and then rose.

"He loves me—he loves me not!" murmured Mr. Johnson sadly, plucking the petals from an imaginary daisy.

The clerk sauntered to the teller's wicket and frowned through; from under the green vizor his eye fixed itself sternly upon Mr. Johnson's long cigar; he pointed a scornful finger at something above and beyond Mr. Johnson.

"Can't you read?" he demanded icily.

Peter turned, following the direction of the scornful finger, and saw on the wall behind him the gloomy legend "No Smoking!"

"I don't believe in signs," said Peter placidly.

He peered in through the bronzed grill. The tall clerk removed the green vizor and lowered upon his customer from under eyebrows arched and supercilious; he preserved a haughty silence. Before this official disapproval Peter's eyes warned and fell, abashed.

"I'll—I'll stick my face through there if you'd like to step on it!" he faltered.

The official eyebrows grew arrogant.

"You are wasting my time. Have you any business here?"

"Ya-as. Be you the teller?"

"His assistant."

"I'd like to borrow some money," said Pete timidly. He tucked away the unlit cigar. "Two thousand. Name of Johnson. Triangle E brand—Yavapai County. Two hundred Herefords in a fenced township. Three hundred and twenty acres patented land. Sixty acres under ditch. I'd give you a mortgage on that. Pete Johnson—Peter Wallace Johnson on mortgages and warrants."

"I do not think we would consider it."

"Good security—none better," said Pete. "Good for three times two thousand at a forced sale."

"Doubtless!" The official shoulders shrugged incredulity.

"I'm known round here—you could look up my standing, verify titles, and so on," urged Pete.

"I should not make the loan on my own authority."

Pete's face fell.

"Can't I see Mr. Gans, then?" he persisted.

"He's out to luncheon."

"Be back soon?"

"I really could not say."

"I might talk to Mr. Longman, perhaps?"

"Mr. Longman is on a trip to the Coast."

Johnson twisted his fingers nervously on the onyx sill. Then he raised his downcast eyes, lit with a fresh hope.

"Is—is the janitor in?" he asked.

"You are pleased to be facetious, sir," the teller replied. His lip curled; he turned away, tilting his chin with conscious dignity.

Mr. Johnson tapped the sill with the finger of authority.

"Young man, do you want I should throw this bank out of the window?" he said severely. "Because if you don't, you uncover some one a grown man can do business with. You're suffering from delusions of grandeur, fair young sir. I almost believe you have permitted yourself to indulge in some levity with me—me, P. Wallace Johnson! And if I note any more lighthearted conduct on your part I'll shake myself and make merry with you till you'll think the roof has done fell on you. Now you dig up the Grand Panjandrum, with the little round button on top, or I'll come in unto you! Produce! Trot!"

The teller's dignity abated. Mr. Johnson was, by repute, no stranger to him. Not sorry to pass this importunate borrower on to other hands, he tapped at a door labeled "Vice President," opened it, and said something in a low voice. From this room a man emerged at once—Marsh, vice president, solid of body, strong of brow. Clenched between heavy lips was a half-burned cigar, on which he puffed angrily. "Well, Johnson, what's this?" he demanded.

"You got money to sell? I want to buy some. Let me come in and talk it up to you."

"Let him in, Hudson," said Marsh. His cigar took on a truculent angle as he listened to Johnson's proposition.

It appeared that Johnson's late outburst of petulance had cleared his bosom of much perilous stuff. His crisp tones carried a suggestion of lingering asperity, but otherwise he bore himself with becoming modesty and diffidence in the presence of the great man. He stated his needs briskly and briefly, as before.

"Money is tight," said Marsh curtly.

He scowled; he thrust his hands into his pockets as if to guard them; he rocked back upon his heels; his eyes were leveled at a point in space beyond Pete's shoulder; he clamped his cigar between compressed lips and puffed a cloud of smoke from a corner of a mouth otherwise grimly tight.

Unhesitant, Mr. Peter Johnson took from his vest pocket a long, thin cigar, came swiftly to tiptoe, and puffed a light from the glowing tip of Marsh's cigar before that astonished person could withdraw his gaze from the contemplation of remote infinities. The banker recoiled, flushed and frowning; the teller bent hastily over his ledger.

Johnson, puffing luxuriously, renewed his argument with a guileless face. Marsh shook his head and made a bear-trap mouth.

"Why don't you go to Prescott, Johnson? There's where your stuff is. They know you better than we do."

"Why, Mr. Marsh, I don't want to go to Prescott. Takes too long. I need this money right away."

"Really—but that is hardly our affair, is it?" A frosty smile accompanied the query.

"Aw, what's wrong? Isn't that security all right?" urged Pete.

"No doubt the security is exactly as you say," said the banker; "but your property is in another county, a long distance from here. We would have to make inquiries and send the mortgage to be filed in Prescott—very inconvenient. Besides, as I told you before, money is tight. We regret that we cannot see our way to accommodate you. This is final!"

"Shucks!" said Pete, crestfallen and disappointed; he lingered uncertainly, twisting his hatbrim between his hands.

"That is final!" repeated the banker. "Was there anything else?"

"A check to cash," said Pete humbly.

He went back into the lobby, much chastened; the spring lock of the door snapped behind him.

"Wait on this gentleman, if you please, Mr. Hudson," said Marsh, and busied himself at a cabinet.


Chi-Namel

WATERPROOF HEEL-PROOF

## Ancient China's Contribution to the Modern Home Beautiful

THE marvelous brilliance and beauty that amazed the world centuries ago, when Marco Polo brought the first exquisite examples of Chinese woodwork into Europe, can be duplicated today with Chi-Namel Finishes in your own home. Better yet, you can apply them yourself.

The reason lies in the use of China Wood Oil. For centuries the Chinese have used this wonderful oil for making varnishes and enamels, and for waterproofing their boats.

About fifteen years ago we originated a secret process of treating this tough, elastic oil so that its advantages could be applied to household uses. This scientifically treated China Wood Oil forms the base of Chi-Namel. The result is a series of exquisite glossy finishes that cannot be injured by hot or cold water, heel-nails, or even a hammer-blow. They are doubly valuable because anyone can apply them without leaving laps or brush-marks; this smooth-flowing Chinese Oil makes the varnish self-leveling.

There is a Chi-Namel Finish for everything in the home—floors, woodwork, furniture, radiators, etc.

While the expensive materials and scientific processes used add slightly to the selling-prices of Chi-Namel Finishes, their greater covering-capacity and durability make them cost least, ultimately.

There is a Chi-Namel store (hardware, paint or drug-store) in almost every locality. If yours happens to be an exception, please write direct to us.

**Free—Post-Paid.** Write for attractive book—"How to Paint or Varnish Anything in the Home." It is beautifully illustrated in colors, and is full of helpful suggestions for economical home decorating.

THE
**Ohio Varnish Company**
*Exclusive Manufacturers of Chi-Namel Finishes*
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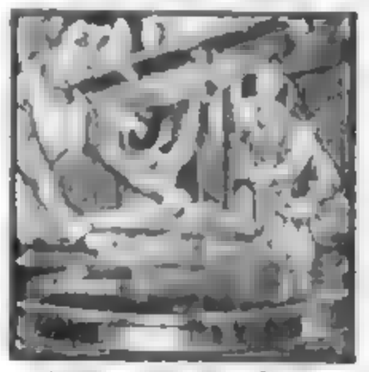
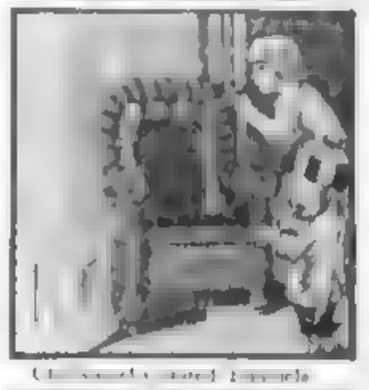
The picture below shows our simple, easy method by which anyone can apply a beautiful, natural, hardwood effect over old, discolored soft-wood or previously painted or varnished floors, through the use of the Chi-Namel Ready-to-Use Graining-Process, at the slight cost of about 2c per square foot.

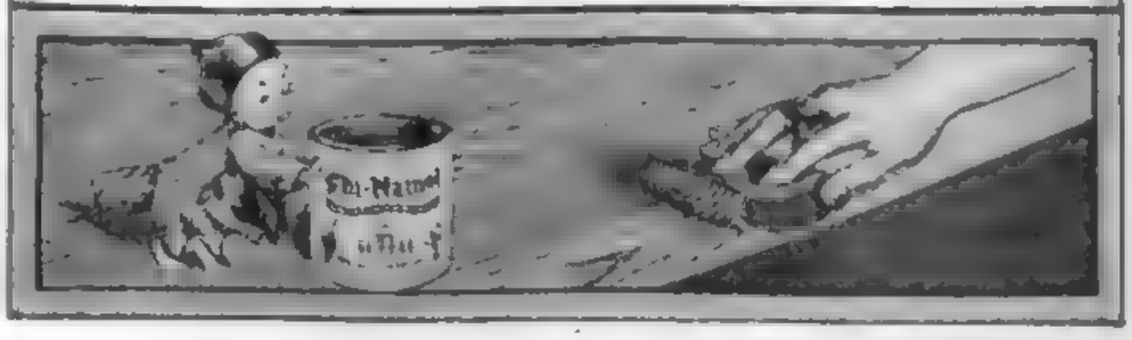
The surface is washable, heel-proof, and wears like a real hardwood finish. All natural wood growths, colors, parquetry borders and fashionable combinations can be applied by the Chi-Namel Graining-Process.

The decorative effect, in combination with loose rugs, is magnificent—and the floor is more sanitary and much less troublesome than when covered with dust-laden carpets or cheap-looking paint.

Any Chi-Namel dealer will teach you to grain in five minutes. The Chi-Namel graining-tool does the graining. You merely guide it.







# LIFT OFF CORNS WITH THE FINGERS

*A Few Drops of FREEZONE Loosen Corns or Calluses So They Lift Off.*

HERE is a mighty simple and easy way to get rid of your corns and calluses. Apply a few drops of Freezone directly upon a tender aching corn or a callus. It dries immediately. The corn-pain is relieved. The corn or callus then begins to dry up and shortly it can be peeled off with fingers.

# FREEZONE

doesn't irritate or inflame the surrounding skin or flesh. You feel no pain or soreness while applying Freezone or afterwards. You'll like it immensely. Women who wear high-heeled footwear will appreciate Freezone. Keep a tiny bottle on your dresser and never let your corns ache twice.

*GENUINE Freezone is only sold in these small bottles with glass rod applier. Each bottle is packed in a round wood case bearing the name*

FREEZONE CAN BE OBTAINED FROM ANY DRUG STORE IN THE U. S. OR CANADA

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**OSTER** PIPE-THREADING EQUIPMENT

includes combination belt or motor-driven machines for threading straight pipe, bent pipe, nipples and bolts; also die-stocks, in both geared and ratchet types, and geared stocks.

Write for hand or power catalog

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**SANITOL** for the TEETH
POWDER or PASTE

—scientifically compounded to whiten and preserve teeth—make gums healthy, therefore pink and firm—cleanse and purify the mouth.

Highest Award
Panama-Pacific Exposition.

## Seat Cover Prices Reduced

Give your car that distinctive touch of smartness and luxury added to any car by Globe Seat Covers. There is no necessity now to pay high prices. Globe Seat Covers, of best quality waterproof or washable materials, cost much less than most other makes.

### Buy Direct—Save Money

Here are a few examples of Globe Low prices. Covers for Chalmers now only $20, for Buicks only $20, Cadillacs $22, Buicks $18, Maxwells $18, Overlands $18. Other cars at proportionately low prices. We sell direct to you at factory prices.

### Perfect Fit For Any Car

Globe Seat Covers are made from correct patterns, and we guarantee a perfect fit for any model of any car. They are ready for delivery, ready to put on—no waiting, no mistakes, no alterations.

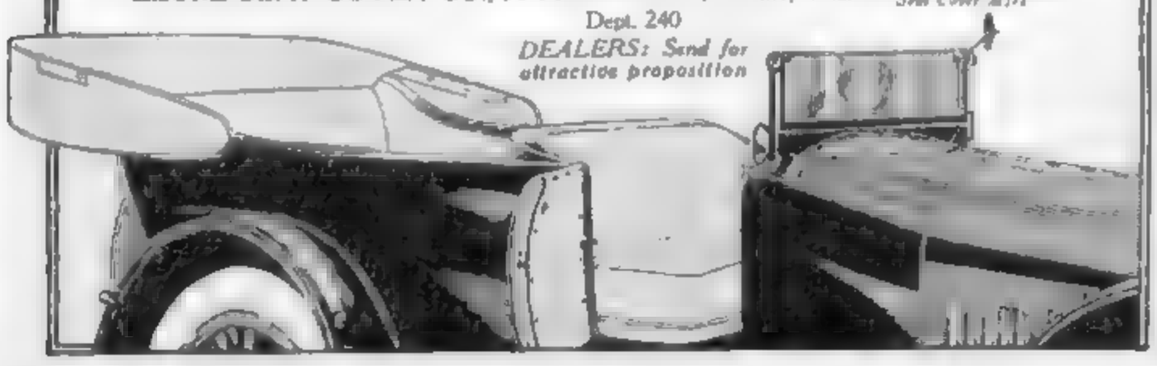
### Every Car Needs Them!

Save the leather upholstery from wear and preserve its life and comfort—eliminate the soiled clothes nuisance and always enjoy fresh, clean upholstery.

### Write For Samples

We send Globe Seat Covers on approval, and you pay only if satisfied. Send name, model and year of car for fifteen samples of fabrics with prices and handsome illustrated Seat Cover Book free.

GLOBE SEAT COVER CO., 30 Hamilton Ave., Racine, Wis. *World's Largest Exclusive Seat Cover Mfrs*
Dept. 240
*DEALERS: Send for attractive proposition*




Hudson rose from his desk and moved across to the cashier's window. His lip curved disdainfully. Mr. Johnson's feet were brisk and cheerful on the tiles. When his face appeared at the window his hat and the long black cigar were pushed up to angles parallel, jaunty and perilous. He held in his hand a sheaf of papers belted with a rubber band; he slid over the topmost of these papers, face down.

"It's indorsed," he said, pointing to his heavy signature.

"How will you have it, sir?" Hudson inquired with a smile of mocking deference.

"Quick and now," said Pete.

Hudson flipped over the check. The light of triumph died in his eyes. His tongue licked at his paling lips.

"What does this mean?" he stammered.

"Can't you read?" said Pete.

The teller did not answer. He turned and called across the room:

"Mr. Marsh! Mr. Marsh!"

Marsh came quickly, warned by the startled note in the teller's voice. Hudson passed him the check with hands that trembled a little. The vice-president's face mottled with red and white. The check was made to the order of P. W. Johnson; it was signed by Henry Bergman, sheriff of Pima County, and the richest cowman of the Santa Cruz Valley; the amount was eighty-six thousand dollars.

Marsh glowered at Johnson in a cold fury.

"Call up Bergman!" he ordered.

Hudson made haste to obey.

"Oh, that's all right! I'd just as soon wait," said Pete cheerfully. "Hank's at home, anyhow. I told him maybe you'd want to ask about the check."

"He should have notified us before drawing out any such amount," fumed Marsh. "This is most unusual, for a small bank like this. He told us he shouldn't need this money until this fall."

"Draft on El Paso will do. Don't have to have cash."

"All very well—but it will be a great inconvenience to us, just the same."

"Really—but that is hardly our affair, is it?" said Pete carelessly.

The banker smote the shelf with an angry hand; some of the rouleaus of gold stacked on the inner shelf toppled and fell; gold pieces clattered on the floor.

"Johnson, what is your motive? What are you up to?"

"It's all perfectly simple. Old Hank and me used to be implicated together in the cow business down on the Concho. One of the Goliad Bergmans—early German settlers."

Here Hudson hung up and made interruption.

"Bergman says the check is right," he reported.

Johnson resumed his explanation:

"As I was sayin', I reckon I know all the old-time cowmen from here to breakfast and back. Old Joe Benavides, now—one of your best depositors; I fished Joe out of Manzanillo Bay thirty year back. He was all drowned but Amen."

Wetting his thumb he slipped off the next paper from under the rubber band. Marsh eyed the sheaf apprehensively and winced.

"Got one of Joe's checks here," Pete continued, smoothing it out. "But maybe I won't need to cash it—to-day."

"Johnson," said the vice president, "are you trying to start a run on this bank? What do you want?"

"My money. What the check calls for. That is final."

"This is sheer malice."

"Not a bit of it. You're all wrong. Just common prudence—that's all. You see, I needed a little money. As I was tellin' you, I got right smart of property, but no cash just now; nor any comin' till steer-sellin' time. So I come down to Tucson on the rustle. Five banks in Tucson; four of 'em, countin' yours, turned me down cold."

"If you had got Bergman to sign with you ——" Marsh began.

"Tell that to the submarines," said Pete. "Good irrigated land is better than any man's name on a note; and I don't care who that man is. A man might die or run away, or play the market. Land stays put. Well, after my first glimpse of the cold shoulder I ciphered round a spell. I'm a great hand to cipher round. Some one is out to down me; some one is givin' out orders. Who? Mayer Zurich, I judged. He sold me a shoddy coat once. And he wept because he couldn't loan me the money I wanted, himself. He's one of these liers-in-wait you read about—Mayer is.

"So I didn't come to you till the last, bein' as Zurich was one of your directors. I studied some more—and then I hunted up old Hank Bergman and told him my troubles," said Pete suavely. "He expressed quite some considerable solicitude. 'Why, Petey, this is a shockin' disclosure!' he says. 'A banker is a man that makes a livin' loanin' other people's money. Lots of marble and brass to a bank, salaries and other expenses. Show me a bank that's quit lendin' money and I'll show you a bank that's due to bust, *muy pronto!* I got quite a wad in the Merchants' and Miners',' he says; 'and you alarm me. I'll give you a check for it, and you go there first off to-morrow and see if they'll lend you what you need. You got good security. If they ain't lendin',' he says, 'then you just cash my check and invest it for me where it will be safe. I lose the interest for only four days,' he says—'last Monday, the fifteenth, being my quarter day. Hold out what you need for yourself.'

"'I don't want any,' says I. 'The First National say they can fit me out by Wednesday if I can't get it before. Man don't want to borrow from his friends,' says I. 'Then put my roll in the First National,' says Hank. That's all! Only—I saw some of the other old-timers last night." Pete fingered his sheaf significantly.

"You have us!" said Marsh. "What do you want?"

"I want the money for this check—so you'll know I'm not permeated with any ideas about heaping coals of fire on your old bald head. Come through, real earnest! I'll see about the rest. Exerting financial pressure is what they call this little racket you worked on me, I believe. It's a real nice game. I like it. If you ever mull or meddle with my affairs again I'll turn another check. That's for your official information—so you can keep the bank from any little indiscretions. I'm telling you! This isn't blackmail. This is directions. Sit down and write me a draft on El Paso."

Marsh complied. Peter Johnson inspected the draft carefully.

"So much for the bank for to-day, the nineteenth," said Pete. "Now a few kind words for you as the individual, Mr. George Marsh, quite aside from your capacity as a banker. You report to Zurich that I applied for a loan and you refused it—not a word more. I'm tellin' you! Put a blab on your office boy." He rolled his thumb at young Hudson. "And hereafter if you ever horn in on my affairs so much as the weight of a finger tip—I'm tellin' you now!—I'll appear to you!"

III

THE world was palpably a triangle, baseless to southward; walled out by iron, radiant ramparts—a black range, gateless, on the east; a gray range on the west, broken, spiked and bristling. At the northern limit of vision the two ranges closed together to what seemed relatively the sharp apex of the triangle, the mere intersection of two lines. This point, this seemingly dimensionless dot, was in reality twoscore weary miles of sandhills, shapeless, vague and low; waterless, colorless and forlorn. Southward the central desert was uninhabitable; opinions differed about the edges.

Still, in Arizona, the eye wearied; miles and leagues slid together to indistinguishable inches. Then came a low line of scattered hills that roughly marked the Mexican border.

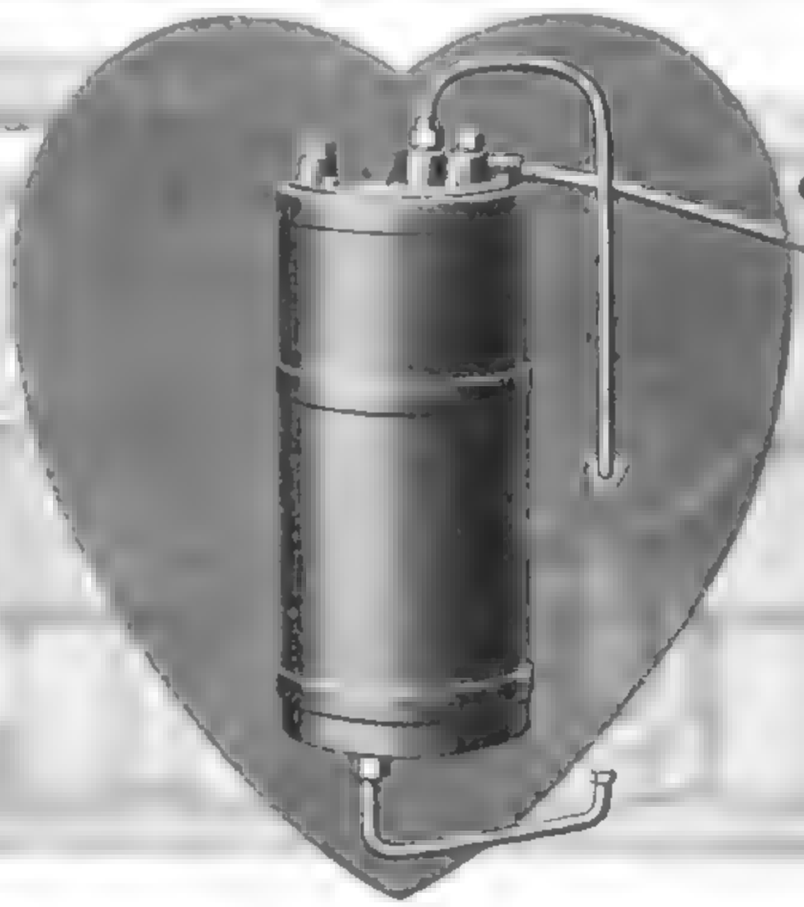
The mirage played whimsical pranks with these outpost hills. They became, in turn, cones, pyramids, boxes, benches, chimney stacks, hourglasses. Sometimes they soared high in air, like the kites of a baby god; and, beneath, the unbroken desert stretched afar, wavering, misty and dim.

Again, on clear, still days, these hills showed crystalline, thin, icy, cameo-sharp; beyond, between, faint golden splotches of broad Sonoran plain faded away to nothingness; and, far beyond that nothingness, hazy Sonoran peaks of dimmest blue rose from illimitable immensities, like topmasts of a very large ship on a very small globe; and the earth was really round, as alleged.

It was fitting and proper that the desert, as a whole, had no name: the spinning earth itself has none. Inconsiderable nooks and corners were named, indeed—Crow Flat, the Temporal, Moonshine, the Rinconada. It should rather be said, perhaps, that the desert had no accepted name. Alma Mater, Lungs called it. But no one minded Lungs.

Mr. Stanley Mitchell woke early in the Blue Bedroom to see the morning made. He threw back the tarpaulin and sat up,

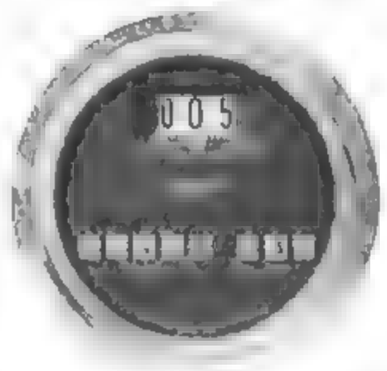
(Continued on Page 117)



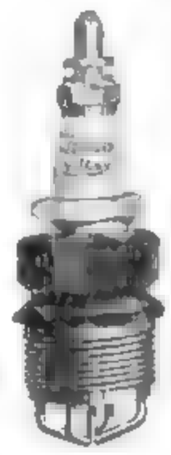
Stewart PRODUCTS

# "The Heart of the Power Plant"

# Stewart Vacuum System



Warner Auto-Meter $50 to $200



Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug
$1

Stewart Motor Driven Warning Signal
Hand Operated Type $3.50
$6

Stewart Instrument Board for Ford Cars
Complete with Speedometer
$11.25

The power plant must have gasoline. It's the very life blood of the motor.

And the gasoline must be supplied to the motor steadily, continually and without interruption.

That is the job of the "heart of the power plant"—the gasoline feed system—to feed gasoline with unfailing regularity, under every condition, on any grade.

The "heart" is the vital part of the motor. It must not be experimented with. It's too important.

This period of increasing costs may demand economy—but economy in the right place.

It is possible to economize on the body, upholstery, top, windshield, lamps, etc.—parts which do not affect the running of the car.

But when it comes to the power plant—the engine, transmission, ignition system, gasoline system—be careful.

The "vitals" of the power plant should not be the target for the economy expert. That would be false economy.

Most automobile manufacturers agree on this. They won't experiment with the "heart of the power plant." Not a single manufacturer has changed his gasoline feed system after adopting the Stewart Vacuum System.

Over 75 per cent of the car manufacturers equip their cars with the Stewart Vacuum System. Think of it! 75 per cent. A record unsurpassed by any automobile part, except the Stewart Speedometer.

That proves the Stewart Vacuum System to be the only method of gasoline feed worth considering. Once adopted, a car manufacturer never wants to experiment with others.

It is the only system for your car. You may as well have the best.

See that your car is Stewart Vacuum equipped.

## Stewart Products

Every Ford owner wants the Special Stewart Speedometer for Fords—costs only $10.00, or mounted in handsome Stewart Instrument Board—$11.25.

Then there is the Warner Autometer—the highest priced speed indicator built. A de luxe instrument for de luxe cars.

The demand for the efficient Stewart Warning Signal is bigger than ever. Wherever motorists travel you hear the warning blast of a Stewart Signal. Made in both motor-driven and hand-operated types.

Thousands of motorists have learned that they get maximum motor efficiency by using the dependable, unbreakable, sure-fire Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug—the original 4-point plug.

"It will pay you to see that your car is Stewart equipped."

*Stewart Products are carried by leading garages, accessory dealers and jobbers everywhere*

**Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation** **Chicago, U. S. A.**

*24 Hour Run—1 819 miles in 24 hours: rate 89 miles per hour May 1-2, 1916 Sheepshead Bay Speedway. Ralph Mulford, driver. New World's record. Hudson Super Six*

*Ralph Mulford uses Veedol for all his record-making runs. "No other oil," he says, "compares with Veedol in efficiency. Veedol gives wonderful results"*

*Mile Straight Away—One mile in 35.12; rate 102 5 miles per hour. April 10th, 1916, Daytona. Ralph Mulford, driver. New World's record for stock chassis Hudson Super-Six.*

# Two World's Records Smashed

*Twenty-Four Hour Record* *Mile Straightaway Record*

## All lubrication trouble eliminated by new lubricant that resists heat

*1,819 miles in 24 hours!*

*One mile at 102.5 miles per hour!*

These wonderful records have been made during the last year.

Three factors made possible these record runs,

—the car
—the driver
—the lubricant

The expert engineers who planned these record runs, knew each of these three factors was absolutely necessary to success. They knew the car and driver could not break records unless lubrication was perfect.

### How the lubricant was selected

There was a lively discussion about what oil to use. Some wanted to use castor-oil, which most racers have used heretofore. Some favored petroleum oil. Some raised the question of what brand of petroleum oil is best.

To settle these discussions a series of tests was made. These tests ended all arguments. They left no doubt in any one's mind about what oil was the best.

*The experts selected Veedol.*

They discovered that it forms almost no sediment. They found that it reduces friction and increases speed and power.

The record runs proved the experts right. In all these runs lubrication trouble was entirely eliminated.

Ralph Mulford, who drove the car, says:

"No other oil I have ever used compares with Veedol in efficiency. Veedol gives wonderful results."

*ORDINARY OIL AFTER USE*

*VEEDOL AFTER USE*

### How sediment in ordinary oil causes friction

Ordinary oil breaks down under the terrific heat of an automobile engine after a few hours' use. Part of the oil forms black sediment and loses all lubricating value.

This sediment increases metal to metal friction, because the sediment takes the place of a large part of the liquid oil. Then the metal surfaces are pressed into each other and the microscopic teeth grab and cut in.

In a record run this friction spells failure. For the average automobile owner it causes needless expense and loss of power. Eventually the worn parts must be replaced.

### How to reduce sediment 86%

The two bottles show the results of the sediment test which the U. S. Bureau of Standards uses. Notice that the left-hand bottle contains fully seven times as much sediment as the other bottle. Both bottles contain oil after 500 miles of running. The first contains ordinary oil. The other contains Veedol.

Notice that Veedol contains barely one-seventh as much sediment as ordinary oil—86% less!

Veedol is unlike ordinary oil because it is made by the Faulkner process—a recent discovery used exclusively by this company. Ordinary oil *cannot* have the heat-resisting and wear-resisting qualities of Veedol.

### Make this road test today

Clean out your crank case. Fill with kerosene. Run your motor about thirty seconds under its own power. Draw out all kerosene and re-fill with Veedol. Then make a test run over a familiar road, including steep hills and straight level stretches.

This test will show you what it means to use a lubricant with 86% less sediment—what it means to avoid friction and wear.

You will find that your motor has acquired new pick-up and hill-climbing ability. It will vibrate less. It will be more silent than before. It will give greater gasoline mileage. That is all due to saving of friction and wear.

Users of Veedol find that their car not only runs better than ever before, but the cost of upkeep is reduced $50 to $115 a year.

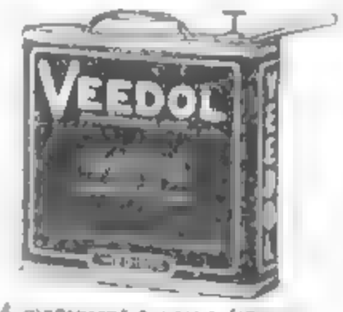
Try in your car the lubricant that has helped make world's records. Make new records for *your* car. Begin today to get the most out of it.

### Buy Veedol today

Over 12,000 dealers sell Veedol. Each dealer has a Veedol Lubrication Chart which specifies the correct grade of Veedol for your car or tractor for both Summer and Winter use. If you cannot get Veedol, write for name of dealer who can supply you. Buy a can of Veedol today—begin now to get full efficiency from your car.

### Send 10c for 80-page book

Send 10c for our new 80-page book, "The Lubrication of Internal Combustion Motors." It explains fully the construction and lubrication of automobiles, motor boats, tractors and stationary engines. It is profusely illustrated. No other book at any price contains so much information on this subject.




*A convenient pouring device is supplied with each metal container*

PLATT & WASHBURN REFINING COMPANY
1807 Bowling Green Building New York

(Continued from Page 114)

yawning; with every line of his face crinkled up, ready to laugh for gladness.

The morning was shaping up well. Glints of red snapped and sparkled in the east; a few late stars loitered along the broad, clean skies. A jerky clatter of iron on rock echoed from the cliffs. That was the four hobbled horses, browsing on the hillside: they snuffed and snorted cheerfully, rejoicing in the freshness of dawn. From a limestone bluff ten feet behind the bed came a silver tinkle of falling water from a spring, dripping into its tiny pool.

Stan drew in a great breath and snuffed, exactly as the horses snuffed and from the same reason—to express delight; just as a hungry man smacks his lips over a titbit. Pungent, aromatic, the odor of wood smoke alloyed the taintless air of dawn. The wholesome smell of clean, brown earth, the spicy tang of crushed herb and shrub, of cedar and juniper, mingled with a delectable and savory fragrance of steaming coffee and sizzling, spluttering venison.

Pete Johnson sat cross-legged before the fire. This mess of venison was no hit-or-miss affair; he was preparing a certain number of venison steaks, giving to each separate steak the consideration of an artist.

Stanley Mitchell kicked the blankets flying.

"Whoo-hoo-oo! 'This is the life!'" he proclaimed. Orisons more pious have held less gratitude.

He tugged on one boot, reached for the other—and then leaped to his feet like a jack-in-the-box. With the boot in his hand he pointed to the south. High on the next shadowy range, thirty miles away, a dozen scattered camp fires glowed across the dawn.

"What the Billy-hell?" he said, startled.

"Stan-ley!"

"I will say wallop! I won't be a lady if I can't say wallop!" quoth Stan rebelliously. "What's doing over at the Gavilan? There's never been three men at once in those fiend-forsaken pinnacles before. Hey! S'pose they've struck it rich, like we did?"

"I'm afraid not," sighed Pete. "You toddle along and wash um's paddies. She's most ripe."

With a green-wood poker he lifted the lid from the bake-oven. The biscuit were not browned to his taste; he dumped the blackening coals from the lid and slid it into the glowing heart of the fire; he raked out a new bed of coals and lifted the little three-legged bake oven over them; with his poker he skillfully flirted fresh coals on the rimmed lid and put it back on the oven. He placed the skillet of venison on a flat rock at his elbow and poured coffee into two battered tin cups. Breakfast was now ready, and Pete raised his voice in the traditional dinner call of the ranges:

"Come and get it or I'll throw it out!"

Stanley came back from a brisk toilet at Ironspring. He took a preliminary sip of coffee, speared a juicy steak, and eyed his companion darkly. Mr. Johnson plied knife and fork assiduously, with eyes downcast and demure.

Stanley Mitchell's smooth young face lined with suspicion.

"When you've been up to some deviltry I can always tell it on you—you look so incredibly meek and meechin', like a cat eatin' the canary," he remarked severely. "Thank you for a biscuit. And the sugar! Now what warlockry is this?" He jerked a thumb at the far-off fires. "What's the merry prank?"

Mr. Johnson sighed again.

"Deception. Treachery. Mine." He looked out across the desert to the Gavilan Hills with a complacent eye. "And breach of trust. Mine, again."

"Who you been betrayin' now?"

"Just you. You and your pardner; the last bein' myself. You know them location papers of ours I was to get recorded at Tucson?"

Stanley nodded.

"Well, boss," said Pete, "I didn't file them papers. Something real curious happened on the way in—and I reckon I'm the most superstitious man you ever see. So I tried a little experiment. Instead, I wrote out a notice for that little old ledge we found over on the Gavilan a month back. I filed that, just to see if anyone was keeping cases on us—and I filed it the very last thing before I left Tucson: You see what's happened." He waved his empty coffee cup at the camp fires. "I come right back and we rode straight to Ironspring. But there's been people ridin' faster than us—ridin' day and night. Son, if our copper claims had really been in the Gavilan, instead of a-hundred-and-then-some long miles in another-guess direction—then what?"

"We'd have found our claim jumped and a bunch to swear they'd been working there before the date of our notices; that they didn't find the scratch of a pick on the claim, no papers and no monument—that's what we'd have found."

"Correct! Pass the meat."

"But we haven't told a soul," protested Stanley. "How could anyone know? We all but died of thirst getting back across the desert—the wind rubbed out our tracks; we laid up at Soledad Springs a week before anyone saw us; when we finally went in to Cobre no one knew where we had been, that we had found anything, or even that we'd been looking for anything. How could anyone know?"

"This breakfast is getting cold," said Pete Johnson. "Good grub hurts no one. Let's eat it. Then I'll let a little ray of intelligence filter into your darkened mind."

Breakfast finished, Stan piled the tin dishes with a clatter. "Now then, old Greedy! Break the news to me."

Pete considered young Stan through half-closed lids—a tanned, smooth-faced, laughing, curly-headed, broad-shouldered young giant.

"You got any enemies, pardner?"

"Not one in the world that I know of," declared Stan cheerfully.

"Back in New York, maybe?"

"Not a one. No reason to have one."

Pete shook his head reflectively.

"You're dreadful dumb, you know. Think again. Think hard. Take someone's girl away from him, maybe?"

"Not a girl. Never had but one Annie," said Stanley. "I'm her Joe."

"Ye-as. Back in New York. I've posted letters to her: Abingdon P. O. Name of Selden."

Stanley went brick red.

"That's her. I'm her Joe. And when we get this little old bonanza of ours to grinding she won't be in New York any more. Come again, old-timer? What's all this piffle got to do with our mine?"

"If you only had a little brains," sighed Johnson disconsolately, "I'd soon find out who had it in for you, and why. It's dreadful inconvenient to have a pardner like that. Why, you poor, credulous baa-lamb of a trustful idiot, when you let me go off to file them papers, don't you see you give me the chance to rob you of a mine worth, just as she stands, most any amount of money you chance to mention? Not you! You let me ride off without a misgivin'."

"Pish!" remarked Stan scornfully. "Twaddle! Tommyrot! Pickles!"

Pete wagged a solemn forefinger.

"If you wasn't plumb simple-minded and trustin' you would 'a' tumbled long ago that somebody was putting a hoodoo on every play you make. I caught on before you'd been here six months. I thought, of course, you'd been doin' dirt to someone till I come to know you."

"I thank you for those kind words," grinned Mitchell; "also, for the friendly explanation with which you cover up some bad luck and more greenhorn's incompetence."

"No greenhorn could be so thumbhanded as all that," rejoined Pete earnestly. "Your irrigation ditches break and wash out; cattle get into your crops whenever you go to town; but your fences never break when you're round the ranch. Notice that?"

"I did observe something of that nature," confessed Mitchell. "I laid it to sheer bad luck."

The older man snorted.

"Bad luck! You've been hoodooed! After that, you went off by your lonesome and tried cattle. Your windmills broke down; your cattle was stole plumb opprobrious—Mexicans blamed, of course. And the very first winter the sheep drifted in on you—where no sheep had never blatted before—and eat you out of house and home."

"I sold out in the spring," reflected Stanley. "I ran two hundred head of stock up to one hundred and twelve in six months. Go on! Your story interests me strangely. I begin to think I was not as big a fool as I thought I was, and that it was foolish of me to ever think my folly was——"

Johnson interrupted him.

"Then you bought a bunch of sheep. Son, you can't realize how great-minded it is of me to overlook that slip of yours! You was out of the way of every man in the world; you was on your own range, watering at your own wells—the only case like that on record. And the second dark night

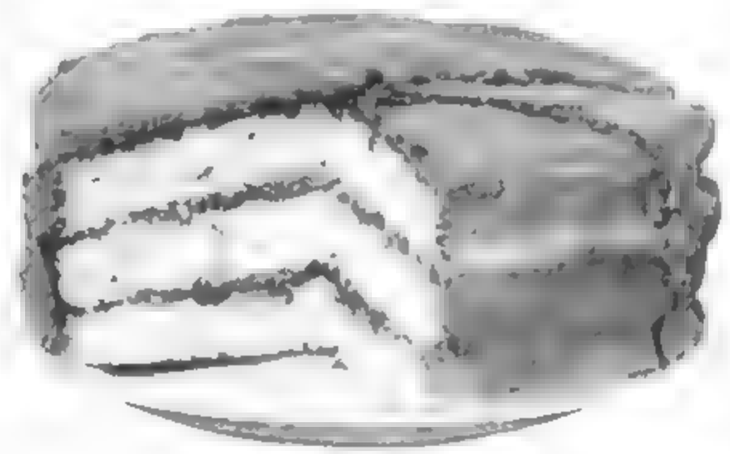
Less eggs with
ROYAL
A Cream of Tartar
Baking Powder

By the use of **Royal Baking Powder,** fewer eggs may be used in baking, with excellent results.

Many experiments have successfully demonstrated that the number of eggs may be reduced in nearly all recipes and often omitted altogether by using an additional quantity of Royal, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted.

A booklet of recipes, which have been tested in this way and which economize in eggs and other expensive ingredients, will be mailed free. Address Royal Baking Powder Co., 104 Fulton Street, New York City.

Try the following recipe as a practical illustration:



CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

2 eggs
1½ cups sugar
1 cup milk
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

DIRECTIONS:—Beat egg yolks until thick; add sugar gradually and beat well. Add milk and stiffly beaten whites of eggs, add flour, baking powder and salt, which have been sifted together. Bake in three greased layer cake pans about 15 minutes in [illegible].

(The old method called for 3 eggs)

CHOCOLATE ICING

1½ cups granulated sugar
¼ cup cold water
3 tablespoons cocoa
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

DIRECTIONS: Mix [illegible] and when [illegible] Remove from fire and when [illegible] and work until [illegible] to spread between layers and on top.

**Royal Baking Powder is made from Cream of Tartar, derived from Grapes, which has no substitute for making a baking powder of the highest quality.**

**No Alum** **No Phosphate**

CONSTRUCTIVE thought is causing practical and patriotic Americans in this time of international stress to take stock of national military resources.

It is a satisfaction to the nation that the necessity for most modern war equipment abroad has focused attention on the

LEWIS AUTOMATIC MACHINE GUN

being manufactured in the United States.

There are over 40,000 Lewis Guns in daily use among the allied armies.

This American product invented by an American is the main arm of Offence in the first line of the allied armies, and is said by Major General Leonard Wood to be, in his private opinion, "the best light-type gun yet developed for troops in the field."

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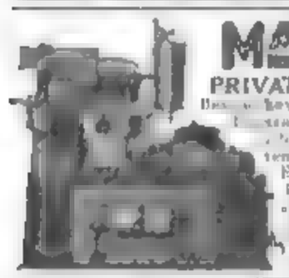

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Buy it in the sealed glass jars.
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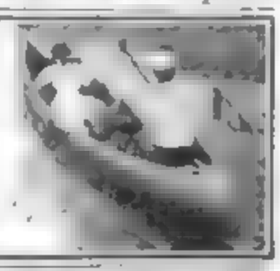

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Keep your money *safe*, but keep it *working*. This bank—the oldest Trust Company in Ohio—pays 4% compound interest on savings accounts of One Dollar or more. Send TODAY for our free Booklet "M," explaining our system of receiving deposits by mail.

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some petulant and highly anonymous cowboys run off your herder and stampeded your woolies over a bluff."

"Sheep outrages have happened before," observed Stan, rather dryly.

"Sheep outrages are perpetrated by cowmen on cow ranges," rejoined Pete hotly. "I guess I ought to know. Sheepmen aren't ever killed on their own ranges; it isn't respectable. Sheepmen are all right in their place—and hell's the place."

"Peter!" said Stan. "Such langwidge!"

"Wallop! Wallop!" barked Peter, defiant and indignant. "I will say wallop! Now you shut up whilst I go on with your sad history. Son, you was afflicted some with five-card insomnia—and right off, when you first came, you had it fair shoved on you by people usually most disobligin'. It wasn't just for your money; there was plenty could stack 'em higher than you could, and them fairly achin' to be fleeced, at that. If your head hadn't been attached to your shoulders good and strong, if you hadn't figured to be about square, or maybe rectangular, you had a chance to be a poker fiend or a booze hoist."

"You're spoofing me, old dear. Wake up; it's morning."

"Don't fool yourself, son. There was a steady organized effort to get you in bad. And it took money to get all these people after your goat. Someone round here was managin' the game, for pay. But 'twasn't no Arizona head that did the plannin'. Any Rocky Mountain roughneck mean enough for that would 'a' just killed you once and been done with it.

"No, sir; this party was plumb civilized—this guy that wanted your goat. He wanted to spoil your rep.; he probable had conscientious scruples about bloodshed. Early trainin'," said Mr. Johnson admiringly, "is a wonderful thing! And, after they found you wouldn't fall for the husks and things, they went out to put a crimp in your bank roll. Now who is to gain by putting you on the blink, huh?"

"No one at all," said Stan. "You're seein' things at night! What happened on the Cobre Trail to stir up your superstitions?"

"Two gay young lads—punchers of Zurich's—tried to catch me with my gun unloaded. That's what! And if herdin' with them blasted baa-sheep hadn't just about ruined your intellect you'd know why, without asking," said Pete. "Look now! I was so sure that you was bein' systematically hornswoggled that, when two rank strangers made that sort of a rankiboo play at me, I talked it out with myself, like this—not out loud—just me and Pete colloguing:

"'These gentlemen are pickin' on you, Pete. What's that for?' 'Why,' says Pete, 'that's because you're Stan's pardner, of course. These two laddie-bucks are some small part of the gang, bunch or congregation that's been preyin' on Stan.' 'What they tryin' to put over on Stan now?' I asks, curiosity getting the better of my good manners. 'Not to pry into private matters any,' says I, 'but this thing is getting personal. I can feel malicious animal magnetism coursin' through every vein and leapin' from crag to crag,' says I. 'A joke's a joke, and I can take a joke as well as any man; but when I'm sick in my bed, and the undertaker comes to my house and looks into my window and says, "Darlin'! I am waitin' for thee!"—that's no joke. And if Stanley Mitchell's facetious friends begin any hilarity with me I'll transact negotiations with 'em—sure! So I put it up to you, Petey—square and aboveboard—what are they tryin' to work on Stan now?'

"'To get his mine, you idjit!' says Pete. 'Now be reasonable,' says I. 'How'd they know we got any mine?' 'Didn't you tote a sample out of that blisterin' old desert?' says Pete. 'We did,' I admits, 'just one little chunk the size of a red apple—and it weighed near a couple of ton whilst we was perishin' for water. But we stuck to it closer than a rich brother-in-law,' says I. 'You been had!' jeers Pete. 'What kind of talk is this? You caught that off o' Thorpe, over on the Malibu—you been had! Talk United States! Do you mean I've been bunked?' I spoke up sharp; but I was feelin' pretty sick, for I just remembered that we didn't register that sample when we mailed it to the assayer.

"'Your nugget's been seen, and sawed and smeltered. Got that? As part of the skulduggery they been slippin' to young Stan, your package has been opened,' says Petey, leerin' at me. 'Great Scott! Then they know we got just about the richest mine in Arizona!' I says with my teeth chatterin' so that I stammers. 'Gosh, no! Else the coyotes would be pickin' your bones,' says Pete. 'They know you've got some rich ore, but they figure it to be some narrow, pinchin', piddlin' little vein somewheres. How can they guess you found a solid mountain of the stuff!'

"'Sufferin' cats!' says I. 'Then is every play I make—henceforth and forever, amen—to be gaumed up by a mess of hirelin' bandogs? Persecutin' Stan was all very well—but if they take to molesting me any, it's going to make my blood fairly boil! Is someone going to draw down wages for makin' me mizzable all the rest of my whole life?' 'No such luck,' says Petey. 'Your little ore package was taken from the mail as part of the system of pesterin' Stanley—but, once the big boss-devil glued his bug-eyes on that free-workin' copper stuff, he throwed up his employer and his per diem, and is now operating roundabout on his own. They take it you might have papers about you showing where your claim is location papers, likely. That's all! These ducks, here, want to go through you. Nobody wants to kill you—not now. Not yet—any more than usual. But, if you ask me,' said Petey, 'if they ever come to know as much about that copper claim as you know they'll do you up. Yes, sir! From ambush, likely. So long as they are dependin' on you to lead them to it you're safe from that much, maybe. After they find out where it is—*cuidado!*

"'But who took that package out of the mail, Petey? It might have been any one of several or more—old Zurich, here at Cobre; or the postmaster at Silverbell; or the postal clerks on the railroad; or the post-office people at El Paso.'

"'You're an old pig-headed fool,' says Pete to me; 'and you lie like a thief. You know who it was, same as I do—old C. Mayer Zurich, grand champion lightweight collar-and-elbow grafter and liar, cowman, grubstaker, general storekeeper, postmaster, and all-round crook, right here in Cobre—right here where young Stanley's been gettin' 'em dealt from the bottom for three years. Them other post-office fellows never had no truck with Stanley—never so much as heard of him. Zurich's here. He had the disposition, the motive, the opportunity and the habit. Besides, he sold you a shoddy coat once. Forgotten that?'"

Pete paused to glower over that coat; and young Mitchell, big-eyed and gasping, seized the chance to put in a word:

"You're an ingenious old nightmare, pardner—you almost make it convincing. But Great Scott, man! Can't you see that your fine, plausible theory is all built on surmise and wild conjecture? You haven't got a leg to stand on—not one single fact!"

"Whilst I was first a-constructing this ingenious theory your objection might have carried force; for I didn't have a fact to stand on, as you observe. I conjectured round pretty spry too. Reckon it took me all of half a second—while them two warriors was giving me the evil eye. I'll tell you how it was." He related the story of the shooting match and the lost bet. "And to this unprovoked design against an inoffensive stranger I fitted the only possible meaning and shape that would make a lick of sense, dovetailin' in with the real honest-to-goodness facts I already knew."

"But don't you see, old thing, you're still up in the air? Your theory doesn't touch ground anywhere."

"Stanley—my poor deluded boy!—when I got to the railroad I wired that assayer right off. Our samples never reached El Paso. So I wrote out my fake location and filed it. See what followed that filing—over yonder? I come this way on purpose, expecting to see those fires, Stanley. If they hadn't been there we'd have gone on to our mine. Now we'll go anywhere else."

"Well, I'll just be teetotally damned!" Stanley remarked with great fervor.

"Trickling into your thick skull, is it? Son, get a piece of charcoal. Now you make black marks on that white rock as I tell you, to hold down my statements so they don't flutter away with the wind. Ready? Number one: Our copper samples didn't reach the assayer—make a long black mark. . . . Therefore—make a short black mark. . . . Number Two: Either Old Pete's crazy theory is correct in every particular—a long black mark. . . . Or—now a short black mark. . . . Number Three: The assayer has thrown us down—a long black mark. . . . Number Four: Which would be just as bad—make a long black mark."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# What you should know about roofing

The past few years have seen big changes in the roofing industry. Before you can safely decide "what roof," you should know more about "The Roofing Development of the Twentieth Century." Here are the facts.

**Looks** [illegible] and slate surface of Neponset Twin Shingles make as handsome a roof as it is possible to find. They have the look of slate, laid in substantial looking large slabs. Their soft green and red colors harmonize with any surroundings or architectural plan. You can be sure of eye-satisfaction.

**Wear** Tough felt, saturated with the best waterproofing material known (everlasting asphalt), then coated and recoated with crushed rock and asphalt, pressed and rammed into one solid, thick sheet. Similar materials in our famous Paroid Roofing are still giving good service on roofs laid 18 years ago when Paroid was new.

**Fire-resistance** On a Neponset Twin Shingle roof sparks and flying embers burn out harmless. Most conflagrations spread from roof to roof. These shingles are a very great protection. They are approved by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

**Cost** Notwithstanding their great beauty and durability, Neponset Twin Shingles belong in the class of economical roofings. Their uniform shape and double width halve cost of laying, because two shingles are really laid at a time; and also lessen cracks and nail holes.

# NEPONSET TWIN SHINGLES

(Patent applied for)

Five layers, six processes build up Neponset Twin Shingles into one thick, solid, inseparable mass, impervious to rain, sun, frost—undecaying and not affected by sparks or embers. Always remember "five layers, six processes."

There are three types of Neponset Shingles, meeting every requirement and pocket-book.

For factories, warehouses, barns, etc., similar material is furnished in rolls. It is Neponset PAROID Roofing—a roofing that for service has been unchallenged for 18 years. There are three types of Neponset Roll Roofing, meeting every requirement and pocket-book.

See the Neponset Dealer in your town. He can supply you with just the product you need—made and guaranteed by us.

***Send for Free Booklet "Repairing and Building"***

It tells about Neponset Twin Shingles and the other Neponset Building Products — NEPONSET Built-up Roof for Industrial Plants. NEPONSET Waterproof Building Papers. NEPONSET Wall Board for cottages, attics and ceilings in place of laths and plaster.

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REPUBLIC TRUCK SERVICE STATION

IN 667 principal cities—in all the 48 states—this sign is displayed by America's representative motor truck dealers. Republic Service blankets the country with these stations, completely equipped and expertly manned. When you think of trucks

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**5 Republic Sizes—A Truck for Every Need**

Republic Dispatch delivery with express body, canopy top and complete equipment, $795; with solid panel body, $820; 1-ton, express or stake body and bow top, $1195; 1½-ton, $1375; 2-ton, $1785; 3½-ton Dreadnaught, $2675.

*Write for Catalog of model you are interested in*

**Republic Motor Truck Co., Inc. Dept. Y Alma, Mich.**

*Part of Crown Petroleum Company's fleet of Republic trucks. Many users standardize their business with Republics.*

INTERNAL GEAR DRIVE

# MOTHER, MAY I GO IN THE FILMS?

(Continued from Page 19)

"Madam," I reply, "you are suffering from what we call cinemasipelas; but in your case it hasn't got very far. Now run right back and wash the dishes, do the housework, and when the children are off at school throw yourself on the bed and have a good cry; and if you cry hard enough you may cry your movie soul out, and then you'll be well. I've known hundreds of women in your fix, and they all tell me that when they are cured they can make better marmalade."

There is probably nothing that so clutters up the making of moving pictures as souls a-borning. We develop a new one almost every day; and sometimes in the big mob scenes you can hear them popping all over the lot. Occasionally a man gets a soul; and when he does he's the most awful spectacle imaginable, and his usefulness usually ends with its birth. Women's souls are not nearly so beautiful as men's, but they occur oftener.

About half the women who apply for work are suffering from soul birth and "simply have to act." They have been called by funny noises in the head; and so they write or come in person in answer to the call.

If you want to know what dreadful ogres the keepers of the gates of Movie Land are, just ask any of these soul-encumbered ladies. We are "fixed"; "play favorites"; are "open to bribery"; "don't know talent when we see it"; and other delicious things. But this we do know—the actor with a soul is a pest; and, rather than have the director come and kick us on the shins for unloading one on him, we try to administer the chloroform at the window.

There are, however, more sordid reasons that prompt many women to apply. Some, though apparently well cared for, simply wish to be independent of their husbands: "Harry is a perfect dear, and gives me everything; but I want to earn some money for my very own. But he mustn't know what I am doing, for he'd be dreadfully cut up if he thought I was working in the pictures."

The most puzzling applicants are those who come asking for work and hoping they will not find it. I had two such cases in one day last week. The second one quite audibly said "Thank heaven!" when I told her there was no work. Even George can't give me the answer to this conundrum.

With many of the applicants, though, it is a case of serious necessity; they simply have to find work. And if they do land they are very much more reliable than those who come in through pull. A short time ago a tall, capable-looking woman of about thirty came to the window and demanded work. She said her husband, who was in Alaska, couldn't get money to her until the boats got through in May. We were just putting on a snow picture up in Bear Valley, and as she could handle dogs and run snowshoes we took her on; and she proved to be a crackajack.

### A Dangerous Epidemic

It's queer how much more persistent in applying for work the women are than the men. Women will argue, plead, lie and resort to every feminine trick to get work; but if the employment director merely shakes his head the men will pass right on. I sat in with Mr. Gersted the other day, and I couldn't fail to notice how much simpler his job was than mine. As the men filed by he would shake his head, or simply say: "Nothing to-day, Miller."—"They are using old men at Fox this week, Pete."—"Sorry, Smith; nothing doing."—"Here's your check, Rubinoff. Report to Mr. Davies. Western stuff."—"Nothing to-day, Ruiz; but bring your little boy round at three o'clock. Mr. Larned is making a hospital picture."—"Sorry, Platt. I did not get a very good report on you from San Francisco. They tell me you got drunk on the boat going up. I wouldn't waste time coming here any more."

Here is another factor that limits the chances of the outsider wishing to break into the extra class: At least fifty per cent of all people now working extra are relations of the directors, camera men, stuges, carpenters, and other workers on the lot. It is perfectly natural that we should want to land the good jobs for our families and friends. Furthermore, the studio encourages the practice, for it tends to stability. And as for a girl, if it is known that her father or brother is working she has a protection that no studio mother could give.

The accusation is often made that we favor the relations and friends of the directors, and that their sisters and cousins and aunts always draw down the big checks, while the rest of the bunch have to be contented with the two-dollar and three-dollar stuff. This is largely true. As my job is to furnish a satisfactory cast for the director, who am I to deny him if he thinks his sister ought to have a "bit"? If the picture is rotten it's his fault; and if he wants to risk his judgment he is perfectly privileged to commit artistic suicide.

The desire to act upon the screen is, however, by no means confined to studio towns. It is nation-wide; has, in fact, assumed the proportions of an epidemic.

A girl works joyfully in a soap factory or the basement of a department store for ten happy hours, and in the evening goes to a picture show. Here she sees a new world of romance, adventure and fun. Before her eyes passes a kaleidoscope of pretty clothes, automobiles, gay suppers, beach bathing, and a million other things she suddenly realizes she has missed. Her life seems now to be gray and dull, and she begins to dream and mope.

### Girls With Movie Souls

But we must not let the sympathy we feel for this poor child apply to her gum-chewing sister in the music department; for the urge of this chicken-minded youngster is simple vanity. She is firmly convinced that the late movie favorite is a dub, and if she had only half her chance she'd show the fans some real acting. When her soul develops to the proper size she hies forth to a near-by town to enter a moving-picture school that guarantees to place all of its students with some famous company.

When one of our leading women made a well-advertised auto trip across the country she was overwhelmed at every stop by hysterical kids like this, who wanted to kiss the hem of her dust coat, or be taken along. Some of them even jumped on the running board and had to be torn from the fairy chariot by sheer force.

It is just as well that Los Angeles is so far away; for if every girl who feels this thrill could make the grade our city would soon become the center of population. As it is, enough of them arrive to overwhelm the studios and embarrass the authorities.

Letters come in such quantities that many studios have given up any attempt to answer them; so I am going to take this opportunity to tell my poor soul-stirred sisters the truth about this business.

The fake schools about the country are responsible for most of the trouble. They "graduate" hundreds of girls, who come out here without a chance in the world.

A unique feature of this city is its "mothers." There are ten, I think, appointed by the mayor for the purpose of looking after our girls. These city mothers chaperon the municipal dances, attend all juvenile-court proceedings, take care of delinquents, and in every way mother the dependent girls. So serious became the problem of handling the girls with movie souls who flocked in here that the mayor appointed one of our leading actresses as a city mother just to look after these cases. In this capacity she advises with the girls, gets them jobs in the shops or as domestic servants, or arranges with the authorities of their home towns to send them back. By a tireless campaign of speeches she finally enlisted the coöperation of certain civic bodies, which succeeded in driving out the fake moving-picture schools advertising in the East and Middle West. The effectiveness of her work is shown in a marked degree in the decreasing number of these girls who have become public charges. However, there are yet so many such schools about the country that a knowledge of their methods may save many heartaches to unhappy little girls.

A favorite mode of operation is somewhat as follows: The school agrees, for a certain sum, say, twenty-five dollars—sometimes more—to prepare anyone for the screen. A lack of natural ability and "a


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Bed Davenports

No home or apartment is completely furnished without a Kroehler Kodav or a Kroehler Daveno. The Kroehler Kodav is a short davenport for small rooms and the Kroehler Daveno is a long davenport for large rooms.

Each contains, concealed under the seat, a full-size, luxuriously comfortable bed, equipped with a thick, removable mattress. This bed section folds or unfolds instantly with slight effort.

Either the Kroehler Kodav or the Kroehler Daveno is a *positive economy*. Either will provide additional sleeping room for members of your family—or for guests—and will

**Save Space—Save Rent—Enable You to Live in a Smaller Home or Apartment**

The steel wire fabric and helical springs supporting the mattress are firmly attached to an all-steel, sanitary bed frame.

Bed frame and springs are entirely independent of upholstering and when in use as a bed there is room for free circulation of air underneath and all around.

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The patented folding mechanism is simple and perfect. Nothing to get out of order.

**Highest Award Given Kroehler Bed Davenports at Panama-Pacific Exposition**

None but the best materials used. Every part of the construction and finish closely inspected. Seven mammoth factories built up by P. E. Kroehler from a small beginning are an assurance of satisfaction.

Large variety of styles, including Period designs.

**Sold by Reliable Furniture Dealers Everywhere at Moderate Prices, for Cash or Easy Payments**

The name "Kroehler" is stamped on every bed frame. Insist on seeing it before you buy.

*Write for interesting Free Booklet*
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Makes It Easy

By the invention of *Sani-Flush* the disagreeable task of cleaning toilet bowls was made easy.

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keeps toilet bowls snowy white, odorless and sanitary. It cleans the hidden trap perfectly. Sprinkle a little in the toilet bowl every two or three days and avoid dipping and scrubbing. *Sani-Flush* is made to clean toilet bowls only. It will not injure bowl or connections.

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*Sani-Flush* is a sanitary necessity wherever there is a toilet. It is patented. Nothing else like it. Sold by grocers, druggists, plumbers, hardware and general stores.

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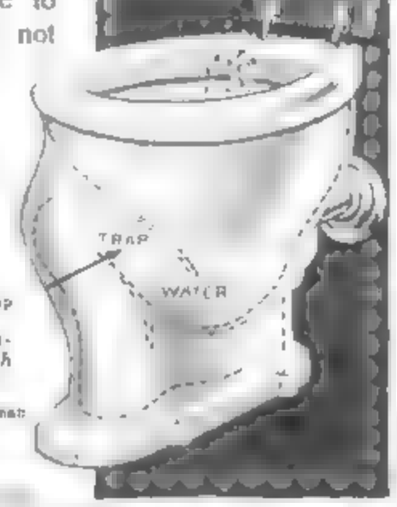
Canton, Ohio

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The heel that provides protection, comfort and long wear, but has no holes to track mud and dirt—Ask for the heel with the Red Plug.
[illegible] in all sizes—black, white or tan. 50c. attached—all Dealers.
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face that only a mother could love" are no [illegible]. When the victim has kicked in the twenty-five dollars she is lined up with the others and is given her lessons. These consist in distending their foolish faces in vain efforts to register fear, anger, surprise, love, sorrow, and other human emotions; if you ever catch Minnie mugging before a mirror you will know she has cinemasipelas and is probably attending a movie school. After a few weeks of this futile bunk the "director" takes a few feet of test film and, with this and her certificate, the future movie queen is loaded upon a train for Los Angeles. Both of her credentials are, of course, worthless.

New slants on the old fraud are constantly developing. Here is one that just came to me: A fellow went into secret partnership with a photographer, and after starting his so-called school, the fee of which was so low that no end of girls bit, he started teaching his students make-up; but, in order to find out whether the results were photographically good, the victims had to have their pictures taken by the silent partner. By the lure of a great pageant, which he was shortly to produce, he managed to hold their interest. Passing out the script, he had them all competing for the leading parts; and those who photographed best would, of course, get the plums. The photographer did one whale of a business; but as the pageant was constantly postponed the aspirants either grew tired of waiting or their money was gone; and, one at a time, they all dropped out.

One of the meanest tricks came to light a short time ago through the testimony of several girls under the care of the city mother. A handsome traveling salesman for some prosperous company, who wished to lighten up his evenings, evolved this snappy little plan. Having some cards printed proclaiming him to be George Henry So-and-So, director of the Bunkoscope Moving-Picture Company, of Los Angeles, he would attend the big department store of the village at the rush hour and prowl about "looking for types." When he found some good-looking kid who appeared vain and easy he would go up and, while he presented his card, begin to rave. He would tell her that she was exactly the type he needed to play the lead in a new story the company was about to produce. All that afternoon the child is delirious with her dream. She meets George Henry for supper; and then—well, it's the same old tiresome tale.

### *No Room for Gladys Badegg*

It is bad enough to have every notoriety-seeking girl who gets into a jam claim that she is a moving-picture actress; but to have these gentlemen unloaded on us is too much. So the studios are endeavoring to have legislation passed making it a criminal offense to claim connection with a moving-picture company, unless the claimant can prove the company's existence and his connection with it.

In order to look after the girls already working in the pictures, a few of the leading women of the industry organized the Hollywood Studio Club, a branch of the Y. W. C. A., where all the girls can meet and get acquainted with one another. It's a godsend to the kids who have no place to go except to hat round the town. We have teas, garden parties, studio dances, and all kinds of stunts that bring the bunch together; and if a girl gets down on her luck she can stay at the club until she lands on her feet again.

These little heart-to-heart talkfests exhibit a very curious difference between men extras and women extras in their attitude toward their work. When a bunch of men get together they seem to be interested only in what they are earning, and talk only about their pay checks; and though these material souvenirs mean more to women than to men, yet they gossip entirely about their parts, clothes, make-up, and other things pertaining to their "art."

There are some, of course, whose only thought is of clothes. One girl came to me who had spent a thousand dollars on her wardrobe and expected to break in with it. She will never get beyond working as atmosphere in the "soup and fish" stuff, for her clothes are her only capital; she can't act for beans!

There is occasionally a loose-minded creature who believes the suspicion that there is but one way a girl can surely land. One came to me last week and announced that if I knew a director who would put her over she would "pay anything."

"My dear young idiot," I replied, "directors are not fools. And one who would try to star a girl with no more to offer than you have would absolutely end his usefulness. Directors have no cinch on their jobs, and hold them only so long as their work comes up to the standard of the studio. Besides, I employ all the girls on this lot; so you'd better beat it before I call the policewoman."

So persistently does this stigma hold over from the old days that we are especially alert to the game. Mr. Mills, the director-general of this studio, is so particular that he cans a person who is in the least suspicious. On various occasions he has employed detectives as stage carpenters or extra men, to watch the crowds and weed out the rotten ones. He claims that good work cannot be done in an unpleasant atmosphere.

It is even a rule of our studio that the cast cannot frequent the cabarets and public dance halls. We don't want people pointing out our girls and saying: "There's Gladys Badegg, of the Filmart Studio!" These are hard days for the Badeggs to break in.

Even after a girl has satisfied us as to her character, ability and health, she has one more obstacle to overcome before she is taken on. No matter how pretty she is in the flesh, she may photograph badly; so we always make tests of her in different scenes and under various lights. Often, if the candidate seems promising, we make as much as a thousand feet of film. These tests sometimes compel us to turn down a girl with exceptional talent and stunning beauty; but, alas, it will be the kind of beauty that will not register.

### *The Saint Vitus School of Acting*

A good thorough test is a mighty trying ordeal to the poor girl who is in for it. An interior set may be used first. The nervous hopeful takes her place and then the director says:

"Now, Miss Blank, you are discovered sitting before the fire in thoughtful reverie; you hear a noise; and, slowly turning the head, you notice a face at the window; you stand up horrified; rush to the door; find it locked; look in despair toward the window, but, ah, there is the telephone! You rush for it and, facing the camera, call up 31046; while waiting, you register great agitation; it is too late! The man is in the room. As he advances you rush to the door again; and, finding it still locked, you drop down in utter collapse. Now let's run through this."

If the young lady's work is satisfactory the director will then take her to the glass studio and put her through some quiet, sentimental scene under the ghastly yellow lights there. A few feet out in the sunlight will complete the test.

I recall one dynamic young thing who had never acted, but claimed that she could do emotional stuff.

"All right," said the director; "let's see you weep." Then he went on: "I am your husband, and I'm leaving you for the tall blonde who is waiting outside. Now let's see how you'd behave."

Well, that's the last time this director ever suggested such a scene with himself playing opposite the neglected wife. The embryonic Duse began to scream and yell until, even in a place inured to strange and awful noises, she had brought frightened folk from every corner of the lot. They came running from all directions, only to behold one of the most dignified directors on the lot being hauled and mauled all over the set. The young lady evidently had breakfasted on firecrackers, for when she was touched off she was an emotional set piece. Her ravings and pleadings became so hysterical that even the director, appreciating the joke, let her rave. After she had nearly torn the clothes off the poor man he managed to make his exit; and then she began to register despair by ripping at her own stuff, actually tearing to shreds a perfectly good hat that had probably set her back fifteen dollars. She would have been glorious ten years ago, when the Saint Vitus school of acting was so fashionable in the movies.

Sometimes—not often—a girl will break into the pictures simply by outwitting the opposition. One of our youngest stock actresses told me how she bombarded a New York studio every day for six weeks and never so much as got on the lot. She thought if she could just get inside she

(Continued on Page 125)

# Pennsylvania VACUUM CUP TIRES

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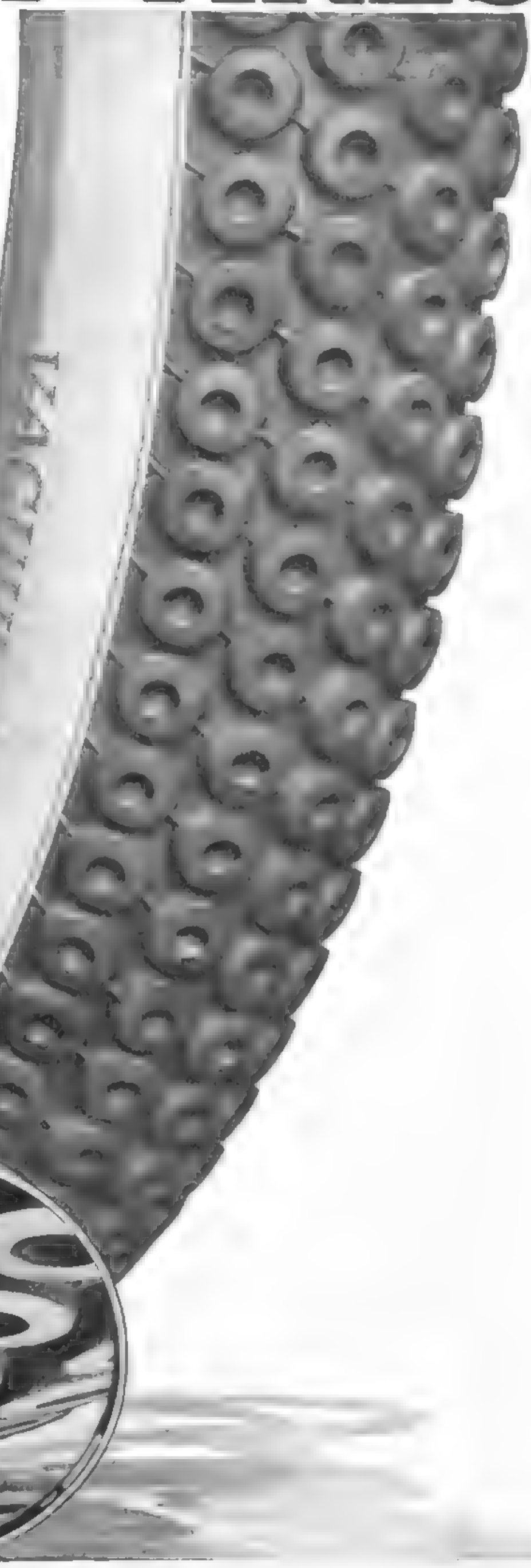

This explains why test after test has conclusively proved time and again that no retarding of the forward speed is possible—that Vacuum Cup Tires roll as easily as other tires of equal weight and thickness.

As to service, Vacuum Cup Tires are *guaranteed*—per warranty tag attached to each casing—for

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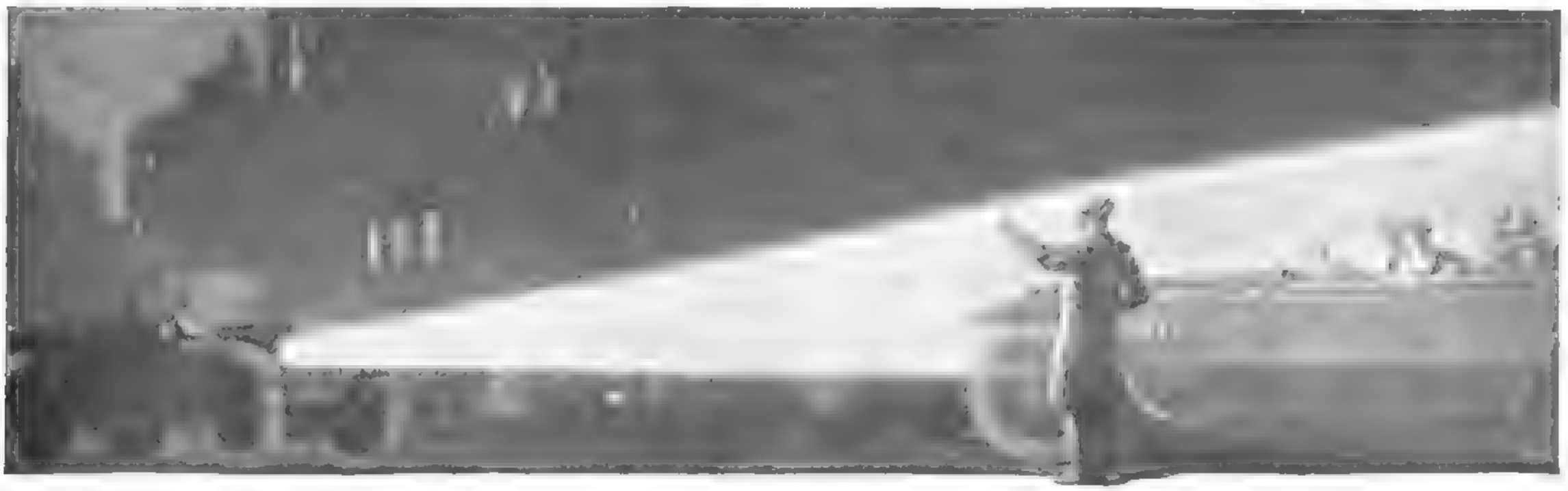


*Penetrating Glare from Ordinary Lens*

# The Law Forbids

The law forbids those glaring headlights in many cities and in several states.

Some laws make one requirement, some another. Dimmers have been made to meet them but they give too little light. And the light is too confined. Dimmed or undimmed, such lights fail to light the roadsides or the turns.

## Use Warner-Lenz

Now come Warner-Lenz, complying with all requirements, approved by all authorities.

No reduction in your light, but simply wide diffusion. Each is 176 lenses in one. The center sub-lenses throw a softened light from 300 to 500 feet ahead. The other sub-lenses throw a light like daylight on every hand.

They spread the rays over about 180 degrees—about your whole angle of vision.

You never need dim them, save for economy when standing. You have your full light always on country roads or city streets. Yet you don't blind anyone.

## Safety Demands Them

Safety alone would demand Warner-Lenz, were there no laws to consider. They light the turns, and glaring headlights cannot do that.

Straight, dazzling beams shoot up on inclines or on tangent turns, leaving dark what you want to see. Warner-Lenz spread a glory of light all around you.

A glare blinds pedestrians and drivers. Warner-Lenz show things as they are.

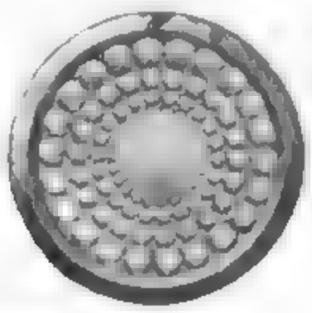
## 16 Makers Adopt Them 350,000 Users

Warner-Lenz are but nine months old. Yet 16 famous makers now put them on all their cars. And 350,000 users have discarded old lenses for them.

Others are changing fast—many thousand cars a month. The end of this year, in our opinion, will find a million cars diffusing this perfect light.

Get Warner-Lenz today. Don't risk another night without them. Go to your accessory dealer, or send to us. They are lenses only. Simply insert them in place of your present lenses.

Be sure you get Warner-Lenz. Others now claim to diffuse light. But all these great makers, after tests and comparisons, have adopted Warner-Lenz.



# WARNER-LENZ

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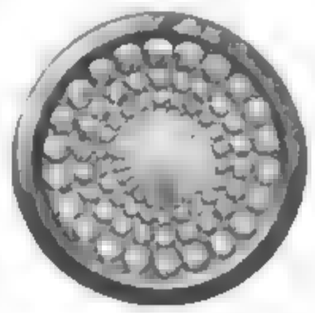

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# THE WARNER-LENZ CO., 918 S. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 122)

might make her presence felt. Her frontal attacks having failed, she tried strategy. So one morning she walked right past the waiting line and started through the gate. The monster in charge stopped her, of course; but she explained to him that she had worked there the day before and had left a pair of gold slippers in the dressing room, and just wanted to run in and get them, as she needed them at the Wachimacalut Studio, where she was working that day. Suspicious old nut that he was, the gatekeeper fell for the stall and let her in.

Once, inside, she took off her hat and coat, and loafed round as though she was waiting to go on. About ten o'clock a busy, nervous sort of chap bounced up and asked her with whom she was working.

"I don't think Mr. Thorp is going to use me after all," she said truthfully; "so if you want me I'm pretty sure it would be all right."

"Then beat it right over to the property room and get a long raincoat and a hatbox, and then run out and get into the third machine by the north entrance. We ought to have left here an hour ago."

Having been registered in several scenes that day she was told to report the next morning; in fact, that picture kept her on the lot for two weeks, during which time she was able to cinch her job.

I think, for real intelligent persistence in landing a movie job, the prize should go to a little girl who is connected in an odd way with our studio. Three years ago she was living in far-off Bohemia, dreaming that she had a moving-picture soul and deciding in her little heart that she was some day to be a movie queen. She had seen several of our pictures and determined that she was destined for this particular studio. The story of her two-years trip to Los Angeles was not unusual—steerage to New York, where she had relatives; six months learning the language and working in domestic service; then Chicago, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and finally Los Angeles. There is nothing in this that deserves especial comment; but the way this young foreigner planned her assault upon Movie Land is unique in my very extensive observations.

### *The End of Minnie's Dream*

When she landed here she knew nobody, but through the municipal Employment Bureau got a job in domestic service. For several weeks she just studied the lay of the land, but never once went to the studio. After learning that many of our actors and actresses lunched at a place near by, she watched her chance and one day got a job waiting on the table at this place. Here, sooner or later, she was bound to get acquainted with some of the leads.

This she did; and so well liked was she that, when she offered her services to Miss Kingdon as lady's maid, she was taken on at once.

At last she was within reach of her goal. Her new position brought her to the studio every day, and after she felt well-enough acquainted she confessed her secret ambitions to me.

"Minnie," I said, "you are not pretty and you probably can't act a bit; but some day I'll use you in mob stuff, and then you can see for yourself."

Shortly after this conversation we were putting on a French Revolution story, and as Minnie was a good "type" I sent for her.

Miss Kingdon told me afterward that Minnie came tearing into her dressing room all excitement and said she was "about to become an actress." She grabbed Miss Kingdon's grease paint, rouge, toilet articles, and all, and began to make up in hysterical joy. When this was accomplished she threw her arms round her fairy godmother's neck and told her how sorry she was to leave her service; but her prayer had been answered and she must go. So Minnie plunged into the "drayma," as the culture-club ladies call it.

That day the little Bohemian girl's dream of many years had come true. She had reached the heights, achieved the Ball of Gold; but, alas, it was clay. Sore of feet and tired of body and soul, she returned to her dressing room and threw herself down to cry. All day long she had rushed through the streets of Paris without lunch or rest; she had been struck by pasteboard rocks, turned her ankle on the rough cobbles, and was finally thrown into the moat, where she nearly froze. It was enough to puncture the enthusiasm of even a stronger girl than Minnie.

That night she timidly opened the door of Miss Kingdon's bungalow and said: "I've come back, Miss Kindum. I don't want to be the movie queen. I tink I rather be queen of your kitchen." If you ask me, I believe her renunciation of the dough was as intelligent as her achievement of her cake.

It would be a good thing if all film-mad girls in the country could be put through one of these rough scenes. It is downright physical labor and suffering for the extras, and often for the principals. When, in this picture, they stormed the Bastille, droves of women were thrown into that moat, full of water—"Piped straight from Greenland," as one of them said. They fought and struggled for more than an hour while they made the big scene and innumerable close-ups, and after it was over I could see the girls huddled together in groups, shivering as though they had the ague.

Despite my warning, many of them had come without any change of underclothing and had to go home wet to the skin. Outside of the many accidents that the studio had to look after, I suppose there were over fifty cases of grippe, developed as a consequence of that scene.

### *No Heart for Rough Stuff*

Among the men, dare-devils—professional high-priced thrillers—do all the dangerous stuff, even doubling for women in most cases where the latter are supposed to take risks. But we have one girl of twenty-six who will tackle anything a dare-devil will do, and a few besides. It was she who led the mob in the attack on the Bastille and it was to her courage and utter recklessness that the success of the picture was largely due.

There is a curious psychologic difference in the attitudes of the men and women toward the pictures, especially in the dangerous stuff. A down-and-out man will, of course, often take a desperate chance; but, as a rule, the men will rough it up only when they are promised a large return. On the other hand, women think only of the glory of their work, and will do their best just to get a good picture.

Some time ago we were making a picture of the Mount Pelée disaster; and one of the scenes, staged at Long Beach, showed the inhabitants of Martinique running and jumping off the end of a pier that extended far out into the ocean. To one standing on the end it seemed as if the turbulent sea was miles below. A great many men and women had gone over and were picked up by waiting boats, and the scene was to fade out on one last girl running down the pier, with all her bundles, throwing them into the water, and then, turning round to register horror at the volcano, she was to utter a scream and jump in.

The girl had done splendidly at the studio, but this was the first time her nerve had been tested. All went well until she was about to jump, and then she became frightened and refused to go. The director peevishly ordered the action over again, and a second time the girl got as far as the edge, where she stopped and began to cry "Oh, I can't do it! I can't do it!" The director gave me the high sign; so I walked the girl up the pier, where I had a little talk with her.

"How far do you expect to go in the pictures, dear?" I said. "For if you haven't the nerve for this job you'll have mighty little to do. Even if you can't swim, we are not going to let you drown! Be a sport and show these men that you are no cry-baby! It's a swell part; and, just as you jump, think how corking it will look on the screen."

It was this latter suggestion that brought the light into her eyes; and as she defiantly gathered up her bundles I patted her on the back and kissed her.

Down the pier she went the third time and, reaching the edge, turned to register the horror she actually felt, hesitated a minute and then jumped.

The poor child was so frightened that her take-off was bad; and, landing flat on the water, she tore a terrible hole in the ocean. She was stunned, but not hurt. However, she wouldn't do the scene again for a thousand dollars.

There is a girl whose limitations will confine her work to "soup and fish." She is a swell dresser, but she hasn't the heart for the rough stuff.

The pathetic part of this game is the number of women who will sign up for anything, just to have work. They will lie outrageously, saying that they can ride, swim or

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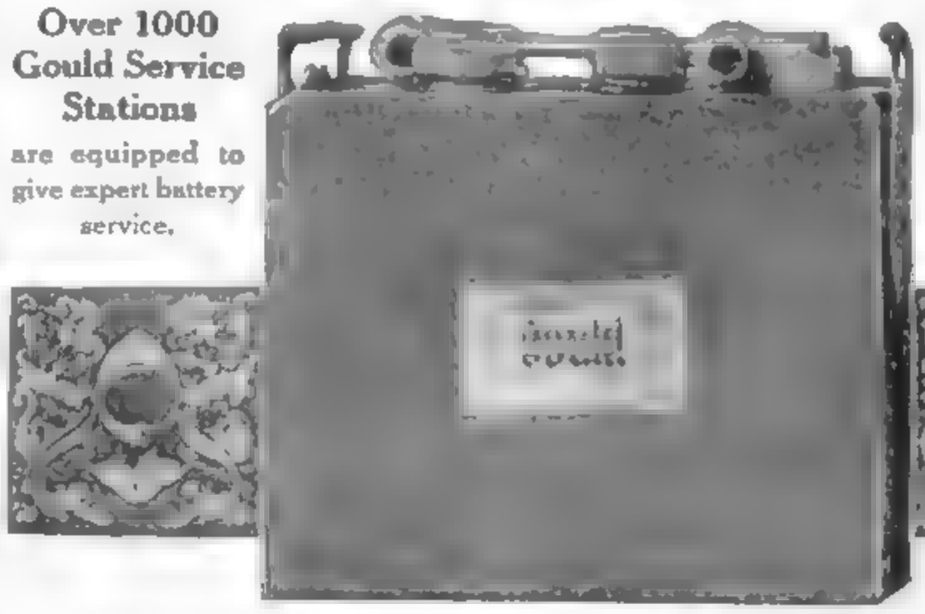

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drive racing cars; and then risk their foolish necks trying to make good with the directors.

It would perhaps have been more entertaining to have told only the lighter side of this life; but it would not have been fair. Such a glamour has been thrown about it by enthusiastic writers who have seen only the high spots, that many hopeful girls have been misled into believing it is their one chance to fulfill the dreams of romance, joy and adventure which their lives have missed, yet craved so eagerly.

If I have been stressing the pathos and tragedy too much it is because those are the aspects of the extra girls' lives that confront her oftenest. There is, of course, a happier side; but it is largely composed of anticipations and hopes, most of which are never realized. The one moment of utter sublimity comes when, after weeks and weeks of hard work and delicious anticipation, they go to a first run and see themselves upon the screen.

There is no doubt in my mind that the pictures mean more to women than to men. Most extra men, as I have said, care only for their pay; and I know many of them who rarely go to see the results of their work. There is one cowboy at the studio who boasts that he has never seen himself in the pictures, and doesn't want to.

The premier performance of a great ten or twelve reel feature picture in the center of Filmdom is one of the most unique events in the dramatic life of the country. In legitimate drama it is, of course, impossible to see the performers at once upon the stage and in the audience. Neither is it possible on first nights to have all the rival actors in attendance. When we have a first run every member of the cast, down to the six-hundredth extra—stuges, carpenters, costumers, scenario writers, camera men; in fact, everybody who has had any hand in the building of the picture—is there with bells. Besides these come the directors, leads and publicity men of the many rival companies, with only an occasional outsider who manages to squeeze in. It is one grand family party, different in its composition and psychology from any other in the world.

### *What Happened to Poor Sadie*

Downstairs in the dollar seats it is all "soup and fish." The men are irresistibly arrayed in evening clothes, right down to white gloves and the personal idiosyncrasies affected by most actors; while the women are dressed within an inch of their snappy lives—which one must admit is very stingy dressing. The sartorial gorgeousness gives a brilliancy to the audience that even the grandest opera could not call forth. The film celebrities are there; everybody knows everybody, and they bow and chatter and wave friendly recognition as though they were at some private garden party.

In the gallery and the balcony are the extras and lesser members of the cast, come to see themselves perform, and to applaud or knock the work of the others.

It is not a good time to determine artistic merits of the picture, for the interest of this audience is essentially egoistical. Thunderous applause greets the initial appearance of each and every member of the cast as he arrives upon the screen. The favorites, of course, get the larger share; but even an inconspicuous extra often has enough friends to bring forth quite a hand when he comes on, announcing the waiting carriage. Most of the leads have seen the picture before—projected in the cutting room; but for the extras this is the first time they have had a chance to observe how their work has registered.

Little squeals of delight from scattered groups announce the recognition of someone. "Oh, there I am, Madge—in the short skirt, just behind Wallie Reid. Isn't Wallie grand? The other day he says to me 'Rosie,' he says, 'you look swell to-day, and I want you to work well downstage.' And I says ——" "Yea, Bill," pipes up a friend of William's, a few seats back. "You did that bit swell, kid!" chirps a camera kid, proud of the cutie by his side. "Say, where do they get this Blanche Sweet stuff? You've got her beat four ways from the ace. When I get to directin' I'll show these ——" "That's me! That's me!" ungrammatically vouchsafes a big "arm and hammer" dame to her lady friend. "That's number six grease paint I'm usin'. Doesn't it give me a swell skin? Say, wait until you see me 'iris in' now on the third reel! Holy cat! What's happened? If that fool director hasn't cut out my best stuff! Wait till I ——"

One girl who has worked three weeks in the picture brings her whole family to witness her dramatic triumph. They wait and wait, only mildly interested in most of the picture, but with the liveliest expectations for Sadie's début. At last she clutches her mother's arm and squeals "Oh, there I am! There I am!" But, before the family have been able to sort her out of the wild mob, Sadie is gone, never to appear again. One hundred thousand feet of film were shot, and then cut to ten thousand; and, alas! poor Sadie was mostly in the ninety thousand.

But Sadie's will not be the only disappointment in the gallery this evening—or in the orchestra, for that matter. The cutting room of a studio is the slaughterhouse of vain ambition. No more cruel torture to highly sensitive people was ever invented than the cutting of film. To have the work and hopes of weeks assassinated by a heartless director! To sacrifice nine-tenths of one's work—and it's always "the best"—just so "the leads get all the footage," is a tragedy that only the film artist is called upon to suffer.

### *The Girl Who Went Back*

Technical things that no unsophisticated audience would ever notice also come in for applause. For instance, the leading man lights his pipe from a candle, and as he does so the illumination upon his face glows up and down with each draw that he pulls. Wild clapping for the camera man! For this is a new stunt!

During the intermission the audience flocks out into the lobbies to see one another and, better still, to be seen. The director and the leads hold veritable receptions; rival actors strut about, giving the extra people a treat and the performing leads a pain; ingénues, vamps and character men stand round in attitudes and little groups, discussing the play; and the extra people whisper their recognitions in more or less awesome admiration.

"There she is, Sid! Say, she's got a face like a prune; but she certainly does photograph swell." "What do you think of the show, Bill?" "Great! Great! I think it beats the Kinsman." "Well, wait till you see the second half. I'm in that!"

When the great drama finally dissolves out on some sublime allegory there are loud cries for the director. With a "few well-chosen"—and rehearsed—words, the real hero of it all bashfully and with immodest modesty conveys his "heartmost felt," after which the happy mummers beat it out to their inconspicuous pink and lavender twin sixes and twos. Then to the chocolate shops, cafés and beaches, or maybe—home.

Notwithstanding the fact that every woman has at some time in her life longed to play Juliet, and that the younger generation all aspire to vamp or purr in the pictures, yet we occasionally find one to whom the vanities and excitements of this profession make no appeal.

A few years ago a great advertising campaign was carried on in order to find the most beautiful girl in America. The winner was to be given a leading rôle with a well-known company.

A young lady working as a stenographer in a large Eastern city won the great prize; and, with all the trumpets and bands playing, she was brought to Los Angeles.

She remained just one week, and in that time decided that she didn't have a moving-picture soul. The last we heard of the strange young woman, she had gone back to her stenography.

I have her picture in my office; and the other day, while I sat looking into her beautiful and intelligent face, I was wishing that her thirty million American sisters had her good sense. A rap on my window caused me to look up; and there stood a young mother, with a baby in her arms and a little boy hugging her skirts.

"Oh," she said, "I'm so glad to get here! I've come all the way from Kansas City. I've left my husband. . . . Yes; he's a fine fellow, but he doesn't understand. A psychic seeress told me I had a moving-picture soul; and I ——"

"Wait just a minute!" I interrupted as I reached for the telephone. "Say, Clara, connect me with the City Mother's office. . . . Is that you, Miss Kingdon? . . . Well, can you run up here for a minute" . . . No—yes; I have a beautiful package of nuts for you!"

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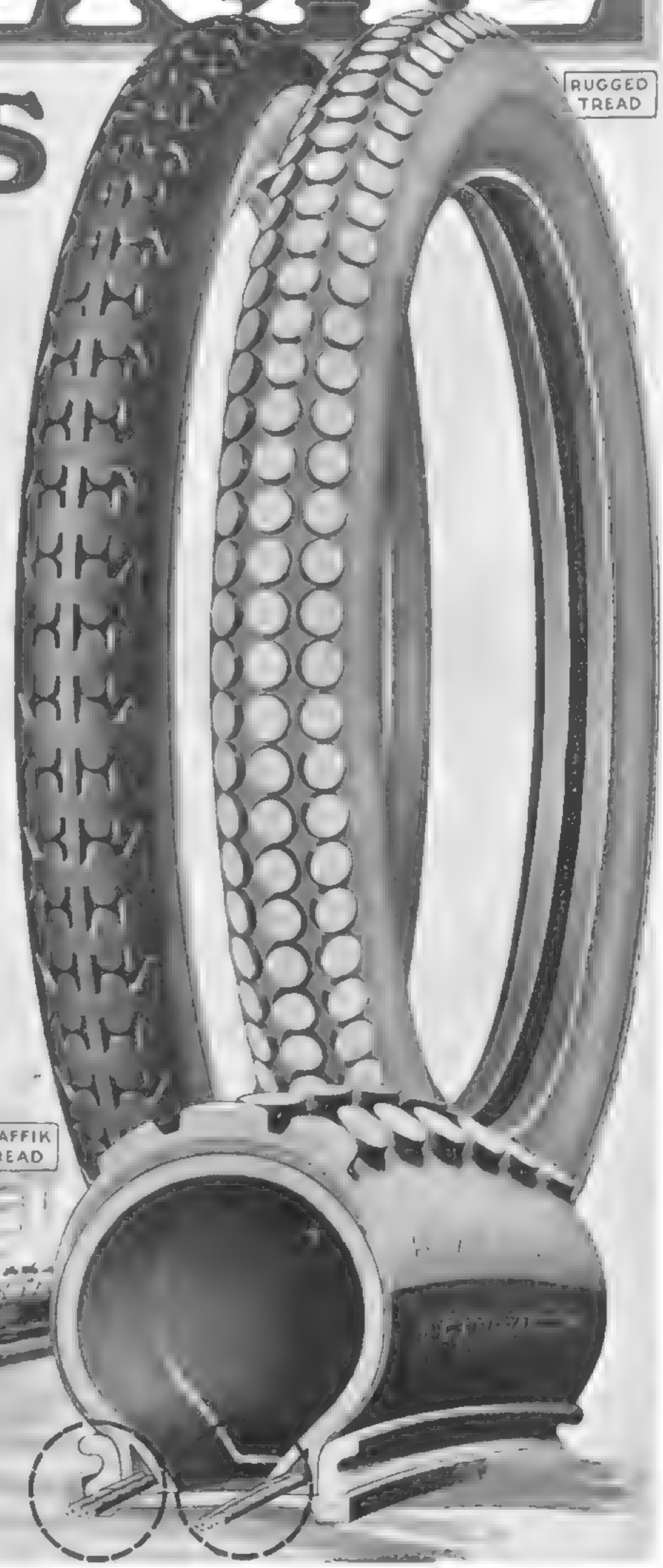

# TROUBLE SHOOTERS OF THE SEA

(Continued from Page 27)

Both times the captain and crew elect to remain on board. If they leave, property worth hundreds of thousands of dollars becomes ownerless, to be grabbed up by the first comer. No matter if the weather is threatening; the crew of the Louisiana chose to keep their vessel, risking the elements.

Twelve hours later the Cutter Yamacraw threads her way through the nested shoals to a position near the Louisiana, which is now being beaten about by heavy seas, filled with water, and racked till steel plates give and buckle. Does the cutter answer the winking calls for assistance by a gruff "You had two chances to get ashore and didn't see fit to take 'em; now you'll wait till morning!"? Not a bit of it! Courteously Captain Ridgely, of the Yamacraw, recognizes the right of all sailormen to try to keep their property. It was seamanlike of them to stay; no fault of theirs that wind and sea balk their endeavor and menace them with immediate destruction. The Yamacraw has come not to censure or dictate, but to save. Flashes back the answering signal: "Be ready to receive our boat."

So ten brave men of the cutter's crew were lost, after having gained the wreck, by a tremendous sea sweeping out of the darkness, mocking their skill and gallantry, adding one more to the martyrdoms before the altar of selfish legal tradition. And yet no word of complaint to the American public, careless and ignorant of its seafaring citizens, about the injustice of it all. And no suggestion that next time, and the time after that, the Coast Guard will not still be courteous and considerate, making allowances for men betwixt the fires of desire for life and dread of poverty.

Of course the service has its more glittering, showy talents. Its officers, always highly educated and well bred, are much in demand for affairs where pleasure is the object. No regatta is complete without a cutter or a couple of cutters to keep order and add a military note. Commissions traveling to our island possessions like the comfort and safety of a Coast Guard vessel. But when all these light duties are performed the service instantly turns back to what it calls its "business." Witness a classic example, not spread in the public prints, when a cutter, conveying a high civilian official, a member of the President's political family, suddenly departed said high official having nothing to say on account about a faint S O S heard in the small hours. "Business before pleasure," said the Coast Guard, with its simplicity, and to the immense enlightenment and consequent admiration of the cabinet officer.

### Plenty of Sea Service

After giving due weight to the traditions of a very old service, to the high character of its personnel, and to the strict regulations that govern its activities, one finds there is still an unidentifiable residuum of efficiency. The navy, for example, confesses inability to match the Coast Guard in seamanship and resourcefulness. It explains that in the navy men are specialists and haven't the opportunity for such varied service. But then the Coast Guardsmen are not, as younger naval officers sometimes infer, mere "sailormen"; and a casual scrutiny of the roster shows a large number of former naval officers now serving on the cutters. How and why did these men catch that indefinable intensification of professional acquirements which marks all Coast Guardsmen? Whence comes the "smartness" characteristic of these hard-worked officers?

The Coast Guard itself lays no claim—except in the utmost privacy—to anything but traditional efficiency. But a very brief survey of its history suffices to show that it does, as a matter of routine, what the navies of every other nation either cannot manage or dare not risk. In matters of arctic rescue and exploration the cutters have established a record unmatched. No one has ever questioned the amazingly accurate knowledge possessed by their officers of the intricate coasts of America, nor, I believe, has anybody had the temerity to suggest that the ordinary Coast Guard commissioned officer is not fully equipped to assume at a moment's notice the duties of a navy man of equal rank. It is not only the law but the fact that in time of war every gentleman holding a commission in the Coast Guard will automatically become a naval officer. And it is equally the fact that the navy has no other professional arm to supply its needs.

I am fully aware that the first man to deprecate comparisons between the two services is the Coast Guard officer. He is perfectly aware of his lack of constant training in handling modern guns of large caliber and apparatus, and no one is more modestly diffident about meeting his senior brothers on active duty with battleships. But, on the other hand, the smaller service demands greater experience and larger training than the navy does. When a man becomes a captain in the Coast Guard, which corresponds to lieutenant commander in the navy, he has seen more active sea service than any man of equal rank in the senior establishment; he has thoroughly acquainted himself with the entire littoral of the United States; is up in every modern practice of seamanship and navigation; and, more than all else, has the habit of independent command.

### The Cruise of the Bear

No one who has spent much time at sea can fail to remark the subtle but unmistakable characteristics of the man who has held command and is accustomed to its exercises. The very requirements of life on board a cruising vessel inevitably have their effect on any man who must assume the extraordinary responsibilities and powers of a commander. On the slacker or the unfit the effect is disintegrating, at times horrible. To the professionally capable and humanly fit, authority comes as naturally as breathing. But it is an accepted fact that no man may be held master of his business till he has successfully withstood the test of actually commanding his own ship; and in the Coast Guard this command is remarkably free from interference.

It is right here that the junior service draws to itself men who would chafe in the navy. Given ability, ambition and professional enthusiasm, a man has every chance for the exercise of every faculty God has given him if he chooses the Coast Guard. For years it seems as if that service had taken pride in sending its youthful and competent men to the uttermost parts of the world on errands that might well tax the capacities of men of distinguished record. Hardly a year has passed without a simple order issued from headquarters making history. And, so far as I am able to discover, the one order that has not been issued is one to find and mark the North Pole.

To those who would like to read the story of an adventure wilder in prospect than any of Baron Münchhausen's, more successful in the event than any of Jules Verne's fiction, and simpler in plan and execution than getting inside a pay-as-you-enter street car, I commend the report of the Revenue Cutter Service on the Cruise of the United States Revenue Cutter Bear and the Overland Expedition, November 27, 1897, to September 13, 1898. No epitome of this report can do it justice. But, for those who have no acquaintance with the manner in which the Coast Guard handles little affairs like the rescue of the two hundred and sixty-five persons icebound on eight whaling vessels "in the Arctic Ocean, somewhere in the vicinity of Point Barrow," I shall merely remark that it was on the fifteenth of November, 1897, that Secretary of the Treasury, Lyman J. Gage, ordered Captain Francis Tuttle, of the Cutter Bear, to proceed to the assistance of these vessels; that it was on November thirtieth when the Bear steamed out of Puget Sound for Unalaska. On December sixteenth Lieutenant Jarvis and his second in command, Lieutenant E. P. Bertholf—now captain commandant—were landed, with their dogs, sleds and provisions, near the village of Tununak, near Cape Vancouver, on Nelson Island. On the eighteenth they started overland on a journey that only ended the last part of March, 1898, when they reached the whaling vessels "in the Arctic Ocean, somewhere in the vicinity of Point Barrow."

Comfort has become fashionable. And, after all, comfort is the first great aid to the fullest joy of living.

President Suspenders for comfort

President Suspenders are worn by hundreds of thousands of good dressers, not only because they're so comfortable—no pull on buttons, no grip on shoulders—but because they insure, with the varying adjustments of the body, a uniformly correct hang to the trousers.

And the reason why President Suspenders do not pull or grip—why they hang the trousers right—is because the "give and take" feature (as shown in the picture) just slides and adjusts automatically. It is scientifically correct.

So light, so free and easy in movement, Presidents are as kind to the back as a silk shirt in Summer.

**Real Suspender Comfort—**

***the comfort not found in a belt***

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**ASK FOR *PRESIDENTS* BY NAME**

Say to your dealer—"I want a pair of *President* Suspenders." See that the "President" mark is on the buckle. You'll find them at good dealers everywhere—50 cents.

Get a pair of Presidents for each pair of your trousers. If they are not absolutely satisfactory in every respect, WE will refund your money on demand.

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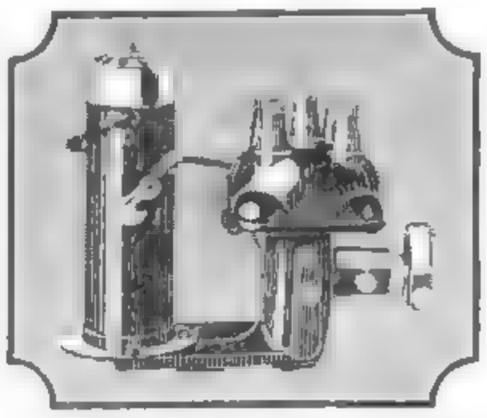

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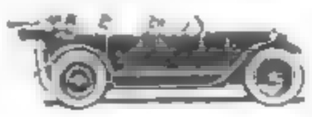

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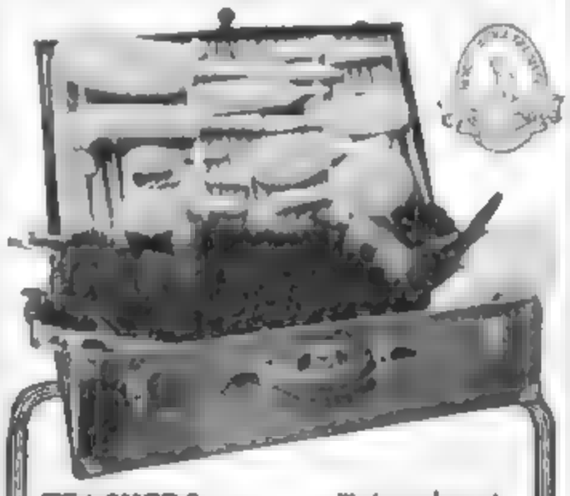

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Even the most exacting will allow that two weeks is not a long period of preparation for an arctic expedition that was wholly successful.

During the past winter many voyages have been undertaken by the cruising cutters at less than an hour's notice—in one case, at least, the cruise extending in stormy weather into mid-Atlantic. And in another case the Cutter Yamacraw answered four separate calls for assistance within one week, each call coming from a point nearly a hundred miles from her station. In another instance three cutters got under way within two hours to respond to an S O S.

It is natural that the officers and men of a service which demands such constant readiness should become imbued with a spirit of impatience for any life less arduous and exciting. It is well known that the two chief patrols—those of Bering Sea and the Arctic during one-half of the year, and of the steamer lanes in the North Atlantic during the spring, briefly termed "ice patrol"—are recognized by other governments as so valuable that every aid, both financial and political, is given them. Likewise both the Canadian and French Governments show no reluctance to acknowledge their indebtedness for the work of the Androscoggin, which cruises on the various Atlantic fishing banks to extend medical and surgical aid to the crews of American fishing vessels. And it should be known that every cutter doing this work is at all times performing service under conditions which no other establishment will or can endure—constant bad weather and menaced day and night by disaster.

Risky as a great deal of the Coast Guard's work is, the percentage of loss of vessels and crews is surprisingly low. When it is considered that its operations must take no account of stress of weather or season, that it is never called upon until other men have failed to meet the occasion, and that it must often encounter extraordinary and unforeseen obstacles, the wonder is that professional skill and daring are not more often defeated.

From a somewhat extended study of the Coast Guard, both on shore and at sea, one learns that the great difference between this service and every other, in the employment of its vessels, is the demand on its commanding officers that any and every risk shall be taken when it is a question of performing its specified work. True, an officer whose lack of skill or nerve costs lives or property will quickly be judged by members of his own service and punished. No excuse is accepted for blundering. But loss of life and property in the execution of duty, if unavoidable, is taken as incidental to a hazardous calling. The Coast Guard points with pride to glorious sacrifices in the cause of humanity and insistently requires of every man prompt and cheerful readiness to repeat those sacrifices.

### *Officers and Gentlemen*

It has been stated that the Coast Guard is also the first reserve of the navy, and in time of war automatically becomes a part of it. At a time when American citizens are busily thinking what preparations to make, and when, more specially, each able-bodied man is trying to decide what his duty shall be in the event of hostilities, it will do no harm to emphasize the value of the Coast Guard as a training school for young men of good family and education. It is essentially a gentleman's service, using the often misused term as it is used in the phrase "an officer and a gentleman." As such, it has always appealed to the small body of ambitious men who love the sea; and sooner or later its careful and efficient organization must be used to build up a really trained and always prepared fighting force. At present its vessels are fully manned and equipped, its complement, except in the matter of engineer officers, full; in other words, it has been mobilized.

One feature of the Coast Guard service is unique: It not only trains its officers for deck and engine-room duty but assumes that an engineer officer is capable of handling a vessel, and likewise insists that deck officers shall do duty with the engines at sea. The effect of this is twofold: both departments work intelligently together, and at any time either department may be reënforced directly from the other. The operation of this regulation is successful, in spite of criticism offered by other services; in fact, there is a late instance of a lieutenant—at present an engineer—taking a cruising cutter to sea to answer a call for assistance, without any other commissioned officer being aboard. For a junior to do this in the navy or the merchant marine would be to court the severest punishment. The lieutenant who took a cutter to sea on his own initiative was praised by his commanding officer and given to understand by headquarters that he had lived up to what was expected of him.

Indeed, the cutters disprove many old axioms, such as the one that a sailorman must be caught young. Coast Guard officers of the highest efficiency finished college before going to sea, and others added a professional course before stepping on a ship's deck. It is rather amusing to hear the praise offered gentlemen such as these by old-time mariners, whose highest form of praise is "Born sailormen!" But after a century's experience the Coast Guard is convinced that, though natural aptitude is essential, years as cabin boy or ordinary seaman are not necessary to make a smart, seamanlike officer. And there is a pretty strong feeling that a good education, good manners and real manhood are better preparation for extraordinary hardships, dangers and professional difficulties than "hardening" in a forecastle.

### *Versatile Sailormen*

Still another peculiarity of the service is its method of seeing to it that each officer acquaints himself with every possible duty he may be called upon to execute or direct. For example, there is an aviation branch; and though no decision has been reached as to the value of aviation in Coast Guard work, officers are now being trained and preparations made for active development of the branch. Briefly speaking, nothing is omitted to make the officer absolutely independent and self-reliant under all conditions. As an authority remarked, with the present increase in the use of aëroplanes and hydroplanes the Coast Guard would doubtless find itself called on for assistance, which it must give intelligently.

When it is remembered that the entire service costs the United States less than six million dollars a year, that its officers have prepared themselves for every contingency which may arise in active work at sea, and that any and every cutter has in its complement men able and ready to meet any emergency, it will be seen that the Coast Guard, according to its boast, will form a nucleus of highly trained and disciplined men for the formation of any new force which may be required to man and handle the proposed new fleets. Though it is freely acknowledged that in time of war the regular military establishment will be vastly enlarged, there is also a strong public sense of the necessity of offering men of experience, education and expert knowledge an opportunity for service without indiscriminately jamming them into the huge mass. For example, it is pure waste to put a trained electrician in the ranks of an infantry regiment; a mathematician makes no better fireman than does a street laborer, and a chemist loses all his personal value to the government when he is compelled to do duty as a hostler. Under the most favorable circumstances war is terribly wasteful of talent and intelligence.

Possibly the following partial summary of what the Coast Guard can supply in the way of experts at short notice may be instructive:

Pilots for any waters, inland or coast, of the continent of North America, West Indies or Hawaii; electricians capable of using any modern machine or appliance; aviators; navigators; hydrographers; marine engineers and constructors; gunners; skilled boatmen; sailors; physicians and surgeons; men trained to arctic work; men trained to work in the tropics; skilled tugboat masters; practical machinists; judges and lawyers; and experienced mine layers and handlers of high explosives.

All these are trained under active-service conditions and are accustomed to doing their work against all possible obstacles. They are also used to training other men, have developed the fine faculty for teaching what they know, and are, as well—most important in wartime—of approved nerve and coolness.

Just what duty this service will perform when war comes is, of course, unknown except to authority; but the fact remains that its personnel is now and always has been mobilized to its highest efficiency and can respond in ten minutes to whatever call may come.

# 1,583,617

***Motor cars and trucks were built in 1916***

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***Cars and trucks built in 1916 had Hyatt Bearings in various locations***

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***Hyatt Bearings for automobiles were made and delivered in 1916***

This is the measure of approval the automobile industry is giving Hyatt Quiet Roller Bearings.

Even the tremendous pace of motor car manufacture has been exceeded by Hyatt production. And yet these figures cover only the bearings produced for pleasure cars and motor trucks.

What do these enormous figures mean?

Their significance is this—Worth has created this demand, the greatest demand for any anti-friction bearing.

The shipments of January and February of this year, 1917, total 2,374,344 Hyatt bearings as compared with 1,109,103 for the same months last year. This forecasts a year's output of more than 15,000,000.

Hyatt Quiet Bearings have become a standard part in automobile construction. In the transmission, at the differential, in the rear wheels, and at other points where strains are severe and usage exceptionally hard, automobile engineers specify Hyatt bearings.

They are specified because they are known to be dependable. Automobile engineers, automobile manufacturers and several million automobile owners know what they will do.

Hyatt Bearings were a part of many of the first cars built, and twenty years of continuous service have proved their superiority.

***Hyatt Bearings deserve the dominance these figures indicate.***

**This number does not include the hundreds of thousands of Hyatt Bearings manufactured in 1916 for farm tractors, line shafting, mine cars, machine tools and many other industrial purposes.*

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This new National Twelve excels in outright ability the champion stock car of America, which was a National.

We honestly believe, and our belief is substantiated by conclusive tests, that it will outperform any genuinely "stock" car in the world.

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# THRICE IS HE ARMED

(Continued from Page 7

dreams of conquest. We have the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans for our protection. We are never going to make war on anybody else. Nobody else is going to make war on us. War is going out of fashion all over the planet. A passion for peace is coming to be the fashion of the world. The lion and the lamb lie down together."

Well, the lion and the lamb did lie down together—over there in Europe; and when the lion rose, a raging lion, he had the mangled carcass of the lamb beneath his bloodied paws. And it was on the day when I first saw the lion, with his jaws adrip, coming down the highroads, typified in half a million fighting men—men whose sole business in life was to fight, and who knew their business as no other people ever have known it—that I, in one flash of time, decided I wanted my country to quit being one of the lambs, not because the lion was a pleasing figure before mine eyes, but because for the first time I realized that, so long as there are lions, sooner or later must come oppression and annihilation for the nation which persists in being one of the lambs.

As though it happened yesterday, instead of thirty months ago, I can recreate in my mind the physical and the mental stage settings of that moment. I can shut my eyes and see the German firing squad shooting two Belgian civilians against a brick wall. I can smell the odors of the burning houses. Yes, and the smell of the burning flesh of the dead men who were in those houses. I can hear the sound of the footsteps of the fleeing villagers and the rumble of the tread of the invaders going by so countlessly, so confidently, so triumphantly, so magnificently disciplined and so faultlessly equipped.

Most of all, I can see the eyes and the faces of sundry German officers with whom I spoke. And when I do this I see their eyes shining with joy and their faces transfigured as though by a splendid vision; and I can hear them—not proclaiming the justice of their cause; not seeking excuse for the reprisals they had ordered; not, save for a few exceptions among them, deploring the unutterable misery and suffering their invasion of Belgium had wrought; not concerned with the ethical regrets of helpless and innocent noncombatants—but proud and swollen with the thought that, at every onward step, ruthlessness and determination and being ready had brought to them victory, conquest, spoils of war. Why, these men were like beings from another world—a world of whose existence we, on this side of the water, had never dreamed.

### *Mercy Mistaken for Weakness*

And it was then I promised myself, if I had the luck to get back home again with a whole skin and a tongue in my head and a pen in my hand, I would in my humble way preach preparedness for America; not preparedness with a view necessarily to making war upon anyone else, but preparedness with a view essentially of keeping anyone else from making war upon us without counting the risks beforehand.

In my own humble and personal way I have been preaching it. In my own humble and personal way I am preaching it right this minute. And if my narrative is so very personal it is because I know that the personal illustration is the best possible illustration, and that one may drive home his point by telling the things he himself has seen and felt better than by dealing with the impressions and the facts which have come to him at secondhand.

Also, it seems to me, now the break has come, that I am free to use weapons which I did not feel I had the right to use before that break did come. Before, I was a newspaper reporter, engaged in describing what I saw and what I heard—not what I suspected and what I feared. Besides, I was a neutral citizen of a neutral country.

I am not a neutral any more. I am an American! My country has clashed with a foreign Power, and the enemy of my country is my enemy and deserving of no more consideration at my hands than he deserves at the hands of my country. Moreover, I aim to try to show, as we go along, that any consideration of mercy or charity or magnanimity which we might show him would be misinterpreted. Being what he is he would not understand it. He would consider it as an evidence of weakness upon our part. It is what he would not show us, and if opportunity comes will not show us, any more than he showed it to Belgium or to France, or to Edith Cavell, or to those women and those babies on the Lusitania.

He did not make war cruel—it already was that; but he has kept it cruel. War with him is not an emotional pastime; not a time for hysterical lip service to his flag; not a time for fuss and feathers. And, most of all, it is to him not a time for any display of mawkish, maudlin forbearance to his foe; but, instead, it is a deadly serious, deadly terrible business, to the successful prosecution of which he and his rulers, and his government, and his whole system of life have been earnestly and sincerely dedicated through a generation of preparation, mental as well as physical.

When I think back on those first stages—and in some respects the most tragic stages—of the great war, I do not see it as a thing of pomp and glory, of splendid panorama, pitched on a more impressive scale than any movement ever was in all the history of mankind. I do not, in retrospect, see the sunlight glinting on the long, unending, weaving lanes of bayonets; or the troops pouring in gray streams, like molten quicksilver, along all those gray highroads of Northern Europe; or the big guns belching; or the artillery horses going galloping into action; or the trenches; or the camps; or the hospitals; or the battlefields. I see it as it is reflected in certain small, detached pictures—small focused, and incidental to the great horror of which they were an unconsidered part—but which, to me, typify, most fitly of all, what war means when waged by the rote and rule of Prussian militarism upon the civilian populace of an invaded country.

### *The Words of the Priest of Louvain*

I see again the little old bearded priest of Louvain who met us on the day we first entered that town; who took us out of the panic of the street where the inhabitants fluttered about in aimless terror, like frightened fowl in a barnyard; and who led the way for us through a little wooden gateway, set in the face of a high brick wall. It was as though we were in another world then, instead of the little world of panic and distress we had just quit. About a neglected tennis court grew a row of pear trees, and under a laden grape arbor at the back sat four more old priests, all in rusty black gowns. They got up from where they sat and came and spoke to us, and took us into a little cellar room, where they gave us a bottle of their homemade wine to drink and handfuls of their ripened pears to eat, and tried to point out to us, on a map, where they thought the incoming Germans might be, none of us knowing that already uhlan scouts were entering the next street but one. As we were leaving, the eldest priest took me by the coat lapels and, with his kind, faded old eyes brimming and his gentle old face quivering, said to me in broken English:

"My son, it is not right that war should come to Belgium. We had no part in the quarrel of these, our great neighbors. My son, we are not a bad people here—do not believe them should they tell you so. For I tell you we are a good people. We are a very good people. All the week my people work very hard, and on Sunday they go to church; and then perhaps they go for a walk in the fields. And that, to them, is all they know of life.

"My son," he continued, "you come from a great country—you come from the greatest of all the countries. Surely your country, which is so great and so strong, will not let my little country perish from off the face of the earth?"

Because we had no answer for him we went away. And when, six weeks later, I returned to ruined and devastated Louvain, I picked my way through the hideous wreckage of the streets to the little monastery again. Behold! the brick wall was a broken heap of wrecked, charred masonwork; and the pear trees were naked stumps, which stood up out of a clay waste; and the little cellar room, where we ate our pears and drank our wine, was a hole in the ground now, full of ill-smelling rubbish and fouled water, with the rotted and bloated corpse of a dead horse floating in the water, poisoning the air and giving promise of pestilence. And the priests who once

# Two Against Two Hundred

THEY were waiting for him to collapse, before they killed him. It was one of those little coral islands in the South Sea. He was alone with two hundred man-eating blacks. He had fought with their sickness, and his own, for weeks. He had not slept, he had not eaten—he could barely breathe. He had tended them in their misery—but they had no gratitude.

And then she—this girl—had appeared, out of nowhere—like some mysterious goddess out of the Pacific. And alone, they—two—fought off the two hundred.

That is the beginning of the story—and in it is all the heat—the weird terror—the dreadful mystery of the South Sea Islands. To you they have been but a few dots on the map.

# JACK LONDON

made them blaze into terrible reality—the home of adventure.

You know how he first reached them. In the little cockle-shell of a boat that he built himself and that he sailed himself, he and his wife fought their way from San Francisco to the Philippines, and from the Philippines to the dread South Seas.

He knew them well. He is the only one who told their story. He made them live—these little white coral islands set amid hurricanes and storms—with hordes of man-eating savages who prize a white man's head for their tent pole—these islands of terror and danger.

Jack London knew the spirit of those men who adventured into the South Seas, for trade, for trouble, for gold. No other could tell the story so well—because he was of that spirit himself—he was the great adventurer. In his veins flowed the blood of the wanderer, the fighter, the dreamer—the man who would dare anything, just for the satisfaction of his soul—the man to whom death had no meaning.

And as brilliantly as he told of the South Seas, he told of the cold Arctic. He had trecked along the frozen Yukon with dogs, and cold and hunger.

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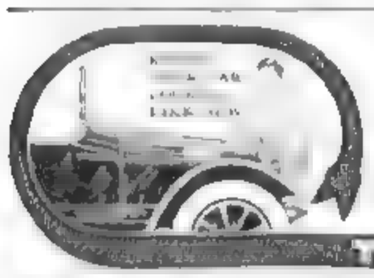

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had lived there were gone; and none in all that town knew where they had gone.

Always, too, when thinking of the war, I think of the refugees I saw, but mostly of those I saw after Antwerp had fallen in the early days of October and I was skirting Holland on my way back out of Germany to the English Channel. I had seen enough refugees before then, God knows!—men and women and children, old men and old women and little children and babies in arms, fleeing by the glare of their own burning houses over rainy, wind-swept, muddy roads; vast caravans of homeless misery, whose members marched on and on until they dropped from exhaustion. And when they had rested a while at the miry roadside, with no beds beneath them but the earth and no shelters above them but the black umbrellas to which they clung, they got up and went on again, with no destination in view and no goal ahead; but only knowing, I suppose, that what might lie in front of them could not be worse than what they left behind them. But never—until after Antwerp—did there seem to be so many of them, and never did their plight seem so pitiable. Over every road that ran up out of Belgium into Holland—and that in this populous corner of Europe meant a road every little while—they poured all day in thick, jostling, unending, unbroken streams. I marked how the sides of every wayside building along the Dutch frontier was scrawled over with the names of hundreds of refugees, who already had passed that way; and, along with their names, the names of their own people, from whom they were separated in the haste and terror of flight, who—by one chance in a thousand might come that way and read what was there written, and follow on.

This was the larger picture. Now for a small corner of the canvas: I remember a squalid little cowshed in a little Dutch town on the border, just before dusk of a wet, raw autumnal night. Under the dripping eaves of that cowshed stood an old man, a very old man. He must have been all of eighty. His garments were sopping wet, and all that he owned now of this world's goods rested at his feet, tied up in the rags of an old red tablecloth. In one withered, trembling old hand he held a box of matches, and in the other a piece of chalk. With one hand he scratched match after match; and with the other, on the wall of that little cowshed, he wrote, over and over and over again, his name; and beneath it the name of the old wife from whom he was separated—doubtlessly forever.

Possibly these things might have come to pass in any war, whether or not Germans were concerned in making that war; probably they should be included among the inevitable by-products of the institution called warfare. That, however, did not make them the less sorrowful.

### *Under the Black Vulture's Wings*

The point I am trying to make is this: That, seeing such sights, and a thousand more like them, I could picture the same things—and a thousand worse things—happening in my own country. With better reason, I to-day can picture them as happening in my own country; and in all fairness I go further than that and say that I can conceive them as being all the more likely to happen should the invading forces come at us under that design of a black vulture which is known as the Imperial Prussian Eagle. Given similar conditions and similar opportunities, and I can see Holyoke, Massachusetts, or Charleston, South Carolina, razed in smoking ruins, as Louvain or as Dinant was. I can see the mayor of Baltimore being put to death by drumhead court-martial because some inflamed civilian of his town fired from a cottage window at a Pomeranian grenadier. I can see in Pennsylvania, congressmen and judges and G. A. R. veterans held as hostages and as potential victims of the firing squad, in case some son or some grandson of old John Burns, of Gettysburg, not regularly enrolled, takes up his shotgun in defense of his homestead. I can see a price put on the head of some modern Molly Pitcher, and a military prison waiting for some latter-day Barbara Frietchie. For we must remember that what we Americans call patriots the anointed War Lord calls *franc-tireurs*, meaning bushwhackers.

I do not believe I personally can be charged with an evinced bias against the German Army, as based on what I saw of its operations in the opening months of the war. Because I had an admiration for the courage and the fortitude of the German common soldier, and because I expressed that admiration, I was charged with being pro-German by persons who seemingly did not understand or want to understand that a spectator may admire the individual without in the least sympathizing with the causes which sent him into the field. And at a time when this country was filled with stories of barbarities committed upon Belgian civilians by German soldiers—stories of the mutilating of babies, of the raping of women, of the torturing of old men—I was one of five experienced newspapermen who, all of our own free will and not under duress or coercion, signed a statement in which we severally and jointly stated that, in our experiences when traveling with or immediately behind the German columns through upward of a hundred miles of Belgian territory, we had been unable to discover good evidence of a single one of these alleged atrocities. Nor did we.

### *The Crimes of an Army*

What I tried to point out at the time—in the fall of 1914—and what I would point out again in justice to those who now are our enemies, is that identically the same accounts of atrocities which were told in England and in America as having been perpetrated by Germans upon Belgians and Frenchmen, were simultaneously repeated in Germany as having been perpetrated by Belgians and Frenchmen upon German nuns and German wounded; and were just as firmly believed in Germany as in America and Britain, and had, as I veritably believe, just as little foundation of fact in one quarter as in the other quarters.

Indeed, I am willing to go still further and say, because of the rigorous discipline by which the German common soldier is bound, that in the German occupation of hostile territory opportunities for the individual brute or the individual degenerate to commit excesses against the individual victim were greatly reduced. Of course there must have been sporadic instances of hideous acts—there always have been where men went to war; but I have never been able to bring myself to believe that such acts could have been a part of a systematic or organized campaign of frightfulness. There was plenty of the frightfulness without these added horrors

But I was an eyewitness to crimes which, measured by the standards of humanity and civilization, impressed me as worse than any individual excess, any individual outrage, could ever have been or can ever be; because these crimes indubitably were instigated on a wholesale basis by order of officers of rank, and must have been carried out under their personal supervision, direction and approval. Briefly, what I saw was this: I saw wide areas of Belgium and France in which not a penny's worth of wanton destruction had been permitted to occur, in which the ripe pears hung untouched upon the garden walls; and I saw other wide areas where scarcely one stone had been left to stand upon another; where the fields were ravaged; where the male villagers had been shot in squads; where the miserable survivors had been left to die in holes, like wild beasts.

Taking the physical evidence offered before our own eyes, and buttressing it with the statements made to us, not only by natives but by German soldiers and German officers, we could reach but one conclusion, which was that here, in such-and-such a place, those in command had said to the troops: "Spare this town and these people!" And there they had said: "Waste this town and shoot these people!" And here, the troops had discriminately spared, and there they had indiscriminately wasted in exact accordance with the word of their superiors.

Doubtlessly you read the published extracts from diaries taken off the bodies of killed or captured German soldiers in the first year of the war. Didn't you often read where this soldier or that, setting down his own private thoughts, had lamented at having been required to put his hand to the task of killing and destroying? But, from this same source, did you ever get evidence that any soldier had actually revolted against this campaign of cruelty, and had refused to burn the homes of helpless civilians or to slay unresisting noncombatants? You did not, and for a very good reason: Because that rebellious soldier would never have lived long enough to write down the

(Continued on Page 137)

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(Continued from Page 134

record of his humanity he would have been shot dead by the revolver of his own captain or his own lieutenant.

I saw German soldiers marching through a wrecked and ravished countryside, singing their German songs about the home place, and the Christmas tree, and the Rhine maiden—creatures so full of sentiment that they had no room in their souls for sympathy. And, by the same token, I saw German soldiers dividing their rations with hungry Belgians. They divided their rations with these famished ones because it was not *verboten*—because there was no order to the contrary. Had there been an order to the contrary, those poor women and those scrawny children might have starved, and no German soldier, whatever his private feelings, would have dared to offer to them a crust of bread or a bone of beef. Of that I am very sure.

And it seemed to me then, and it seems to me now, a most dangerous thing for all the peoples of the earth, and a most evil thing, that into the world should come a scheme of military government so hellishly contrived and so exactly executed that, by the flirt of a colonel's thumb, a thousand men may, at will, be transformed from kindly, courageous, manly soldiers into relentless, ruthless executioners and incendiaries; and, by another flirt of that supreme and arrogant thumb, be converted back again into decent men.

In peace the mental docility of the German, his willingness to accept an order unquestioningly and mechanically to obey it, may be a virtue, as we reckon racial traits of a people among their virtues; in war this same trait becomes a vice. In peace it makes him yet more peaceful; in war it gives to his manner of waging war an added sinister menace.

It is that very menace which must confront the American troopers who may be sent abroad for service. It is that very menace which must confront our people at home in the event that the enemy shall get near enough to our coasts to bombard our shore cities, as undoubtedly he would seek to do; or should he succeed in landing an expeditionary force upon American soil.

When I first came back from the war front I marveled that sensible persons so often asked me what sort of people the Germans were, as though Germans were a stranger race, like Patagonians or the South Sea Islanders, living in some remote and untraveled corner of the globe. I felt like telling them that Germans in Germany were like the Germans they knew in America—in the main, God-fearing, orderly, hard-working, self-respecting citizens. But through these intervening months I have changed my mind; to-day I should make a different answer. I would say, to him who asked that question now, that the same tractability of temperament which, under the easy-going, flexible workings of our American plan of living makes the German-born American so readily conform to his physical and metaphysical surroundings here, and makes his progeny so soon amalgamate with our fused and conglomerated stock, has the effect, in his Fatherland, of all the more easily and all the more firmly filling his mind and shaping his needs in conformity with the exact and rigorous demands of the Prussianism that has been shackled upon him since his empire ceased to be a group of separated and frequently discordant petty states.

### Men That Don't Play the Game

We have got to remember, then, that the Germany with which we have broken is not the Germany of Heine and Goethe and Haeckel and Beethoven; not the Germany that gave us Steuben in the Revolutionary War, and Sigel and Schurz in the Civil War; not the Germany of true sentimental, chivalrous, lovable Saxon, or yet of the music-loving, home-loving Bavarian; not the Germany that was the birthplace of the kindly, honorable, industrious, patriotic German-speaking neighbor round the corner from you—but the fanatical, tyrannical, power-mad, blood-and-iron Prussianized Germany of Bismarck and Von Bernhardi, of the Crown Prince and the Junkers—that passionate Prussianized Germany which for forty years through the instrumentality of its ruling classes—not necessarily its Kaiser, but its real ruling classes—has been jealously striving to pervert every native ounce of its scientific and its inventive and its creative genius out of the paths of progress and civilization and to join it into the grooves of the greatest autocratic machine, the greatest organism for killing off human beings, the greatest engine of mistaken-for-efficiency that was ever created in the world. Because we have an admiration for one of these two Germanys is no more a reason why we should abate our indignation and our detestation for the other Germany than that because a man loses a cheery blaze upon his hearthstone he should refuse to fight a forest fire.

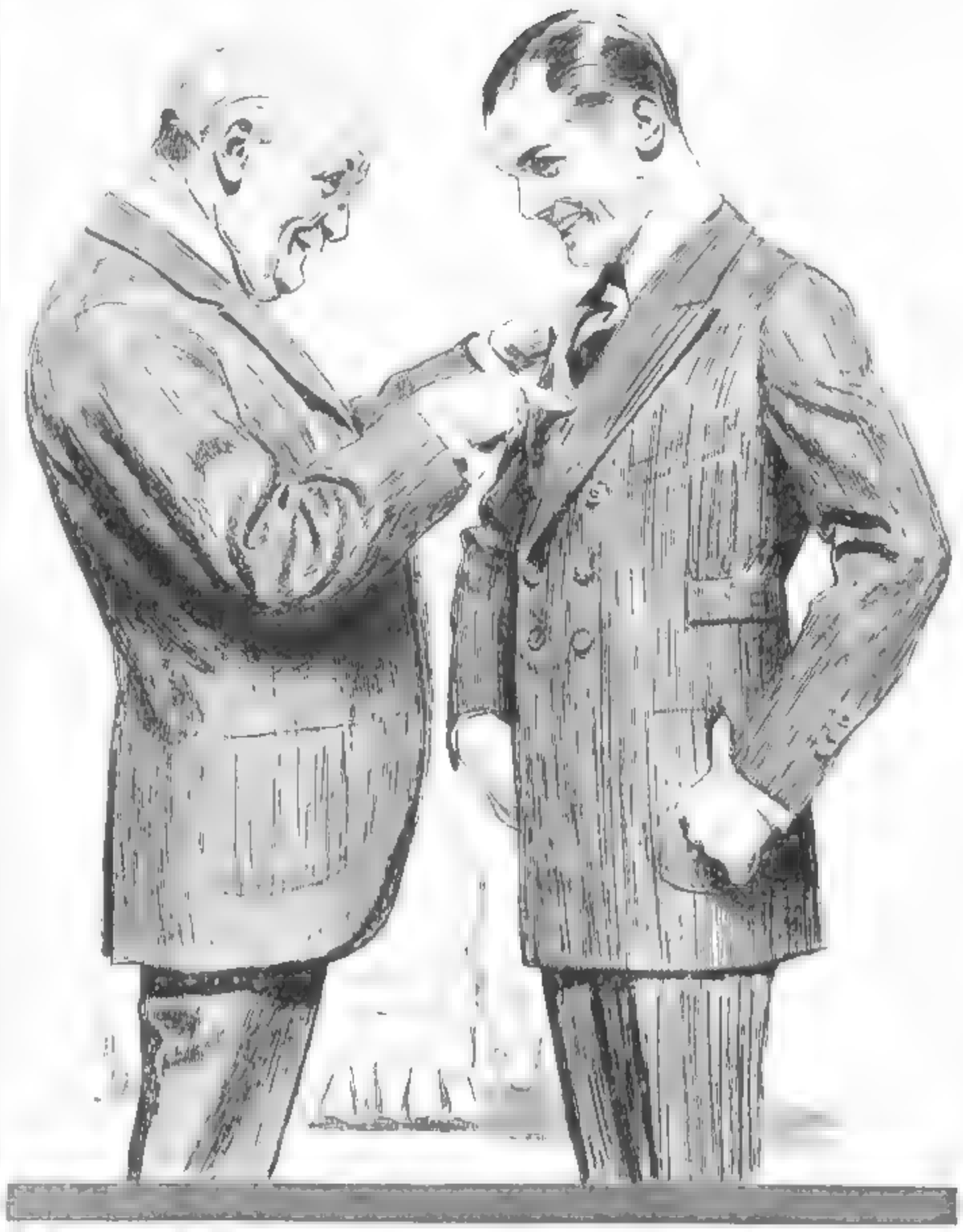
We have got to remember another thing. If our oversea observations of this war abroad have taught us anything, they should have taught us that the German Army—and when I say army I mean in this case, not its men but its officers, since in the German Army the officers are essentially the brain and the power and the motive force directing the unthinking, blindly obedient mass beneath them—that the German Army is not an army of good sportsmen. And that, I take it, is an even more important consideration upon the field of battle than it is upon the athletic field. As the saying goes, the Germans don't play the game. It is as inconceivable to imagine German officers going in for baseball or football or cricket as it is to imagine American volunteers marching the goose step.

### Greedy Winners, Bad Losers

The Germans are not an outdoor race; they are not given to playing outdoor sports and abiding by the rules of those sports, as Englishmen and as Americans are. And in war that biggest of all outdoor games—it stands proved against them that they do not play according to the rules, except they be rules of their own making. It may be argued that the French are not an outdoor race or a sport-loving race, as we conceive sports. But, on the other hand, the Frenchman is essentially romantic and essentially dramatic, and, whether in war or in victory afterward, he is likely to exhibit the magnanimous and the generous virtues rather than the cruel and the unkindly instincts, because, as we all know, it is easier to dramatize one's good impulses than one's evil ones.

Now the German, as has recently been shown, is neither dramatic nor sportsmanlike. He is a greedy winner and he is a bad loser—a most remarkably bad loser. Good sportsmen would not have broken Belgium into bloody bits because Belgium stood between them and their goal; good sportsmen would not have sung the Hymn of Hate, or made "*Gott Strafe England!*" their battle cry; good sportsmen would not have shot Edith Cavell or sunk the Lusitania. Good sportsmen would not have packed the helpless men and boys of a conquered and a prostrate land off as captives into an enforced servitude worse than African slavery; would not wantonly have wasted La Fère and Chauny and Ham, and a hundred other French towns, as they did last month, for no conceivable reason than that they must surrender these towns back into the hand of the enemy; would not, while ostensibly at peace with us, have plotted to destroy our industrial plants and to plant the seeds of sedition among our foreign-born citizens, and to dismember our country, parceling it out to a brown race in Mexico and a yellow race in Japan. Good sportsmen do not do these things, and Germany did all of them. That means something.

Having spread the gospel of force for so long, Prussianized Germany can understand but one counter-argument—force. We must give her back blow for blow—a harder blow in return for each blow she gives us. "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just"; and our quarrel is just. All the same, to make war successfully we must make it with a whole heart. We must hold it to be a holy war; we must preach a jihad, remembering always, now that the Chinese Empire is a republic, now that Russia by revolution has thrown off the chains of autocracy, that we shall be fighting not only to punish the enemy for wrongs inflicted and insults overpatiently endured; not only to make the seas free to honest commerce; not only for the protection of our flag and our ships and the lives of our people at home and abroad—but along with England, France—yes, and Russia—shall be fighting for the preservation of the principles of constitutional and representative government against those heads of the few remaining great Powers who hold by the divine right of kings, and who believe that man was not created a self-governing creature but a vassal.

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Merely because we are willing to give of our wealth and our granaries and our steel mills, we cannot expect to have an honorable share in this war, and to share as an equal in its final settlement. We must risk something more precious than money; something more than munitions; we must risk our manhood. We cannot expect England's navy to stand between us and harm for our coasts, and France's worn legions to bear the brunt of the trench work.

Knowing nothing of military expediency, I yet believe that, for the moral effect upon the world and for our own position, when the time for making peace comes it would be better for us, rather than the securing of our own soil against attack or invasion, that an American flag should wave over American troops in Flanders; that a Texas cowpuncher should lead a forlorn hope in France; that a Connecticut clockmaker should invent a device which will blunt the fangs of that stinging adder of the sea, the U-boat, and—who knows?—perhaps scotch the poison snake altogether.

Maybe it is true that, in our mistaken forbearance, we have failed and come short. Maybe we have endured too long and too patiently; we can strive for all that. But ——

Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins.

# Sense and Nonsense

### *Entirely By*

A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD in a town down South was asked by his teacher at the primary school to produce a composition upon the subject of his favorite literary work. The youngster went into executive session with himself and turned out the following succinct criticism of a well-known and popular classic:

"The Book I like the best is called Pilgrim's Progress. My mother reads this Book to me every Night before I go to Bed. I love to hear about The Pilgrim. He had a hard time; but he got by!"

### *The Third of Two Evils*

"PRISONER at the bar," said the trial judge in a Missouri courthouse to the shaggy individual charged with horse stealing, "have you counsel to defend you?"

"Naw, Jedge," stated the defendant; "I ain't got no money to be hirin' lawyers with."

"In that case," said His Honor, "it becomes my duty to assign counsel to you, without cost to you. I shall appoint one of the newly licensed members of the bar to represent your interests in this case. Let's see, now."

And the judge let his eye run over the courtroom until it rested upon two callow and nervous fledglings, sitting side by side on a bench.

"Yonder is young Mr. Smith and alongside him is young Mr. Brown. Young Mr. Robinson is out in the hall, but will be back presently. Which of these gentlemen do you desire to have as your attorney?"

The accused permitted a morose glance to rest upon the two who were visible.

"Whar did you say the third one was, Jedge?" he asked.

"Outside, in the hallway."

"All right," said the prisoner; "I'll take him."

### *Careless Papa*

THEY are telling this one, which may or may not be true, in the centers of civilization along the Eastern Seaboard.

A youth hired as an office boy by a New York concern was explaining to his employer the necessity for his having steady employment:

"You see," he said, "I have to help support my mother, because papa isn't with us any more."

"Is he dead?" asked the head of the concern sympathetically.

"No, sir; he's not dead, but they've got him in jail."

"In jail! What for?"

"Well, sir, he used to work in a bank over in Jersey—and they accused him of taking samples home."

### *A Sailor on Land*

THERE used to be a character on the San Francisco water front who was shanghaied aboard a whaler once; and, very much against his will, he was taken as a foremast hand to Arctic waters. Upon his return, and ever thereafter, he spent most of his time bragging of his proficiency as a deep-water man.

One day a skeptic asked him whether he knew anything about navigation.

"Navigation?" echoed the traveled one. "Navigation, is it? Well, judge for yourself: Three years ago, with nothing but a dollar watch and a patent-medicine almanac, I brought a lumber schooner out of Alaska, headed for these parts, and when we dropped anchor I'd steered her within twenty miles of Butte, Montana!"

### *Gibson's Fair Offer*

SOME years ago, when automobiles were fewer in number than at present and the automobile industry was yet in its swaddling clothes, the advertising manager of a new and struggling concern had—or thought he had—an inspiration. He made a list of the leading illustrators of the country, and to each he sent a copy of a form letter inviting the recipient to submit a drawing picturing the delights of motoring. For the drawing selected out of the lot a check of five hundred dollars would be sent to its creator. The letter concluded: "Unsuccessful drawings will not be returned."

Charles Dana Gibson was one of those invited to join in the competition. Instead of sending a drawing he wrote this answer to the promoter of the scheme:

"I am sorry I have no time in which to submit you a sketch; but the truth of the matter is that just now I am very busy getting up a little automobile contest. Every manufacturer of automobiles is invited to send me a sample car. For the car selected I will pay a prize of five hundred dollars in cash. Unsuccessful automobiles will not be returned."

### *A Seeker After Accuracy*

A STREET-CORNER lecturer was standing on a soap box expounding his views upon certain scientific theories to a mixed audience. The orator was undertaking to explain the reasons for certain alleged changes in the climate of the planet.

"This," he said, "is due to the fact that the earth in its revolutions is constantly getting farther and farther away from the sun. In due time the earth will be so far away from the sun that ice will cover its surface; all vegetation will die; all animal life will expire; and this globe will become a dead planet, rolling in space. It is estimated that this will come to pass in twenty-five thousand years; and then ——"

At this point a serious-looking man in the audience, whose countenance expressed skepticism and alarm, interrupted him.

"One minute, if you please," said this person in an argumentative tone. "How many years did you say?"

"Twenty-five thousand."

"Oh, that's all right, then," answered back the other in a voice of relief. "I thought you said fifteen thousand!"

### *A Literal Angler*

DOWN in Mississippi a party of gentlemen were organizing a camping expedition to a lake forty miles distant from the town where they lived. The chief spirit of the expedition was a United States Senator. With others of the party he wrote out a list of the needed equipment—including plenty of bottled refreshments, corkscrews, cigars and chewing tobacco, three sets of chips, many decks of cards, a few items of provisions, and a tent or two.

"Say," suggested one of the others when the schedule had been completed, "we forgot to ask Blank to go along with us. Why not telephone over to his house and invite him now? It's not too late."

"No, no," interposed the senator; "don't do that. Blank would spoil everything. He's too blamed literal."

"What do you mean—literal?" inquired the first speaker.

"I mean just what I say," explained the senator. "Because this is going to be a fishing trip, Blank would want to sneak off from the game about once ever so often and go fishing!"

# Why Brush Teeth

## In a Way That Doesn't Save Them?

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### *Do You Accomplish That?*

You brush your teeth, but does that brushing save them?

Don't your teeth discolor? Doesn't tartar form, and decay sometimes get started?

Despite your brushing, don't you often find you need a vigorous dental cleaning?

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That is so with ordinary methods.

You remove the débris, but not the film—that slimy film. Even after brushing you can feel it with your tongue.

That film is what discolors. It hardens into tartar. It holds acid forming bacteria in contact with the teeth—the cause of tooth decay. And it breeds the germs which help cause pyorrhea.

So all tooth troubles find their source in that film. All stains, all tartar, all looseness, all decay.

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There is now a way to keep free from that film. It is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent.

This is to urge that you prove it. See for yourself that it ends the cause of stain and tartar and decay. See how this germ-breeding film disappears under its dainty touch.

Do this for your own sake, if you know other ways have failed. If they leave that film in crevices intact.

Then you will know how to keep teeth white. How to keep them tartar-free. How to keep them sound. And how to avoid that dreaded pyorrhea.

## One Week Free

### To Prove That Pepsodent Ends That Film

### *You Will Never Discontinue*

There is now a dentifrice called Pepsodent, which that film can't resist. Five governments already have granted patents on it. And many high authorities have proved it in three years of clinical tests.

It is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. A touch of Pepsodent will digest 20 times its weight of this albuminous film. The object is to digest and dissolve the film. Then to completely remove it.

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Its uniqueness lies in the way of activating pepsin. Pepsin alone is inert. The usual activating agents—acids—are harmful to the teeth.

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